**Beneath the Bridge**

*March 12, 2013*

Beneath the Bridge a bank though damp and dank.

Skant Shelter from the Storm.

Perchance the Warders tonight might leave him be.

A bit of Thanks. To Morsel of cheese and scrap of bread.

A prize indeed from bin or dumpster seized will do to see the

Pain of hunger quelled though no not fed.

Some grass and rags and cardboard walls and roof.

So. It may be said but for the Ice and Snow one might believe one warm.

Time was the silk and finest wool.

On bed of down would welcome nights of dreams peace and calm.

No care from where the Wolves of night might seek their prey and

Feast upon his aged self before the break of Dawn.

No Bite of Wind nor want of Good Fellows Friends and Love with whom to carry on.

His Counsel sought by all.

And so he taught with quiet Grace.

The Wisdom to those so Blessed to be so touched by Favored Call.

Who wished hoped strove they might so attain such fame and such exhausted place. Yet in but a Blink and Moment as Fate and World are wont to do and flow.

As all like Thee and Me who have so fell so dearly know.

All turned with but a cast of die or card or pray a silent thought or muted word.

Perhaps unnoted unspoken or unheard.

The step so sure and wise was not.

The Friend and Trust and Love so True so soon were mere Mirage and lost.

Ah such a lonely tragic lot. For Friends so often as our

Feathered Ones who sing and soar around us in the

Sun and Rare Fair Breath and Warmth oof Spring.

So flee and go as North wind blows.

The dark clouds flow and chill ice snow old Winter brings.