**Kiss of Fear**

*Rabbit Creek- October 29, 2011*

kiss of fear

bedchamber of peace

so soft with touch of velvet kiss

such silent brush of fears

on canvas of my spirit paints

with mystic pigment drawn and self

from aged potents and jars of

mystery across the vale of void and years

go grown and mixed with hears

unknown with ----stone

mortar of pes--- of guilt so rest

i wander in the forest so baffled and alone

chants in tongues unheard unsung

save to my silent tomb of self

the counting house and led—of one’s wealth

of being whine lies among

the shells and husks of d----

the precious fruit and seeds

so borne from not the spoils of ---

or prize of ---- toil

but rather worth be stowed

shareed where ------

of fellow travellers on the road

have known thy grace say ---

may yet still call to the arise

pallett of done did not what

should could would or come to pass

spectrum of the faded yet hard say hues of the mast

heights of hollow triumph crows

of victory sad song of woe as though

there be meaning in the jester’s laugh

or real care for dual phantoms of joy of cheer or

--- dark --- of

shadows of lover and sins of past

in fog of might have been

translucent yea so dim

yet ever lasting shimmer of

that i did or did not do back then

in the mist of fade and reappear

muted scenes schemes and dreams

of life on dark smoke touched

pockmarked wall

of cave of being what call

cast with flicker coals of soul

such rare dear fleeting light

still burns though say so low

still casts a glow of maybe

flame lives such precious beacon

the everlasting light

quenchin not nor damped

stamped out nor cold

by chill breath of old

twin impositions bold

mirage of no and yes

who might deign to know

their measure for that to come

each rise and set of old friend sun

say only behold and guess

a spectre in life’s mirror

from beyond before before

well after end of end

to pass to come again again

from shore to shore to shore

on rays of ether bourne

such ghost and goblins trolls and spells

chants of black and white to serve as well

as that what writ and scribs

on scroll of eternity with quill

of gold by hand and guide

untold we mortals were

will know from where or see

such folly of the eye of i

elusive you of you

transparent myth of thee or me

illusion of what might be

if is is is

if thus is so

or never came to pass

what heart seeks pleads

for a hungry soul

sweet flowing in dead tattered grass

midst weeds of defeat pain angst and strife

for such a knave as i

from cradle to the grave

yea still ---- by soft rain

sul and light of home to bear

amongst the gray wasteland

a spark of may and caw where

the unfathomed fate of all sows yet

begets an other turn of wheel a --- if the bar & gate

where answers not but questions await

one still perceives receives and knows

a bud to be sprouts from lowly seeds

a bloom on barren ground

to sate a bit the tender weeds

of hungry --- id indeed

whisper of precious sounds

of wisdom love and empathy

for fellow human kind

will touch and seek and bind each to the other

dumb voice may spark and reach

deaf ears receive and hear

bind eyes to such a appear one see

in darkness deaths one finds

the pearls of thought

so dearly bartered bought

with po--- of the hollow

quack of fool’s who’ve sought

to ply one with their touted ore

p--- and lids or so it’s sad

fickle ground will fade to nothing more

than the lonely sound of empty home and call

for ch—from days by

so soon shouts of the

say rather gather dear

dear the one’s bosom

those what may seem

as rough black lumps of coals and forlorn and cast aside

nay be they fine gems

then such arise and shine

with polish tears

of fate of thee and all mankind

what flow from joy an dcaring when

the dusk long night gives way

to day break dawn

gift of sul’s prize again

tide ebbs and turns

one whose fire though

banked with the years still burns

still lives and soldiers on

one knows finds balm of lasting peace

calm repose of one who seeks

the way that lies of each

what lies resides within

what always was is has been

will endure for one

with faith embrace the

couch and vision what awaits

in quiet bed chamber of the mind

where dwells the truth inside

trackless realm whine owe will

slumber awake with ageless wisdom find

safe secure certain sure

treasure of the i

impervious to all but truth

winds of space and time

what blow for such as

one who muses here

and thee and thine

lie down to bed and couch of self

begone the kiss

and touch of fear

true harmony

vision clear

thy heart and soul will find