**HEART STRINGS OF TRUST**

Harmonic Melody

Two Lives

So Finely Tuned

Such Perfect Sound

Gift Of Simple Trust

Sweet Violin Of Love

No Notes

So Rare

Compare

Might One Seek

From

Universe’s Store Of Being

Nor Cosmos Vast Abound

Play

Heart Strings

As One’s

Peace Is Found

Just

As What One Says

Is Real

Ones Word Becomes

The Sling And Arrows

Of

Questions

Fears

Or Even Tears

Of Distant Years

Far Off Lose

To Come

Yes

Even Quells

And Chills

The Pain

The Ache

Scars Of

Ones Past

And Inner Ills

The Sear

The Fire

Consuming Now

Of Must

Legacy Of Lust

No More

No Less

Does

This Pilgrim Need

No More

This Hunger

Call For

Feed

Covet

Seek

No Morsel

Nothing

Nothing Else

Save

Naught Beyond

That Slender Reed

Culture But

The Golden Seed

Truth

From Your Lips

And Heart

Bequeaths

All Harmony

To Shield The Soul

From Darkest Night

Reach Beyond Beyond

Scale

Those

Nameless Heights

No Taste Of Guile

No Dreaded

Haunted Touch

Of Thought

Behind Solace

While

One Ponders If

Silent Bell

Tolls Song

Of Old

Caress Of Heartache

Spawns The Specters

Hollow Laugh

Fools Gold

No Ray Yet

Pierces Fog

Nor Mist

Quiet Curtain

Of The Bliss

Nor Call To Contemplate

The Sight Of Eyes

Kiss Of Voice

Whose Visage Tenor

Doth Believe

The Void Between

What Is

And What

Is Said

Nor Pause

For Eternity

To Wonder

Cry

Within

For Flicker

Of The Moment

Sigh

Try

To Comprehend

Forbidden Thought

That Trust

Might Falter

Die

No Call

To Heed

The Ancient

Deadly

Cusp

Of Doubt

Let Poor Heart Bleed

No Mas The Us Of Us

Pour Quoi

Would You

Or I

Deign To Think

If

What

Or Why

One Speaks

Tells

Promises

The Other

Is But True

No Cause

To Taste

The Timeless

Musing Of The Mind

Sight Visions

Dreams

One Knows

But Schemes

To Hold

In Slumber

In Their

Downy Bed

To Whisper

To One Self

Sweet Smile

Mask Of Soft Deceit

Nor Frown Of Life

Until Perchance

What Not To Be

Might Raise

Its Velvet Head

Eyes Blinded By

Loves Silken Touch

Bound By

Such Precious

Specious Threads

Entwined

Within

The Web

Glimpse Perhaps

A Moments Lapse

Of Something

Else Instead

The Looking Glass

Alas Alas

Reflects The Core

Silent Horror

Of Tragedy

One Sees

Those Strings

Of Trust

So Precious Wound

Too Tightly Tweaked

Too Dearly Strained

Asunder

Not

Say No

Say No

Not Dead

Alas

It’s So

One Hears

Peers

Beyond

The Veil

And Knows

By Fatal

Touch

Of

Falsehood

Torn

Severed

Cut

So It Goes

No Mas

No Mas

To Sing

For Us

All Gone

All Gone

Cold Silence

Where

The Chords

Of Love

Once Danced

Heart Strings

Of Trust

Have

Sung Their Last

Refrain

Of Promise

Hope

And Chance

Why Drain

The Bow

Once More

Strive

To Pluck

The Strength

Of Trust’s

Sweet Score

When One

Has Met

The Face

Of Nothing

Left

From What

One Knew Before

A Sudden

Glimpse

Into The

Vast

Abyss

Behind Perceptions Door

To Leave

No Sounds

Nor Thought

Nor Spark

Of Life

But Only

That Old

Final

Cry

Why

Linger

On

What For

Why Linger

In The Husk

Or Shell

When What

Is Now

Is Now

And Tells

One

How

The Rock Of

Given Trust

Has Fallen To

The Sorcerer’s Spell

Cracked

Mere Naked Dust

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*Anchorage Alaska*

*For Rebecca*

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