**Thoughts on A New Years Week**

*December 26, 2012*

Nere Mere scant seven spirals of our Orb will grant another turn of Cosmic Wheel.

Cycle of our Journey through the Void round Mother Star.

Nere seven decades yet faded with

The Spirit since to Wonder of My Soul this Cosmic Bourne revealed.

A Glimpse into the Mystery of All that One may Be.

Who Why and What we are. Another Annum drifts out and in

With Seamless wink of Time.

Pray even with Grace a Century so might grant Thee respite

Or cede such Precious Moment in the Vale to such as I.

Yea So Be No More than Ripple in the Sea what holds the Tides

What wash those Sands of Thine and Mine.

A Murmer in the Stream of Life and Whisper of the Why.

Care not Say I at Cusp for what these Twelve Moons have painted with Blue Paint of No And Brush of Not as Over Nor to Be or Past.

Nor Weep and Sigh at Thoughts Gone By nor Deeds Undone.

For Yea in each New Dawn of Day one Knows Another Timeless Gift

Which will before Thy Lie down to Couch of Joy or

Drift to Dreams of Should Was or Might have been drift past.

One Path each day so Fleeting Trace the Rise and Set of another Kiss of Sun.

So Too We circle round to Trace the Will O Wisp and Phantoms so Once we Knew.

The Tracks and Seeds so Planted in Our Wake and Left Behind.

To Once More Embrace the Call what Speaks to Such as I or

Thoughts What Stir in One as You.

Who Live not a Fog of Regret for What was or was not nor cry

For ancient sorrow of lost wishes but rather seek the Light of the Morrow and

All what is Left and We May Know and Find.