**Face of I**

*June 7, 2013*

Tire Tracks of Life run cross my back.

Scars of Love run deep.

When Why did I.

Put it all on Red.

Spin the Wheel of Fate.

So sure and yet so soon instead.

The Clock struck but a moment late.

As rendezvous with Pipers Lute.

I was so bound to keep.

Flowers what bloomed in youth now dry and dead.

Ball bounces with the Jesters laugh.

No way to turn Pages of my fragile fading Almanac.

To would or should.

Relive the past.

Fickle Orb from double zero fades settles finds Spirits wraith of Bed of Black.

One Final Card to draw.

One hand to Play.

One toss and turn of Di.

Before the Curtain falls.

Dusk calls.

One heeds indeed the hand what scribes upon the wall.

Rare script of Come What May.

One notes whisper of Ones Being as though.

Day gives way to wane of Light.

One tastes Fog of impending Night.

Such joy such woe to know the Sight.

In Id Ego Persona looking glass.

One beholds.

Takes measure of Ones Psyches Ails or Plight.

Store of Thy Karmic Wealth.

Visage Heart and Soul of Self.

Naked bare unvarnished Face of I.