**Clouds of the Heavens**

*March 29, 2013*

Let not those clouds what may cross paths of thy Stars Moon and Sol.

With dark shadows play upon thy viol of life a song of woe or gloom.

For within they hold Life's gift of rain.

What nurtures body spirit soul.

May yea call thy Butterfly awake from thy cocoon.

No wind doth blow but knows some good.

Sun set. Night fall.

But call the Dawn.

Ah that thy anxious pain of the moment would.

Serve as blessed carpet to bear Thee on.

Beyond the Storm and Gale.

On Wings of Self take flight and Soar.

From Bourne of now to pierce the Mirage and Veil.

Of Care and Fear.

The Rise of Sun so distant yet so near.

Grant vision in Thy own mirror.

Of who though art.

Why for. Say who may ask for more.

As Kiss of Fire. Sear of the Flame.

Wrath. Ire. Disdain.

Of Ones Fellow Mortals who share Earths Sphere Vale and Plain.

Rack screw and lash.

Temper Thy Mettle. Smelt Gold of Thy Worth and Being.

So slings and arrows of fate may guide one to the path.

Of thy destiny what doth await.

Beyond the straight and narrow gate.

Song of Thy Self so sing.

As Thy bells of regal love of life and man.

Thy talent. Ring. Across the land.

Thy Genuis Strength and Talent reign.

So heralded in Times Journal.

So ordained.

With voice quill scribe of the ages so proclaimed.