**Mountain Tops**

*October 5, 2012*

Gazing at the Mountaintop.

Top gazes back at me.

If I was to climb and never stop.

What Visions might I see.

The Future where My Spirit lies.

Past Songs I've known and sung.

Perchance where Soul and Being met the Mirror of the Void and died.

Back when my Heart was young.

All that I should have known done.

Beachcomb of the Ageless Tide.

What may wash across Minds Eye from Sun to Sun to Sun.

How tragic to have tried.

To climb the Mountain just to See.

What lies on the Other Side.

Find alas. The Laugh on Me.

It bears Same Grey Glimpse of Death of Harmony.

Indeed. No Matter how One strives to break Chains of Self and Be.

Nothing seems to set One Free.

No way to shake Shackles of the Flesh.

No Where left to Hide.

Just hang on for the Ride.