**Dance of Youth**

*Rabbit Creek- June 8, 2013*

Sweet Sad Song of Wasted Youth.

So wasted on the Young.

Ah now in looking glass of Spirits truth.

I behold what I've become.

The band has played.

The blonde has sung.

The pudding is in the proof.

Alas am I the only One.

Who still Harkens to the wind.

As it whispers in the Night.

Of how things seemed back then.

Every morning fresh and bright.

Yes I still remember when.

My only Vision was fair Sight.

Of all Love Joy and Triumph what lay within.

Would shine with coming Dawn and Break of precious Light.

Pray might it still be scribed and said. Pray perchance all still exists and is.

Still Lyes ahead.

From such distant past.

As I behold those Days Months Suns Moons and Years.

Tides and Sands what now have cast.

From all effusive mirage of happiness.

Rain of pain and tears.

Leads me now at last.

Along Life's ever changing path.

To this quiet Portrait in my Self of now and here.

To still behold with scant wisdom so washed aground.

On the Beachs of my Mind.

With myopic eyes so dim.

Perception trussed gaged and bound.

With scars of space and time.

That yes age be not mere talley of such wane of

Moon nor Terre Orb orbits round Old Sol.

But rather youth dances with eons in the Heart.

Waltzes with the Soul.