**Eternal Time**

*May 8, 2013*

Another Turn of Terre Orb grants Dawn break and soft touch of Sol.

From Depths and Bourne of precious Sleep my Spirit stirs.

To summon strength to face the day so fraught with peril care and woe.

Perchance to contemplate a fate what may await.

At stroke of Ones Own Hand inure.

Take stock and tally of thy store of regret grief remorse despair.

Such faithful legacy of deeds so done or so passed by.

Say pray have such demons or lotus buds of life so cast their

Spell of terror or so numbed my Soul to bear me where.

I cast my Being on the Pyre of inner Fire what calls One home.

Embrace the Syren Song.

Sniff out the Mournful I.

Lye down once more to rest Yet now the sleep be real.

With Bed of Over.

In Times Quilt forever bound.

In eternal quiet narrow room beneath the clod and grass no more to feel.

The heights and depths or yea this agony of Self my poor Spirit has once more known. Heed that Pipers Lute what once more pipes and sounds.

Ah therein Lyes the Rub and Life's sweet glad sad Quandary.

Wherefore beyond the Breath to take the Step.

Arise and face the Frown of Day and slings and arrows so melded with

Flowers of Love what may await.

What Fate and Life may yet hold.

To Be. Or quaff the Potion from the Chalice these

Thoughts so offer with the Mirage of Peace.

Step into the Halls and Velvet Void.

Give way to Temtraous Smile of Death.