**Drifting**

*May 8, 2013*

Drifting through the firmament.

Floating in the Void.

Where have all the Moments went.

Why have perchance my musings of the Spirit the Gods of

Chance so offended and annoyed.

Was the Touch of No so cast in haste.

Soft Touch what fired the flame of over and regret.

Or might it have been quaft of wormwood of hate that spawned the bitter taste.

Of remorse for words deed and thought such black art of self begets.

Where Lyes the Heart in sad repose of would or should that lingers yet.

As dark as Chamber of the Night and Dungeon of the Soul.

Caged in Bars ones doubt of self does forge and smith.

With no respite from Phantoms of Beings Mirror.

No shelter from Gale of Self with Winds what blow naught

But harsh sleet of lost love raw and cold.

Swept by rain of pains tears of wasted years.

While whispers of should not have done fill thy cup of sorrow with such

Pottage of Thy fears.

Save Solace that each breath beat of heart.

With each Thought and Minds Eye portrait of the Now be Gift.

Of new life what as Time once more does pause so too doth rise and

Spawn anew with bow shaft cup tinder of yes and precious spark.

Grant All to All who bowl nor to No but rather embrace the

Yes and Heed the Call and Power of If.

As one heeds rare Potion of Will May and Can.

All indeed One may conceive Lyes within thy Hands.

Dim kaleidoscope of memories what dance and gambol in the night.

To pipes flute and viol what still play ore the evanescence of the years.

Illusive waifs what still emerge to waltz at three am in the waning candle light.

As in Tableau of what was once and will but for another moment be.

One dimly perceives.

Shadows on the wall of over with purblind eyes.

By less majestic barbs insults and injury of Life what yield such muted aged ears.

So behold in the dalphous mist and sees.

Goblins ghosts of should and would and might have been in

Dark Chamber of the emergent eternal night.

Whispers in sad winds of remorse regret yet withal some breath of hope.

Heeds pleas and crys.

Of indefagible force and voice of Spirit and Will of I.

Still harkens to a distant drum and dawn amidst abstruse tongues of past sins of Triumph and Defeat.

So knows amongst harsh gale and storm with drift fall of autumn leaf.

As Winters grip trundles in with hoary chill to snuff out gay warmth of

Summers sweet air now so lost to

Time and sad retreat.

That no Sun sets but Sky will break with Kiss of New Sol at Morn.

As Dust as it must capture the Day and carry

Yes even One as You and I to sleep.

So with the Rise a new pathway begins.

Ah then.

Once more mutational Life for

All for I and Thee is once more birthed and reborn.

To All as we such promises the All of All doth

Plythe and keep.

On drifting off in Life's grand sleep.