**A Healing Dream**

*November 25, 2013*

Perchance This Sols Rise May Mark My Last.

Terre Bound Day Of Life.

As Needles Kiss. Sweet Taste And Breath Of Gas.

Cede My Poor Vessel To The Knife.

No. It Not Be So. Pray.

May The Hand What Probes And Cuts.

Know. Be Guided.

Walk In Healings Way.

Be Sure. Ah That The Fork Be Taken.

Such. I Travel Not On To Dark Cold Bourne.

But Wake To Light Of Cure.

Say Surely Though Sol Will Set Once More.

Say Not My Own Soul Meet. Greet.

Lye Down In Narrow Room With Kings Surfs Who.

Have So Gone Before.

But Taste Another Morne.

This Poor Old Spirit Still Trod.

Roam The Earth.

This Poor Old Heart Still Love And Beat.

As Swept I Be Mere Chip Once More.

By Fate Down Lifes Grand Mystic Stream.

No More. No More.

Thy Suffer Woe. Angst. Nor Despair.

Nor Dread Bell Toll. Of Grief And Sorrow.

I Take Solance In The Morrow.

Pray. May Providence So Grant To I.

Another Dawn. A Cusp. Step. Move On.

Return To Thee Restored.

From Gentle Couch Of Care.

Where Faith Abounds Infuses Me.

With Grace. Quiet Slumber.

Pledge. Promise. Oath. Gift. Magic.

Of Hippocrates.

Mercy Of A Healing Dream.