**A Mystic Voyage**

*Rabbit Creek- November 25, 2011*

Before The Days Sunrise

Time I Cast

My Perennial Eye All I See

From Spirit Flow To Summer

That The Fatal Hands To Wind

A Drift In Mystic Sea

As Thy Own Voyage

Of Illusive Quest

Finds Vessel At Command

Of Not Yes Survive

Nor Touch Of The Qui Yes

Not Guided By The Hand

But Rather Sails A Full Of Breeze

Puff Of Fickle Change

From Potion Of Birth To Part Of Death

One Knows Thee

Random Way By Leave

Of Naught But

Jester’s Pull For Death

Whisper Of The Cosmic

Song

One Hears But Pray

Not May Understand

Till Else Is Gulf The Shore Is Benched

Save Void Of Might Have Been

As One Lifts

Our Weary Shell Pray Thee

Or So Its Said

By In Bed Of Sifting Sands

Pray Thee Rests Well