**Curtain Call**

*December 12, 2012*

Oh how I love that curtain call.

That certain Touch of Love Roar of the Grateful

Crowd.

Though Life may wane.

Light Fade.

Nights face draw neighs as Dusk falls.

Still Candle burns.

Wheel turns Round.

Grease paint of my Spirits hue and brush.

Mask in the Mirror of what I have done and am.

Lines whispered to an empty stage or cast before the Swine.

Will serve as well as Grand Reviews and Accollades at break of day of Man to cry I can.

So writ with Pen of Self in Journal Dear Soul with Silver Ink of Time.

Say Pray why only once play out thy role paint masterpiece or sing with grace.

As Footlights Dim and Curtain drops harken to the sound.

What calls to Thee across the Mistery of Void and Space.

An endless Train of Curtain Calls what grant Roles and Bourne uncharted and unbound.

So gather to Thy Heart the Slings and Arrows of Critics Tongue Pen and Scorn.

For know that to be great and true is too bear such burden of the mind and heart.

But mixed with tears and jears across the thankless hours days and years are cudos aclaim bouquets of lifes flowers.

And as each curtain falls each star winks our another curtain call awaits another star is born.