**Chained Poor**

*May 8, 2013*

Each Flower to Bud Bloom Sleep.

Behold the Clouds what dim Old Sol.

As Friends of Ours who see and weep.

Tears of Rain to Nuture life.

As so the wayward Breeze.

Carries From distant Sea and Forest rife.

Rare Air infused with stuff of Life.

Bouquet of ferns flora trees.

The Wheel of Life what turns for All.

Cosmic shift as Entropy.

Speaks not Over nor End Of Mortal Shell for I or Thee.

Nor Loss nor Death of Soul Yea rather bids we heed whisper and call.

Of Moment. Now. What we art.

Beyond the Vast Vale of Time and Space.

Will flow and grow to Be.

Shed not a tear when the trumpet blows.

When the Clarionsounds for me.

I will drift on my spirits frail bark where the river flows.

To meld with the ancient sea.

Should the Reaper call.

Scribe my Name in the Scroll.

Of those Souls who dare pierce the Veil.

Join with all those.

Who have travelled this road.

Be they King Noble Peasant or Serf.

Harken to Lutes sweet notes and soft ode.

What sing One to fly free.

Ore this Earth.

I fear not dark squall.

Of Life's storm.

Nor Toll Ledger of Mistake and regret.

Yet rather I set my sail.

With the Wind at my back.

Nere to morne or look back.

As I embrace the night.

Await sweet kiss breath of Dawn.

To distant Range and Light stride along.

Seek Tales to be for such Pilgrim as me.

As Sols glow of Future calls.

Beckons me upward and on.

Not to a narrow room of dust.

In a sad death shroud.

Neath rude clod and grass.

Dank cavern of gone. Over.

Neath the Cold Loam.

Cage of the End.

Yea but wrapped in rare cloth of Trust.

Spun of I. My Heart dost.

Soar with Sky and Clouds.

Behold a new Bourne and Home.

As the Miracle of Being once more grants me leave to pass.

Shed this clay shell.

Wend my way through the Door.

At the stoke of Midnight.

Sweet peal of Life's Bell. I and It.

All begin once again.

Whisper of the Light.

Dawn silently doth break.

Fog of the Mystic Night.

With quiet Harbor takes.

Step beyond the Moon.

Embrace the Rising Sun.

Ah so will Life so soon.

Make way. Race so run.

Pray are such Dreams real.

What lye within my Heart.

Will next breath say reveal.

End or perchance a start.

Why for to pine or care.

What manner of the Day.

To be. I am. When. How. Where.

Only Fates to know or say.

Chained to his fellow condemned captive and accused.

Bound and Clad in cheap Warders Suit of stripes or orange or red.

For sins and failings of the moral norm his acts the code of

King or neighbor have so transgressed and abused.

Say sleep perchance beneath the Bridge or filtch for hungry mouths of

his brood a morsel from a cast off tray or crust of day old bread.

Or perchance the target of the wrath and scorn of she who in the sober light of dawn regrets and recalls her passion of the flesh and brew with veil of morning after crys no

not no assent to such or consent to love nor grant of yes.

Dare ingest a herb to open door of perception not so blessed as brew of hops juice of the grape or spirit of the Corn.

To taste the trial by fire or rack and screw of noble judge or jury of the burgers who so clearly may Devine thoughts pleas of innocence mere wasted breath of one so fraught with guilt what fails their self same test.

Why protest.

For why would Thee be so called to answer and to pay unless thy did the deed or failed to meet the needs and thy duty to the populace what calls for such mark upon thy head bars cage and public scorn.

To One warrior of the wounded pride so spurned so slew his longed for bride or in

anger and rage of combat snuffed out another's spark of life.

In dock before the Black Robes Cold Heart of One who holds the wrath of perfect justice.

Pilgrim Soul only hope and guess.

What awaits him from the stroke of verdict judgment sentence from the Master of the Exalted Throne Bench so sure of the Tablet Creed of Wrong and Right.

The dye of course is cast and ordained with trial verdict judgment to follow.

Decree and Sentence now before.

Cry not for rights to counsel bail to proof presumption of innocence or privilege of

silence.

Such are mythes to One as Thee and hollow.

You are guilty and convicted as you appear here.

No question nor dispute.

You are in custody chained friendless with the Judicial mark of the Beast and Cain.

You are Poor.