**Old Sol**

*June 5, 2012*

Old Sol once more lays down its ancient head to rest.

With bed of waves that gently kiss the endless shore.

At journeys end from cross the days and ways of joy and strife what test.

The will to be or face another rise what lies in store.

Pray shall one too embrace the slumber of the heart and mind.

Taste with relish and eager glee the dew and dawn.

Or rather seek the quiet room no more to find.

Another page. Another portrait of the Spirits brush.

Another song. Shall the candle know the snuff of self and woe.

Heart cease to beat because the Soul has known.

The grief from which the only beacon of relief is if one wills it so.

Empty house from which all hope of love has flown. No. Neigh.

Not to be such dark of night and wane of moon by ones own sad and troubled hand. For cross the miles and crys sighs of loss or tracks of scars and tears.

Your whisper still dances with the stars graces my being with the coming years.

Calls one on to share the night and then the morn.

Tells me yes. We will. We are. We can.