**Day’s Dawn**

*Chicago- July 28, 2012*

Sols Kiss. Soft Touch Of Dawn’s Delight.

Bespeaks Of Gifts To Come.

Another Endless Day Of Life.

Say Yea Perchance This Breathe The Fateful Owe.

What Calls One Home To Quiet Rest.

Taste Once More The Worm And Loam.

Know Vicsious Touch Of Spirits Quest.

No More To See Or Roam.

The Endless Bourne Of Earthly Mind.

Sail no More The Boundless Man.

With Winds Of Soul To Blow In Kind.

Bear One On To Find.

The Peace Of Self Again.

If Such Be So. So I So Know. I Say.

No Grander Gift Might Greet.

My Humble Sights

As Being Stirs From Slumber Of The Night

Embrace This Glory Of The Day