**A Day**

*Flying to Mayo’s – May 29, 2008*

From whence the touch of

Dawn’s soft kiss doth flow.

To where the veil of dusk

Will carry

One poor

Rich and

Wretched soul.

Does gift of each sun come

To one who deigns

To see and strives to know

Or merely blind one’s eyes

To truth that

Lives within

As though

Each vision grasped

By heartache’s musicals

Fogs the mirror

Of thus and so.

As slumber calls

One rests

One’s weary head

Lies down to couch

To dreams perchance

Of what it means

(Life)

Join countless

Nameless

Ageless

Dead

Struggles with

Day’s wind and waves

Slings arrows

Serve as stead

To cry to know

Where who and why

Of cosmic scheme

Perhaps it’s said

One tastes each meal

Of life as old sol

Rests but meets

The eye

As though a chariot

Of fire sails

A sea of azul sky

Greet timeless

Query with

Mere glimpse

Of distant

Range

Ah The mournful sigh

Mirage

Seeds of wisdom

Sown about

Cast by weathered hands

Wet by tears

That flow

Not from

The fault of years

But with each

Moment’s

Birth and

Death

Of I

To fall on naught

But barren ground

Forsaken

Parched scorched sands

Of Time bereft

So dry

Mere hint

Of notes of joy

And peace

Old ghosts of muted bands

Who once spread joy

And harmony for

Splend ancient lands

Now quite to all

By hears that

Harken to the