**Glory of Day**

*July 28, 2012*

Sol's Kiss Soft Touch of Dawns Delight.

Bespeaks of Gifts to Come.

Another endless Day of Life.

Say Yea is perchance this Breath the Fateful One.

What calls One home to quiet rest.

Taste once more the worm and Loam.

Know Visions touch of Spirits Quest.

No more to see or roam.

The endless Bourne of Earthly Mind.

Sail no more the boundless Main.

With Winds of Soul to blow in kind.

Bear one on to find.

The Peace of Self again.

If such be so. Be so and such.

So I so know. I say.

No grander might greet my humble sight.

My Beings No grander gift may greet my humble sight.

As Being stirs from slumber of the Night.

Embrace this Glory of the Day.