**No One Home**

*November 18, 2012*

The Woods are Quiet.

Cold. Clear. Calm.

My Thoughts Fly once More To Thee.

What For. For Whom You Care.

What Was. Is. May Be.

For I as One with Thy Path.

Or Perhaps. The Vale of No.

Not So. As another Day Subsides.

Life Grants another Beat and Breath.

Moves On. As Old Sol Sets.

I must reflect. On Such of Us.

I sit and contemplate.

With Only my own Self Spirit for Balm and Company.

At Hour of Passing with Hope for Sign of Hope.

I still Harbor. Spark of Perchance a Coal.

What may still give Life to Flame of We.

Await a Vision as though it may yet flow.

In Pool of Being such Reflection Lies.

Portrait of Sure Trust and Love.

Receive. Feel. Hear.

True Whisper in the Heart.

Ones Inner Eye of Is. See.

Bereft of another's Grace of Mind.

In Solitude. I Am. Alone.

And As I seek once more to reach.

You. Find. Taste. Know.

What Your Own Self Spirit holds this Day for Us.

Reach out with another feeble gesture to connect.

Text. Mail. Launch Thought Missive. Phone.

Once more the effort fades and fails.

Again I find You gone.

Not There. Not in. No Answer. Nor Return.

No clue of how You are.

Why. Or where.

Nothing save the Empty Silence as before.

Sorry. Try once more. Another Time.

No One Home.