**Cyper Sunset**

*May 8, 2013*

How for to Cyper touch of Sunset.

Or when last leaf will fall.

Is next to last Breath over yet.

When will the Piper call.

May one Devine allotted years.

By Tealeaves in the Wind.

Or say perchance dispell those fears.

Of how or why or when.

The Reaper rings his Silver Bell.

The Clock of Midnight tolls.

Me thinks a toss of dye will do as well.

Unless one may suppose.

Perhaps the Spirit knows.

Age Time and Space have no place.

In Query nor Answer re such Things.

The only World what does exist.

Among Life's ever drifting mist.

Is nothing more nor less than this.

What the moment is and brings.