**Dark Streets of Life**

*June 30, 2013*

I wander down dark Streets of Life.

Death trundles after Me.

I lye down to Nocturnal Psyche Dreams Of Deeds Loss and Schemes each Night.

Lye down to fade away and Die.

Reborne each Break of Morning Light.

Arise once more to Think Be and See.

To set my Spirit Free.

Pray will next such Sol Rise be the last.

Sol Set bear my Soul and Being Home.

Or will my Spirit And Will so persevere to pierce the Mist and Veil.

Still seek the Fleece Sword and Grail.

Cry Voice of I. No. Not Yet.

Some many Plythes and Oathes to keep.

Leagues to travel.

Ranges Rivers Oceans to cross.

In Storms of Self and Waves Currents of Soul so pummeled tossed.

Before I embrace the Velvet Deep.

Before I yield to Final Sleep.

Before the Curtain Falls.

Before the Reaper Calls.

Before I be cast ashore.

Before the Silver Bell tolls once more.

Before the Velvet Void be crossed.