**Endgame**

*May 8, 2013*

Endgame.

'twas but a stich in time ago.

Dawn raised her gentle head.

I tasted breath it seemed as though

Vale beyond my mothers quiet room and velvet bed.

Called with no hint of time age or space.

The air alive with life buds flowers and spring.

All would be mine by right of grace.

No talley of days months and years to bring.

All manner of the gifts my thoughts labor yield and know

Yet so soon Summer Fall and

Old North wind have swept by alas I hear the soft bells chime.

What sing not of more life to come but it be time to go.

Endgame Harvest reap bestow rich bounty or

Sad drought of seeds in life we sow and so it be with mine.

The Path may still wander on for other Souls to taste and keep.

But I will soon lye down beneath the

Sheltering Tree of age on sweet grass of memory and dream myself to sleep.