**Existence**

*March 15, 2013*

Each tick and tock of Comic Clock.

Another Dawn and Mourne.

Another Soul takes wing.

Soars with Fellow Spirits to this Vale and Bourne.

The ancient Bell of Being chimes of Life and sings.

So too with each Cosmic breath so many

Fellow Pilgrims embrace Sols set and move along.

Not to a Tomb of Eternal rest or

Dark Silence but rather sound with wordless and formless thought mere

Steps beyond this cusp.

More precious Notes of Mystic Harp and Precious

Sonnets of Life's never ending Voyage and Song.

Ah though as I and Thee so too will join in turn that endless train of Kings Serfs and Soldiers of the Strife of Existence as One must.

We will indeed still commune with all who have and will in endless Time and

Space so been or will be in Union of that

Universal Mind of which we share and so belong.

So perhaps more Tears and Sad cries should meet each passage

through Births Velvet Door.

For Who among our simple selves might deign to comprehend the blows and

stones or cuts and creels slashes jabs and stabs of fellow man for such

Babes may lie ahead.

The Agony of Wealth and Raw Pain of Wisdom of Perception or the Artists

Dark Visions of the Night. Yoke Hunger Cold and

Suffering of the Helpless Forgotten Poor.

Yet therein lies the Jesters Laugh and the Serpents barb.

The Wheel what spins for all and pays no heed to Myth of Alive nor Dead.

In this Cosmic Broth and Soup of Being we are all of One Time and Space.

In the Blind Eye of I what would with Egos Veil the

False God of Perception and Seeing so foolishly Embrace.

In the Heart and Soul snd Thought of All we so in Union we so share.

Pray that we may listen to the Silence.

Peer into the Darkness.

Hear the Ancient and Future Whispers.

Heed Embrace the Sand what flow and Shift Winds what stir and blow of

Ones Fellow Beings.

In all Forms and Shapes.

Drink from the Waters of such Wisdom.

Behold the Cosmic

Face.

.....Forgotten Poor,,,,,

Or rather shall we rejoice and sing a hymn of joy and praise at each

One is so blessed at Earthly rite with quiet passage to the

Realm of the Mirage of Death. .......

Yet therein lies..