**TO MY FAITHFUL BODY**

For fifty years you’ve served this pilgrim well,

God knows the joy and pain conveyed and borne.

No mortal tongue nor words could hope to tell,

Of even one day’s toil this shell has known.

No poor song from this humble pen,

Can hope to praise your faithful tireless work.

No brush from all the masters start to rend,

An image of your ceaseless timeless mirth.

Nourished for a moment now and then.

Rested when the ego grants a pause.

Serving from conception every thought and whim.

Always there to house me. Just because.

Now somewhere deep inside. Deep within.

A spark of passage to another world,

Begins that ancient dance we dare not comprehend.

This deadly seed grows oh so quiet. So sure. Unfurled.

Those endless days and years we knew would never cease begin,

To draw me towards a portal. Destination of all men.

As from this momentary sleep we rouse and shake our dreams,

To cast aside this faithful couch. Awake!

New mountains and new streams.

Beach this storm-tossed ship. Partake

Of shores whose wonders rare await,

This traveler’s eager schemes.

As through the mist I see

The endless fields and trees and flowers.

Embrace the passage to their bourn.

Embrace that ceaseless power,

Which brought me to this refuge,

And speeds me on my way.

Rejoice. Cry not. For no sun sets

But dawn begins the day.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 4/27/1998.*

*Mayos’*

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