**Life’s Majestic Gift**

*September 9, 2012*

Through Trackless Void Thy Touch of Life I Know.

Receive Thy Grace and Kiss upon my Humble Face.

Cross Cold and Dark Thy perfect Missives Soar.

Say Mystery Energy Entropey and Space.

What Meaning be there but Why or Where or For.

Thy Silent Grant of If and Is what flows to Such as I.

Who lives breaths loves trys and strives.

Each Day to comprehend and then.

So soon at Dusk. End. Or Begin.

Perchance nere to Die.

For what be Death but Birth again along the Chain of Endless Lives

So as Thy Fire has so transformed Lifes Seed to Ray and Beam.

On Journey here to Cede indeed Pilgrim a Stich in Time.

Who so may too soon join the Stream.

What sweeps for all Mankind.

Thy Kiss and Touch mere This and Such another Precious Blink Nod and Stich.

Of Cosmic Clock the Tick and Tock of Life's Majestic Gift.