**Another Day**

*Anchorage- March 13, 2008*

Dawn’s caress.

Begets one day.

Another birth.

And yet.

Will dusk’s soft kiss.

Mark naught.

But nothing.

Done or learned.

As once more.

Old sun sets.

Tres of 10 of 10 of10 of 10.

Such lives one lives.

Once passed. No mas.

Once blessed.

No more to know.

Such gift of chance.

Once slumber calls

And couch bequeaths.

Its soft

And silent death.

As dreams drift in.

As life drifts out.

As one beholds

The door.

Of sleep for say.

But one more night.

Or perchance.

To this earth

Say no more.

One though remains.

One question reigns.

One query.

Say. What worth.

Of minutes. Hours. Days.

Or lifetime spent.

Each precious span.

What seeds of spoil

Or blooms of joy

Brought forth.

For what measure.

Of man or day or life.

Becomes the mark of time.

Wealth and power.

Trappings of fame.

Spoils of toil strife.

Or touch of waves.

On other souls.

One passes

In the night.

Not prize of force.

Spoils of the might.

But simple gifts.

Of doing that.

One knows.

One knows.

Is right.

Each day a gift.

A breath of life.

Each life.

No more

Than this.

To live.

And love.

And care.

And help.

Such precious

State of Bliss