**3 AM**

*Goose Creek- November 28, 2008*

Alas I turn and 3 a.m.

Smiles it’s winsome

Smile again

Takes me back to you

One true love gone alas

Alas no more entwined as friends

Once more my heart

Turns and then

Once more breaks in two

For who but you

Could once more grant

This poor old pilgrim peace

Of mind and soul ego ID

As yes I cry

Beseech

A moment from

The infinite

You carry on

Your way

As once two spirits

Quietly kissed

Melded

No more than this

A whisper yes

All this drifting flotsam

Of the night

Deigns to hope and pray

You’ll think and

Feel and say

Grant this poor peasant

Of the heart

One second of

Our lives apart

A touch a smile a thought

A ray of hope

To start

The promise of

The dawn perhaps

Gentle kiss of love

To part

This deepest pain

Of deepest dark

All I ask

One glimpse

One chance

One slender

Reed of many

One gift

Of one who

Once was mine

One brush of

One new breaking day