**SIREN CALL OF WOE AND NEED**

Say Once The Bloom

Of Spring Does Flow.

Through Veins, Body, Heart

And Mind As Though

The Spirit Free Would Wire

Lie Where. Taste. Or Know.

The North Wind

Of The Fall.

Blossoms. Buds. Sounds. Scents Rare.

Flight Of Fowl Roam

Speed Home To Nest

Gift Of Nature’s Yes

With Each New Brood

Loved. Blessed. Proud.

Grand Cycle Of The Ages.

Grants Another Egg And Leaf.

To Future Spark Of Babe

Sprout Stream And Tree

One Harkens To The Creed Of Perchance

And Harmony

With Universe

Sweet Song Of Empathy

Vessel Of The I

Heeds Not The Why Of Why

Harkens To The Ancient Call

Life Light Bounty True

Of Sacred Nurtured Soil

Treasure Of Untrod

Untrampled

Ground And Sea

Pure Waters From

The Kiss Of Gentle Rain

In Mist Fog Showers

To Fall And Rise

And Fall Again

Until Perhaps Alas

The Gentle Fate Of Now

Begins To Shift

To Image In The Pool

Of That To Come

Of So Soon

Then And When

Grey Shadow Of The Night

Of Want And Lust

Old Pain

Of Must And Need

Draws Near

Dew Of Ones Love Of Fellow Man

Reverence Of Fragile Orb

Gives Way At Glimpse

Of Dawn Of Final Days

In Dance We Grant

Such Foolish Credence

To Tears And Fears

Of Inner Ghosts

Of What May Come

To One As Bell

Doth Toll Of Old

Timeless Moments Hours

Days Give Way To Years

Dims Sight Numbs Touch

Of All And Such

We Share With All

As Give Gives Way

To Take And Keep

The Human Milk

Of Kindness Sleeps

Snaps The Slender Reed

While Rather Than

The Thanks And Prayer

For Natures Gifts

And Legacy

Our Hearts And Minds

Turn Scurry Flee

To Where

No Measure May Embrace Or Sate

Raw Hunger For The More

Or Quell The Flame Of If

Quince Thirst Of Self-Amour

As Seeds Once Sown Cast And Thrown

To Grant Magnificent

Sure Sustenance

Grow Life With

Certain Care

And Deed

Serve Now

No More

Than Heedless

Fuel To Feed

Gluttonous Maul

Of Anxious Dread

What Beckons

To Be Fed

As Sirens Song Of Avarice

Where Pipers Flute Of Comfort Plays

Bewitched By Brew

And Opiates Where

Lotus Of Having

Grasping On

Clouds Of Keeping

Lays

Fills Pipe Of Clay With

Specious Mix Of Pride’s Weed

Such As One Lungs

To Grasp Achieve

Sparks Wreath Of

Quiet Fog And Mist

Adrift As One Doth Find Oneself

So Touched As This

So Seeded In Poison

Stealth And Lies

Of Quest For Power

To Seek To Stay

The Final Hour

Mirage Of Wealth

False Idol

Dear Uninvited

Blind King Of More

And Scorn For Is

Strikes Blow To Topple Now

Wields Loss Of All

With Crowns Of Thorns

Of Such Want And Need

Sad Scepter Of Woe And Greed

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/02/11

Rabbit Creek.

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