**A Peasants Hymn**

*En Route from San Francisco- July 30, 2013*

Oysters waltz with cultured Walrus.

Castles Cabbages and Clouds of War.

Rise at Whims of Kings.

Sometimes Peasants. Peons.

Trolls like Us.

Can hear the Blue Bells ring.

What Toll for Those Who never know.

A Sunrise free of Woe.

Nor stop to ponder When Why Where Who.

From whence and to the Fickle River flows.

Waters of What Was.

Is. Was Not. Tides of Should Could Would To Be.

Cross Currents of Triumph Remorse Regret.

For Who deigns to tie the Gordian Knot.

When will Thy Sun slip below the Azure Sea.

So quiet and softly set.

What World. Time. Space.

Each Moment holds.

Thy Birthright for a Bowl.

Of Porridge on Life's Trail.

Once Bartered. Bought and Sold. Fini.

No Mas. Say For Why.

For Siren Song. Lotus Bud.

Bloom of Poppy. Penny Candy.

Winsome Smile.

Thy lose Thy Spirit Heart and Soul.