**Mystic Curtain**

*November 14, 2012*

Once more the NightBells Toll.

The Ghosts of Three A.M. Dance and Gambol In.

Quiet Chamber of My Soul.

To Drum and Fyfe of Might Have Been.

Awake I Dream and Wonder Why.

One Did or Did Not Do.

All Manner of such Angst for One as I.

Such Simple Pilgrim.

Who. Lived. Treasured Each Day.

Tried. To Ponder If and Should. Be True.

Laughed. Loved. Cared. Struggled. Soared.

Triumphed. Fell. Cried.

Now Once More That Ancient Sad Wizard Face of Moon of Blue.

Shines in My Spirit Window.

Ah Then. The Songs and Hymns.

Of Times Past. Old Scars what Last.

Old Paths Not Taken. Begin.

To Play Upon My Heart.

Until I Embrace Vision Of I.

My Self as One. Who Is. Will Be.

As Was. To Come. With All of All.

The Future Calls. Sweet Music of What One May Do.

Fathom. See. Swells. Starts.

Dawns Promise Of Old Sol to Touch the Dark.

Grants Grace to One as I to Be.

Peace to Know for Such.

Who Wanders in the Wilderness Alone as Me.

Impart. A Glimpse Beyond the Mystery.

Mystic Curtain of Being Parts.