**Good Morning Rebecca**

*April 27, 2013*

Dawn quietly tiptoes into my day.

Strokes fair land of magic dreams.

Of Thee as in Sleeps soft couch and arms I lay.

Adrift in Peace of Heart on Loves rare Stream.

Ah though Old Sol does bid where I must rise.

Runs fingers of gentle warm gold rays

Through mass and web of my tangled Beings hair.

Brushes touches whispers soft insistent muted crys.

Awake to Life. All that awaits.

Ah yet but Yea.

Such gift of Morning doth alas as so it must too hold and bear.

For One as I wan lonely face and ghost of brief despair.

To turn to Thee so near in my very Psyche Heart Atman Mind.

Once more find it to be.

It be so. You are not there.

Yet as the Vision of days life of now what lyes ahead.

Once more drifts before my eyes and dances in fresh glass of self.

The Treasure of My Love for Thee and Thee for I does lye abed.

Here beside. One could ask for.

Nor know.

No richer Joy of Soul nor Spirit embrace a greater Lovers Wealth.