**Count Thee Thy Life**

*May 6, 2013*

Count Thee Thy life by dent of Mere Years.

So counted by sad strokes of wretched Pen.

In Ink of needless Tears Shed by Hollow Men.

What Cyper hours days months and thus and so.

In ledger of the Might May Be and Main.

Devoid of any struggle strife or woe.

Slave to Seeds od Care worry loss or pain.

So be Thee mere the walking Dead.

At Birth laid down to rest.

Mere husk and shell of man to early grave so lead.

What seeks the Grail of safe harbor yet knows shoals and rocks instead.

Adrift no more blessed.

With Grace than Rock of Ages what Lies quiet secure yet

Slumbers dumb and numb instead.

In Place of Mind Soul Body's Dance of Life what near to celebrate but to such

Mirage may be so borne nor taste the fruits if self rather by the

Sirens called to Reefs of Never Over Marooned Adrift Cast up on

Shore and Sands of Nothing save the

Ghosts of Fear what

If a slumber on the couch of no caged in bars of worry woe and dread.