**No One Listens**

*Goose Creek- Summer 2008*

Nobody listens anymore

Guess they think my thinking’s kind of poor

Just try to speak a bit of truth

Seems like they are a bit aloof

Getting kind of harder. That’s for sure.

I remember 23

’69 and awful free

33 39 44

Summer came

Each day was sweet

Was more than life

Each breath

A taste of joy

Why care for strife

Kiss of fall

One had it all

No hint that ray

Of sun might

Fade

Nor whisper of the night

Till touch the wind

Of winter stirs

Who treads there

Knows

Perchance one too will

Dance among

The train

Of those

Who must slumber

Once again

Once more to rise

And so it goes

Touch what visage

Doth one see

As glance below

As glimpse above

Casts spell not

Of the is

But of the of

Say what fore

To dare to cipher

Care to care

Or strive to tell

As well

One might

For does it matter more

Or less when or

Where or how

Or why

One is finally blessed

To know the way

And find the door

All one may

Hope to do

Is sing

One’s inner score

And perchance the

Notes one finds to pass

Will strike

A chord

Or so

Amongst those love ones

As they fade

As life’s mist cloaks

Them in the

Silver curtain

Of that cloak

Familiar yet

Now so distance distant

Shore