**Flow**

*May 9, 2013*

From whence does flow the Fount of Art.

What Seeds sprout to Spawn such Grace.

Pray Missives born of Spirit Mind Being Heart.

Or say perchance does Time and Space.

Rather channel through the Vale.

Raw beauty of the Soul.

That in this Mist of Being we may avail.

Ourselves to See Hear Feel Taste and Know.

Miracle of Song String Pen Brush Oil Metal Knife and Glass.

Soft musings of the Play and Dance.

What speak in Mystic Tongues of light yet deepest gravitas.

Cosmic Order from Wheel of Chance.

No matter need to Cyper such nor seek Grail that Thy may Devine.

Such enigmatic quandary of how why where the spark ignite.

Yea rather behold absorb such treasure the flame to Self bequeathes.

Rare Gifts to Thee what fly from Boundless Night.

Dark Void of Space and Time.