**Thoughts for Rebecca**

*July 29, 2012*

Soft Beacons in the Night rouse I from Slumbers Rest.

Quiet Brushstrokes of my Spirit on my Soul.

Pray say perchance such Mirror of Self is real.

All secrets such I with Quiet Voice and Shadows of these Night Gods see hear know. Feel. Reveal. Yea reflect.

All that what is should be alas may flow.

From Fountain of the Ego Id and Heart.

Rare Waters that which Spring from deep within.

From when or where was will no matter.

Music of the Truth begins.

As such Dream Fairies Ghost Goblins dance and start.

Their Plays and Sonnets.

Art of the Night. For then.

As Darkness wraps my Mind in Cloak of blessed Sleep.

A Star or so of thought may herald the coming Day.

Yea Birth of Dawn.

Say Yes I may only guess the miles to go and promises to keep.

What await as once more I stir arise and trundle on.

Embrace with Pure Sight Strength Grace the Path what lies before.

Sail Vessel on round rocks and ancient shoals.

As I may deign again to cyper all those.

Voices what may whisper. Bells what toll.

What call with Sirens song fruit fateful touch of Yore.

To know the Distant Shore awaits as Winds of I fill kiss Sails of Self.

Rare Beings Essence wafts as once more One doth arise and taste.

Amongst the Toil and Strife and Ceaseless Chase.

Life's gift.

Nectar more sweet than flagon of purest Wine of Fame or Power.

The Flower of Ones Destiny.

In Dew of Morn and Gentle caress of Candle of the Day to see.

More Precious than all Vast Vaults of Crocus Wealth.

Blooms each day.

Lies down each Set of Sol to rest.

Yea sprouts with stirring birth of thought from couch of comfort.

Precious Bourne of Sleep. Surface from the Mystery so deep.

With gentle Rain Rays Seeds of Yes.