**Clock Unstrike**

*May 8, 2013*

If I might will the Clock unstrike.

Turn back those Tides of Time.

Or say dispel the coming night.

Sifting Sands of Hourglass so quell.

Nor know the waning light.

Would Thy wishe for such turn back of deed and thought and page.

Meld with One of Mine. Not say for a new turn of play.

Or Triumph on Life's Stage.

Nor at the Paths not taken.

The Friends and Loves Forsaken.

The Slings and Arrows so endured.

With blows unjust so quietly borne ......

Neither regret nor rage.

But rather as I do reflect.

Up on the breath depth and meaning of it all.

I pine not to rewrite the script.

I only ask I not go yet.

Just One more curtain call.