**Wealth**

*March 28, 2000*

How does one count one’s rights? Tally Wealth? Measure Fame?

Fruits of life. The essence of the quest.

What currency for measure? What score for life’s great game?

Applause? A pause? Which Cyder’s class? What test?

Shall one look to gold and precious gems?

Land and great renown?

One’s in the mind of all the world?

Adoration from the masses. Aster at the sound,

The merest whisper of one’s,

One’s crest a and unfortunate?

Or do we look inside where our secret garden grows?

With flowers no one but ours will err behold?

That spring from seeds of seeds no one but we will ever know

A moment’s thought for another. Held the fallen or the road.

Mortal praise. A king’s ransom.

Man kind’s applause. Will end,

A single step beyond the portal

Which calls out to all men.

Why must one ask? The answer is written in,

That never ceasing wind,

Which always was,

Will be,

To sail our ships

To where we’ve always been.

The only wealth that will remain

Those traces that will transcend

Our passage through those ancient streets

That veil where birth begins

Where all of life and time and space converse

Spring fourth again

Is that pure essence of the heart

Which knows not form or place

But lives within a caring soul

Is born of love and faith

That which all else pales reside

An act of human grace