**a poet’s lament**

*Rabbit Creek- October 30, 2011*

ah shall i seek to cast

my pearls of heart by

the swine

bare breast to those who

laugh at my poor

sad attempts

to capture in the word

and sound the rambling

of my mind

reach out perhaps

touch --- since

it seems as though

all dance and sing

of naught

but to idols with false

front and feet of clay

sell birthright for such

poitace deadly bought

with --- ---- creed

and fill the day

with lust for another’s

spin of what should be

cry m ust have do and taste

for such ----- chains of dogma bow scare and pray

to seek holy hollow ----

to ple the call

with ears that do not hear

nor eyes to see

to grab the time is only

too take the

foul’s sad fail.

so try i to share

spirit and the heart

cast perils with no

heed of what awaits

their capture in the

ancient silver wet

of populace what

grant to such a

certain fate

with hope perhaps a

word or phrase may yet strike

a note or spark

will in such dark of

night illuminate

a path for one to seek the desert shore and gate