**Fragile Day**

*May 8, 2013*

May it be but a fragile day since I first met Lifes Dawn of Light.

Gift of Dear Mothers Love and magic touch.

Mere interlude of fleeting Thought Joy Pain Peace Rest and Strife.

As now I note the Dusk and face the Night.

The rise of Sol and I with dreams of fears and hope as one exists.

From Bed Chamber of the Self such missives born.

The Morning warmth of eager Youth and Love of truth to cast off Dew Fog and Mist. Don cloak of knowledge certain wisdom so surely worn.

Til the hand of Noon Lyes heavy on thy brow and realm.

Flutter of the Pulse and Phantom of the Mind stir thy World and Bourne.

Ancient questions of when why where from or to may serve to quietly overwhelm.

Peace of thy afternoon as the Shadows dance and turne.

The Siren Songs of Evening call with promises of rest.

Soft Voice what whispers to ones weary Heart and Soul.

Pray come. Please let me comfort Thee.

Lye down and be my Guest.

We will twine on Bed of Finest down and dream those Dreams of Old.

Yet nay say I. No. Nay. Not yet to be.

The Sun has not yet set.

Though with Ages fickle Kiss.

Through Times Veil I may with faint eyes and glass discern perceive.

The distant rocky shore.

Ah. Though becalmed. Adrift.

My vessel still be at Sea.

Not yet my wings take flight unto the Night. Still I seek long for.

Will know in the fading Twilight.

The gentle touch and rays of more.