02.12.09

en route

to Costa Rica

**Choice**

Mirage of ghostly thoughts

Dance. Shimmer in the mist.

Minds illusive grasp

Of shadows of the cave.

As though the art of choice

Perhaps. Was real.

Each breath.

Did exist.

Each tick and tock an eon to rejoice

Gave one the will master of old jest and chance

To chart each step

A course

From womb to grave.

Is it so. Might one choose.

Decide. Act. Go forth.

Heedless of one’s lot

As king or lowly self.

This road or that. A fork perhaps.

A moment’s nod to worth.

Or. Is one mere flotsam cast

On waves of

Yore beyond the past

Swept down streams

Bereft of precious dreams

Or faults of desperate schemes

From mountain peaks

Where rivers of the moment dawn

To flow as though

On path to nameless

Timeless sea

There is no

Less or more

No more than on and on and on

In deep, fate spawn in seeds

Sprout flower bloom within die

Whisper in the wind

There is no I

But naked homage of

The now to what was

Will be

As touched each day

By gale or tides of life

One knows not

The set of sail

Or of our

Nip and touch

Say no way.

We will. Ego. I.D.

Deign to grant one

Vision of why.

If. Or when.

What for.

So all one pilgrim lost.

May change to seek or do.

Is trust that yes.