**Goose Creek**

*May 8, 2013*

Goose Creek.

The only trouble with knowing perception.

Is you must first know to perceive.

Until you first know truth and gain some.

Mirage of Fate will Thou deceive.

Sell Thee a Bill of Fare at special rates.

Chock full of certainty.

Future sure. Predestinate.

What else might One believe.

Until One peers beneath the Rock.

A Glimpse beyond the Vale.

The Tick and Tock of Cosmic Clock.

Strikes Three. One doth avail.

Of Note of Shadows on the Wall.

Wind drifts of melting snow.

Tracks in the Sifting Sands.

Query when and where will all.

The Tides of Time wash out as though.

No longer need the Jester call.

Nor Bright Spring Flowers Summer Leaves Wilt Drift and Fall.

Winter lead the Band.

Where once warm Music played we sang and danced.

Now has so turned the wheel of chance.

Wrapped in quiet cloak of memory and yea of hopes not yet to be.

We mark it down to mystery of why.

Lye down to dreams of deeds undone.

Yet still pine perhaps of such to come.

As in the Mist we still fathom see.

Distant grail of can.

Though say Sol has set.

Silence of Nightfall.

Throughout the Bourne and Land.

So sleeps the Soul of Man.

Still whisper of the Dawn doth call.

The Spirit understands. Goose Creek.

Maybe if I just keep on thinking maybe.

Maybe just then maybe just might come.

If I cannot try. Cannot see it.

Then it won't be.

Indeed a deed unconcieved and unbelieved is indeed a deed undone.

Hit the target before you pull the trigger.

Harvest fruit and grain before the seed you sow.

Live within Minds Private Quiet Chamber.

Soft Vault of Self where.

There is never never nor not can't or no.

Why care for Mirage of loss.

Ghosts of defeat.

As so disdain hollow Syren Applause of Victorys Base Falsehood.

No pain so great. Nor Triumph taste so sweet.

Say mere pottage of Illusions stew of wasted life’s meal and meat.

Heed not Pipers Sad Lute of Regret for Thy Lost Self.

What may still drift amongst the Tides and wander in the Wood.

Imposters Hollow Hymn of would or could or should.

Nor pay tribute to call of mishap misadventure.

Fear abortion bust or abhor the scarlet mark of rank downfall.

Tythe to failures touch.

Cede to disgrace its needless toll.

As Thy Spirit ore Slings Arrows of Clay Vessel.

Mortal Flesh reigns Supreme.

As does the Timeless Treasure If I can see it I can do it it is and will be.

The World and I exist because I am.

So too all that is or may come lye with Thee.

All is will be. Because we are.

Because we will try.

Because we will do.

Because we can.