**Fathomed or Cypered**

*March 17, 2013*

Never fathomed or cypered I would come this far.

If you wish just set me ablaze.

Spread my Ashes to blow with the Old North Wind.

Or cast them to flow with the Tides.

She's nary sigh of regret nor weep a sad tear when.

I go. For I will take it in stride.

I'm not ditching gun spurs saddle boots or horse yet.

Just taking a little Night ride.

Scout before Dawn as the Sun sets.

Scope out the Other Side.