**Darkest Before the Dawn**

*May 8, 2013*

It is always darkest right before the Dawn.

Yet light what may not yet strike Thy vale of soul in sleep so blended with euphoric bliss and deep despair.

Doth surely await if One but soldier on.

Draw solace from quiet of dark night and dare.

Embrace the Vision of the waking dream.

What calls to Thee of that which Thy may know.

Inside Thy very Spirit Heart and Being.

But fear to face or cede the grace that it be so.

For from the fire and crucible of fate Thy iron to steel be forged.

Grey mirror of thy psyche may hold in thy slumber and shifting fog of thy repose.

What Thy ethos ego pneuma very fiber

Quintessence are and be though yet in such soft discord.

May Thy be loath to see and in Thy portrait of the I paint. Ah though.

No wind nor storm doth blow but carry kiss of rain such very vital staff of life.

What may Nuture Yeggdrasill to bloom and flower.

So too let Sol of Self shine through those clouds of minds meld of

Hope joy woe and strife.

Awake Taste Fruits what doth await

Thee at thy emergence to gift of another precious birthing hour.

The Letter that You never sent never came again today.

The one that said you still loved me though you up and went away.

Although each night I cry myself to sleep after I get down on my knees and pray.

Each Dawn the Mailbox and my Bed are empty.

Nothing else to say.

Another day of wasted hopes dreams and tears.

The days and months have grown to years.

Of Skies so cold dark and grey.

The ones I write to You just keep on coming back to me.

Unopened. Return to sender.

Please stop delivery.

I try and try to call and reach you on the phone.

But you see my number show.

Sorry no one home.

Old friends of ours have tried to pass a note.

Or even whisper to you some of the things I've said and wrote.

Alas they only tell me what I know from my heartache and my fears.

Your eyes will not read my plea and you have so closed off

You mind and stilled your ears.

Each night I walk the floor and brood away the midnight hours.

My Dreams are empty save for Song of Over Lost Love Memory and Dead Flowers.

But still I try to tell you I still love and want you and I'm sorry I didn't mean to say. Those words I never should have said.

I never should have strayed.

I just still try and tell myself never isn't never.

Forever's not forever.

Maybe you didn't mean it.

You will come back and love me.

You'll still come back and stay.