**A Bond of Trust- For Amber**

*Rabbit Creek/Goose Creek/Fairview- April 2, 2011*

Glance of sea blue eyes

What touch my soul.

Smile from your limpid depths

What steals my heart.

Amber glow of skin

Rouge of silk spun hair.

A glimpse perchance

Of yes.

You. May

too care.

To venture. Dare.

Share. Heed.

Another’s hopes

humble needs.

Hearth of

Thy bosom’s harbor.

Offer yet a coal

Nurture flame.

Perhaps my gaze

Upon thy visage. Rays

of rapture. Awe.

Warm a fertile seed

To bud and flower.

May strike a spark.

As ides of spring

Have blossomed.

Softly came.

Bourne a candle

For my dark.

Once again hands of

Love’s velvet clock

Sound . Mark.

The witching hour.

Coo of gentle dove.

Sweet trill of meadow lark.

Ah. That my very spirit’s cry.

May whisper to

Your inner ear.

As though.

You may know

And hear my plea.

A gift from you.

And to you mine.

That we might find.

Mystery.

Of I and you.

Say true.

Ah let the music start.

Such I of I.

You of you.

Essence of each.

May find a note

To twine and bind.

Seek. Reach.

Pray these poor words

May doth impart.

What I in turn

Might plythe

With thee.

My all.

My pearls before you

Tender. Lay. And Cast.

If only such aqua eyes

May grant me grace.

For you to see.

Who I am. Can. Will be.

For such as you.

As all those distant years

What now seem

Were to come.

Will. As untold

Waning of the moon.

Fade of fragrant

And fragile bloom.

Rise and set

Of countless suns.

No number of

Quiet sighs and beams

Of distant stars

Wint paint our

Waking slump in with

Love’s

Joyous and haunted dreams.

Round rocks and shoals

Of nameless

Fears and tears.

Sweep us down streams.

As spirit vessels of clay.

Crumble. Wither.

Fade and go.

Will. As the world must turn.

Night fall.

Tides ebb and flow.

Our earthly speck of cosmos

Trace never ceasing

Elipse around old sol.

So too. Will bright burst of spring

Give way again.

To summer’s clear pure sky.

Flecked with downy clouds of white.

Then weathered shades of grey

Bring rain.

The leaves of fall.

Winter’s

Certain

Curtain

Call.

So too. Those distant years.

So dear. Draw neigh.

For even those

As we. As blessed.

Will on the wings of memories

Dance and fly.

Our sleep

On couch

Of quiet roam

Beneath the

Timeless grass

Draw near. Will.

Come to pass.

For mortal shells

We take

As given

Everlasting right.

For well before

There was a trackless void.

Or touch of light.

The winds and die

Of fickle chance

Spoke to you and I.

Deigned our own brief cross

Of voyage and path.

To touch and taste

The gentle brush

As auras kiss.

Travers joined.

For cosmic breath.

Blink of ceaseless eye.

In brief parting of the mist.

On journey here

Beyond the pale.

With unity of mind perceive

All that is free.

Illusive sum.

What two.

With open thought

May merge as one.

Know peace and bliss

Of other’s self

No more.

No less.

As if. Two beings join

Only this.

The face of here.

The precious priceless sight.

We each behold.

The ancient ageless tale.

Once more sung and told.

As round those

Heartfires of passion so soon dim grown call.

Yet enduring such treasured friends of old.

Of two pilgrims who

As beacons on the way

May craft for each.

A glimpse within

Of truth.

Beyond the veil.

With no mind for castles

Of the heart and soul

Adrift in sands of time.

Ghosts of sorrow. Lost and shattered faith

Such spectors that might

Seek to darken doors

Of I or thyne

In cloistered rooms of past.

But rather what awaits.

If one for the other doth embrace

The joy of now.

Let it be.

One must.

A bond of trust.

To last.

To last.