**A MORNING’S GLASS**

What Spirit Lies Within The Glass

To Greet Your Break Of Day

Who Sings Of Days Behold The Mask

Trembles At The Ghost Of May

By The Moon Was Bold

By The Sun Began To Rise And Set

Now Was Not Now Nor Past Was Past

By The Tides Did Roll

Loose Your Lines On Voyage Of The Dark

At Part Of Full And Vision Stark

Dreams Sweet Down Streams Of The Soul

Dance The Dance Of Waves That Ebb And Crest

With That Song, Silent Whispers Of The Wind

What Plays When Sands Of Time Toss And Scour And Then

Who Of Us Is To Say

The Meaning Of The Hour

If What One Sees Is So

What Candle Of The Truth Begets And Yet

What Lies In Quiet Thoughts Of The Wise

As Told Round Fires Of Old

In Caves Of Mind Along The Trackless Road

By The Heart Began To Bereft

Or Blood Began To Flow

Will You Deign To Care

To Feel Ere To Know

If Is What You Dare Perceive

Being What You Dare To Be

Life’s Illusive Goal Drifts Captures Mystic Glow

Then Fades To None The Lets Persist

As Strong As Sure As Though

The World Will Turn

Stars Burst Burn

And Then Implode

Warmth Of Another’s Life Go Cold

Or Twice Fore Lorne Your Rear

Each Turn Of Ebb Seeds One Does Sow

Taste A Death Each Eve’s Dew Soft

Each Morn With Light A Birth Reborn

Say Not Now Shy Aside Away

Say Smile And Gaze Visage True

So Fused In Conscience Share And Hope

Of Deeds Of Grace Priceless Cold

Or Wrapped In Cloak Of Slings And Arrows

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*Fairview Inn on Bar.*

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