**THOUGHTS ON A NORTH WIND**

Once More One Climbs The Mount.

Finds Oft Known Ledge.

Nestled In Blossom

Of Mystic Peak Above.

To Mingle With The Self Of Self

As Ledgers Of The Heart Are Armed

As Scared With Quick Of Love

A Pilgrimage At Equinox.

To Share Again What Of

One’s Orbit Back Had

Cast And Wrought

In Path That Winds Ahead.

But Not To Now And Here Have

Borne And Lead

To Serve As Well As Spector’s

Joined Of Woe And Hope

In Memory’s Stead

With Old Friends

Lichen, Tree, And Rock.

As Sure And Pure

As Life And Death

They Await

To Hear.

My Murmurs Of Another Year.

What Ghosts Of Spirit Soul And Thought

Dance Within

This Aced

And Storm Tossed Head

They Have As Always

Rested And Knelt

In Such Place

Immune To Tick And Tock

Or Fear Of What Is Not

All Grains Of Sand

What Lie With Dessert Dunes

Oceans Shores And Floors

Drops Of Precious Water In

Vast Seas Lakes And Streams

Number Not The Blinks Of Time

What Having Come By

Have Sped This

Gifts Of Mind

And Sight To Me

What Pray

Caress And Feed

My Waking Dream

Yea. Such Alms And Mirth

Of Distant Font

Of Light

As I Befriend Once Again

With Aid Of Soft

Pulse Of Ray

Essence Of Such Being

As Comes To One As I Who

Harkins To The Northern Wind

What Sends The Breath

Of Fail’s Demise

Journey On

To Winter’s

Ancient Night

Round Old Orb Another Voyage

Mother Rock Will Sail And Fly

To Bring Once More

Us Here To Taste

What Distant Vale

Of Existence Awaits

What Tale

Of Living Lies

Ahead For Such

As You And I

Who Breath

Think

Yea Drink

Consume

Such Wine Bread

Meat Of Entropy

Behold Know See

From Vast Space And Time

No Bounds

Nor End

Start Begin

Nor Points Of

Past

Where

Or When

Cross Void Of Matter

Dark As Dark

Save For

Such Passer By

What Feeds

Our Vessel

Of The Soul

Perchance To Be

To Know

One Hundred

Rings Round

Our Kindred Star

And Louche

One Hears

The Mournful Cry

What Calls To All

As I And Thee

Who Born

Must Be And Are

To Live And Die

As Here On Pinnacle I

Stand By

Old North Wind’s

Moan And Sigh

Embrace Once More My

Faithful Friends

Ancient Tree

What Scolded By

The Gale

Fast With Feet

Wed To Crevice

Of Rock

On Lichen Bed Resides

Were They As I

To Savor, Step, Or Drift

From This Nest

The Gods Have Blessed

Where Di And Waves

Have Cast And Tossed One To

Such Time And Place

As This

Our Paths Through

Firmament Of Is

Have Once Again

Kissed And Crossed

To Join Us Now In

Cusp Of Next

Such Mystery

And Brink

Of That To Come

N’ere Or Ere Once More Be So

Such Rays Light

Twice A Hundred

Thousand Miles

Speeds Flows

At Each Countless Blink

Old Friends True Lichen Rock And I

Await It’s Touch

Each With Such

As Wouldn’t

To See Know And Think

I To Pause

Turn Trundle Back

Embrace Another Year

One More Specious Precious Cycle

On Life’s Way

So Fleeting

Yet So Dear

So Too Old Tree And Lichens

Face The Nameless Roll

That Calls To All In Kind

To Mingle With

Their Brethren

As They Must

Await Such Meeting

Here With Little Heed

As I Of Space And Time

And Rock What Lasts

Beyond A Mortal’s

Grasp Of Time And Chance

Or Rise Of Tides

Suffers No Care

Of Eons Hairy Face

Heeds Not The

Reader’s Scythe

Nor Notes

The Numbers Of The Dead

Will Yet Alas

Too Feel The

Beat And Ebb

Of Life

In This Muted Voyage And Race

We All Must Run

Consumes Us All

Yet Say Not Done

Yet To Blend

And Rise

Field All

By Such Bounty Of

The Stars And Sun

Each Bequeathed

Its Draft

Of Life

Rock Of Ages

Lighthouse Impervious To Cold Call Storm

As You And I

The Fragile Bloom

Of Seed

Leave So Soon To

Drift And Settle

Returns As Drawn By

They Very Stuff Of Is

As One

To Dust

To Dust

All What Is

Lives

Mines Along

At Each

Allotted

Moment

Point And

Pace

Embued With Such

I Embrace

The Morrow

Night

And Dawn

On And On

Harkin To The Quiet Inner Song

With Sense

Of Peace

And Grace

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*Rabbit Creek*

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