**A Dark and Precious Dream Light of 3 a.m.**

*November 22, 2006*

Half stone dead man

Half won foot race

Half faced us in this mirror

Of darkest night

Have you yet life

Kissed embraced

The sweet sad taste

Repaste of heart based fear

Wept tears of joy

Of what could be

But yet was not

What might have been

Because the step

The path divided

Without a mirror glimpse

Or sigh ah oh to know

One breath again

One stitch of was. Of when.

Spent years like spilt

On facing wine

Curses wages of one’s sins

Spawn of all thine appetite

For lust for that

One seeks pursuits

But suffers blinded to

That treasure deep within

No more no lies