**To See and Speak the Truth**

*Rabbit Creek- October 19, 2011*

Why for do all my thoughts

What seek to fly on wings of voice

Find none to catch the butterflies

Within their heartfelt net

Do you suppose it may relate

To silent unknown choice

Of I to turn a phrase or words

To please does such \_\_\_\_

A missive not of truth or that

The looking glass does show

But rather lifeless on hollow tried words

Yes even kind well meaning life

All those who went and laugh at fools

Vision of such sorrow flow and kind

False I thus gift my eyes and mind

Grants dies with mournful silent cry

My ferns of self so sell for ------

Sweet birthright of my kind

Spirit pleads for courage to speak

Try what simply is

No guile no fragile web of death’s

Cold hand of sad deceit

Just take the road and path what calls

Bright way what freedom gives

Moment pure ----- truth – live

Heart and perception meet

One perceives see with eyes

Grew steam clean

No fog of scorn

Or foolish thrust of man

Painted on mind’s pure ---

With private inner brush and living

Aged portrait of the now

One naked truth so dear

One cannot help but know

Voice within sings hymn

Of such --- true

As only one on --- with

Woes chains of fear

May do so free unburdened can

With bond ---- marriage to

Another’s ears atoned

Breast bared to welcome home

Embraced with arms of ---- so ---- rare and

Gentle grace the treasure -----

Precious moment of the soul