**Wretch as Me**

*November 8, 2012*

Old Sol still sleeps beyond the Mountain Range as Sister Moon so too lies abed.

Yet from my Bourne and Couch of Dream Hope Fear and

Spirit Tears I stir and rise.

Another Day. Another Life.

Yea Perchance another Death.

Or so it's said.

As I greet embrace the Mystic Gift to ponder why.

Why I am. Why we are.

The World Turns. Doth Dance and Sing.

From whence Light first sprang forth.

Space. Time began.

What new Miracle of Life this journey cross Sky of Sol may grant and bring.

Another Verse Chapter Lough Vision for my very Self and Soul.

Of Who I may be. Was.

What I am.

For as the Tide of Night as always doth recede and wane.

Leave behind in Quiet Chamber of the Mind upon my Beings Shore.

All manner of such Castaways of Should If and Might Have Been

Or Nere to Come Again, So sure will Waves of Breaking Day bring as Before.

To Rest upon those Sands what Shift each

Moment of the endless Void beyond the Trackless Vale.

Drift on Sea of What May come to such a Poor Pilgrim.

Wretch as Me.

Rare Gifts of Chance to Know Live Comprehend.

Yes Perhaps so Bequeth.

Face of Truth and Faith.

What calls again to One who wanders such as I.

In Wilderness the Voice of what it means to Be.

Of Who I might become. Was.

What I Am. Drift on Sea of What may Enure to Such a Poor Pilgrim.

Wretch as Me.