**The North Wind**

*October 20, 2012*

The North Wind Blows with Hoary Breath.

The Sun gives way to Dark of Winters Cloak.

I try to share with Thee my All.

Yet No matter Heart Felt musings of my Soul.

So spoken with my Spirits quiet voice.

Scribed in Ink of Self with no reluctant hand.

Such willing choice to cast my Inner Pearls before Thee as though.

You may indeed heed my Call.

My poor effort to with open book of Me grant light to such All I can.

All passages of Minds Chamber so revealed.

All Truth of I bare and exposed.

Thy to I send back naught but those.

Mere Words Thoughts Charms with naught but Whispers of Solace to turn the Wheel.

I can not but ruefully cry.

But does One suppose.

If. My missives merit not in return a note.

Save. Silent stroke.

Cold chime of Thy Bell of Indifference.

As Thy as always. So Smiled and then.

Cast my Love and Tragic Entreaties to Meld and Twine into Thy own Fickle Wind.

Of Thy Gaze into a Future of Thy Own.

The Grail Thy seek. Vision thy conjure.

In Thy Mind’s Eye see.

Bears not the I of I nor We of We.

So turns the World. So Life Flows.

So it goes.