Distant Light

September 9, 2012

Golden Hue of Leaves what drift to Earth at Summer Eve.

What Number might I Cyper or take Note.

As North Winds Hoarey Breath whispers of Summers Memory.

Say may I dare believe.

Scripture of my Soul my Heart has wrote.

On Scroll of Dalpheous Parchement my Spirit spins and weaves.

With Pen dipped in Ink of Conscience Rare.

As for the What of What Was Not I pine.

So sadly grieve.

Say will Will of Wisp of Come Again raise for me it's Mystic Head.

If so.

So When Why and Where. Multitude of Feathers of Faithful Friend Trees.

Dance to Slumber beneath their Comfort of the Snow.

As Countless Thoughts so float from Chamber of my Mind cast in the Breeze.

What Doth within my Very Being softly swirl that I might know.

A Moments Peace as Face I as all the Touch of Fall and Glimpse of Winters Night.

Perchance Promise of Kiss of Spring will bear for such a Fleeting Beat of Life as I so too the Hope of Distant Light.