**PATHS**

Might I Will Old Sol

To Rise And Soar From West To East

Old Orb To Turn Back At

Final Cast Of Light Of Day

Retreat Retrace An Orbit Round

Our Humble Star The Way Just Flow And Cease

The Tick And Tock Of Cosmic Click

Time’s Hymn Of Come What May

The Sands Of Shady Glass To Drift Rekindled

As Touch

No Nights Of Sleep Had Blessed

With Peace And Sleep Of Dreams My Soil

My Heart And Spirit Tested

With Memories Of What I’ve

Thought Seen Earned And Done

All Tender Edacious My Needs Have

Wrought

Ah What I Have Become

Turn Back The Pace Of Who

I Am

Once More Behold Those Cosmic Mystic Doors

Of All I Might Think Hope And See

All I Can

Do Would Once Again I

Trod The Path That

Break Me Here

As Still This Speck And Break

Of Dust And Of Space And Time

Or Perhaps Now Cast My Lot

Sans Guilt Or Fear

Those Forks Dears And Sights

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*Rabbit Creek.*

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