**Gift of Sentience**

*May 30, 2013*

'twas but scant heartbeats ago.

I lay down to Couch and Wrap if Slumber deep with wane of Sol once more to die.

Embrace the Bourne of Dreams what calls with musings of my

Soul As birth at dawn saw life pass by.

Chariot of fire traced another endless track cross the sky.

With Grace of fate perchance I may.

From spark of union of Mere and Pere what bloomed from Love before.

Know taste fruits of a mere trice of ten of ten of ten fleeting days.

Till Tides and Waves of Destiny wash my Spirit aground on the Distant Shore.

Such rise and break of light what bids I greet another wink and blink in

Space and Time.

A gift and span of existence to see think do feel care and be.

Though so too to pass.

So soon sands sift the hour glass.

Within each eternal Portrait and Verse of my Mind.

My very Being soars and is so blessed.

Set free. For carry not doth

I from realm of yesterday the cloak of regret remorse nor dread

Of past mistakes folly slings arrows nor

Dark clouds of should nor might have been.

Yea rather as each morn soft rays caress and

Birds sweet trills find my peace abed.

I look not back to what was or that what might have perchance not so befell my path. Nor come to pass.

But rather awake embrace the Gift of Sentience what now begins.