**Sandman**

*November 12, 2012*

As Sandman casts his Pixie Dust.

Lulls my Spirit to Peace and Sleep.

I count the Sheep what Gambol in Minds Eye.

Soft Vision of the Fading Day.

Yea in My Heart and Soul resides.

Gift of Thy Love. Sublime. Complete.

Replete. With what My Being doth most need.

Of which I Treasure.

My very Self doth Pray.

Comfort of Your Love and Trust which I in turn so Plythe.

Knowledge I am Yours and You are Mine.

Freedom that We share to Drink the Wine and Sup of Staff of Life.

Whisper to Thy Private Chamber as so flows to I from Thine.

Thoughts and Words that Fly on Loves Carpet and Soulmate's Wings.

Rare Spice of Simple Song of Yes that only Lovers Hear and Taste.

Forgiveness for those Misguided Moments

When Sad Voice of Ones Fears May Rise and Sing.

The Magic of your Sweet Scent.

Matchless Hair. Eyes. Voice. Form.

Precious Portrait of Your Face.

As all these Treasures Riches.

Yea Very Prize of I Us and We.

So grant Me Grace to Rest my Weary Head Abed and Sail Nights Bourne.

So too I send and cast on Sea of Love All Such to Thee.

So I as Thy may embrace once more

All what awaits Us at each new Gift of Day and Break of Dawn.