**SONG FOR REBECCA**

Though Mountains, Miles, Rock Bound Streams

Dark Curtain Of The Night

Gales Hoary Breath And Storm Of Day

May Find Us Distant Round The Globe

Besieged By

With Muted Velvet Screams Of Might

Have Been And

Then Spector Of

The Narrow Abide

Beleaguer By Ghosts Of 3 A.M.

Drift Of Mind To Slumber’s Empty

Silent Verses Muted Codes Plight

Of Id And Ego’s Needs And Seeds

Old Friends And Fears Cross Years

Ghosts Of Now And When Visit Come And Got

Alone Alone In Slumber Deep

No Thought No Sight Of Future Realm

Nor Reason To Wish Or Pray Say Why

In Solitude Of Bed And Blessed Sleep

No Solace Save One’s Quiet Private Thoughts

Rejoice At That Love Our Souls

And Spirits What Kissed Have Wrought.

For Ought To Be What Is Or Come What Will

Alas Cast Off Sad Whisper Of No.

Cleave Not The Tapestry

Of Air So Rare Or Touch

With Dim Brush Of Such

Our Fellow Face Of Moon.

Sail Through This Mystery

Of Fog And Strife And Delphos Veil

Aboard Our Frail And Humble

Yet Strong And Faithful Craft

Know Safe Harbor By My Shield And Sword

Draw Comfort From My Rod And Staff

Our Love Will Will Prevail

Until Once More The Note Of Joy Soars

Ore We Who Share The Lover’s

Glance And Laugh

At Vision Once Again At

Lunar Rays And Beams

That Softly Touch Caress

Both Is Thee

Old Friend Of Blue In Heavenly Space

Above Who Grants

The Swell Of Sea

With From Our Orb’s Old Sol

Such Pure And Ceaseless

Light And Energy

To Turn Again And Flow Once

More Back To Those

Lovers That Mingle

As One

As You And Me

What Feels With Mystic Grace

And Harmony The Tale Of We

Who Share Visage

Of Golden Sphere Orb

Time And Space

As Tick And Tock Of Cosmic Clock

Smiles On Two Paths So Joined At Last

Year As It Were Old Jester Death

Who Stalks Our Very Pulse

And Walks Behind Each

Plodding Step To

Capture So Soon

Our Numbered Breaths

Would Stay A Stich And Blink

His Scythe For You And I

Another Sip And Drink

Of Life’s Amber Cup

Of Kindness’s Mead

Indeed Promise True This

Mirage Of Us Will

Never Fade And Pass

What Can A Pilgrim Such

As This Poor One Who

Love And Cares And Pines

For You

Think And Do And Say?

Save Taste The Fleeting Nectar

So Pure So Sure Royal Stuff

Of Dreams Amour’s Fine Schemes

Of What Might Come

To Pass From Favor

Of The Swing And Lairs

As Night Gives Way

To Grey Rose And Glow Of Dawn

As Life Flows And Ebbs

And Soars Along

And So It Goes

And So It Goes

Once More It Seems The

Birds Trill And Sing

Their Sweet Call

And Melody

Share Inside To Where

One Dares To Feel

Ones Very Being Doth Reside

And Seal With Real

Spirit’s Core For All

Their Special Heart Feet Soul

The Path Of Carol Way

Along Among The Chamber Of The Self Where

True Love Does Aside

The Music Sounds Round Two Who Dance

The Essence Of Love’s Ancient Precious Art

Sweet Touch Of Cupid’s Silver Arrow

And Kiss Of Honeyed Lips

To Grant The Gift

Of Passion To Two Who

Live Sans Sting Of Serpent Guile

Or Thrust Of Pride’s Sharp Lance

The Wheel Of All Has Spun.

For You And I The Moment Come.

Granted Two As We Such A Rare And Needed Chance.

Ah Yes No One May

Heed Or Know Or Gives

And Does It Matter

More Or Less

If It Be Though So

The Strength And Peace We Two Possess

Across The Trackless Void

That Finds Us So

Near Yet Far Apart

For Dear One You Lye As I With Thee

With Ply the Of Spirits

Twined Yet Free

Safe. Forever Warm Forever This To Be

In Each Others Hearts.

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