**A Voice For Rebecca**

*Rabbit Creek- November 5, 2011*

deep within the soul

a note of sorrow

joy or woe

buds and blooms to rise

meet the world

Touch thirsty ears and

minds and hearts as though

to winds of self what dance and blow

from depths within

my flag to the unfurled

as thought and feeling love

and empathy

for fellow traveler in

the void does call

to set one’s sail chart path of light

through storm and night

in lookin glass of spirit’s pool embrace and see

all such wealth of self

what lies beneath the vale

at fall of dusk

at high woon’s crest

at set of sol

scribe with quill of memory

in silver journal of the past

the ancient tale

as i to thy crystal glass doth pour

my heart & plythe to thee

all such i bear and possess

of knowledge love triumph defeat

meld to the beats and score

all that my being holds in precious store

give to the muted whisper -- breath

the spark that grants

the hope of yes

my voice entreats you

hear and feel it all

no more will i hold back this will to sing

I cannot pine for more nor ask for less

pray hear my very essence ring

my lute and –- call to thee

i reach and say

as with my instrument

god’s gift to me

my voice

i humbly cast my pearls

trappings of my inner chamber’s jewels

before thy grace and charity

i bow and play