**Elks Dance at Morn**

*September 21, 2011*

Dawn breaks.

Perchance awaits.

A Spirit grant to Thee.

Pulse. Breath.

Heartbeat to cease.

Another Soul set free.

True Stalk and Stand.

Perhaps one can.

Launch Feathered Missive to.

Old Elk proud.

Who gives to One.

Who cares and seeks.

Ancient Gift.

Of Sacred Life and Food.