**At Ten P.M.**

*May 8, 2013*

Think I will leave some Rabbit Tracks. Hope on through the Woods.

I would never trade Geese for Chickens Guns for Knives Dogs for Cats.

Even if I Could.

Sometimes I wonder if Pigs really do have wings.

But are just afraid to fly.

Just as Elephants could play and sing.

If they would only spread their ears run trunks as bows

Across their tusks wave their tails to the beat and try.

As I could will the Moon to Rise.

Call for Break of Dawn and Sol to set.

World turns as I think wish command ere fantasize.

Rolls as my Mind is set.

Therein lies the enigmatic myth riddle quandary.

I am the Master of all Space and Time.

The Cosmos bends Shape Form Is of Is to eyes will thought of mine.

Yet still I cannot know or find.

Question. Puzzle. Answer.

What should I will my own Self and Realm to will the world to be.

When blind deaf dumb I am to mystery.

What Lyes within my Beings lair.

A fine knot of Entropy.

Indeed a tangled web of Soul and such.

A twisted tousled tortuous and intricate affair.