**25**

Perchance ---- Breathes

Perchance No More Save One

From Mournful Cry Of Babe

To Old Friend Mystic Death

From Dawn To Settle Sun

Each Moment, Thought, And Sight A Gift

Mosaic Of Joy And Fear

Of All There Is, Come To Pass, Yet If

No Mas One Knows Another Day Or Year

Perhaps The Fickle Wind Will Blow

One’s Ship Know The Depths

Find Rocks And Should Of Distant Shore

Beat Heads Miracle Cease To As Though

No Harbor Of The Soul Is Left

Vessel Of The Spirit Mind No More

Such Shelter Gone Done Bereft

If So And Precious Coal Is Cold

Spark Of This Sphere So Dark

Has One Lived And Known Each Life

Of Each Day Grave Full Day

Gift Of Self

For They To Cherish And To Hold

As Once More The Never Census

Journey Starts

The Veil Gives Way

The Ever Delphos

Curtain Parts

To Visions Bourns, Untold

Very Worlds

Unknown

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