**Heart’s Pen**

*March 15, 2013*

If I might pen a line or so to touch another's heart.

Pray plant a seed of thought that blooms and flowers.

Such gifts so greater than say I might will the Sea to part.

Suffused with far more meaning for Mankind than all the Pomp and Power.

Than all thee lances arrows stones and spears hurled by all minions of all Kings. Through all strife battles and wars of all the years.

And yea perchance all same the future Clouds Winds of War may bring.

As One listens to the silent fall of faceless tears.

As innocents dance to Pipers mad Flute.

Fallen Angels sing.

Peer into the cracked and blackened Mirror.

One sees no more than Face Curse of Futile Suffering streaked with False Prides tears.

Lye down to dreams of Not to Silent screams.

On bed of endless fears. Unless.

Until the Candle of Hope shares a fragile warm

Enduring whisper with soft enduring beam.

As too my poor missives strive with poor Quill and

Timid Spirit to speak and strike.

A spark in the Wilderness to serve as a Comfort Sign and Welcome Beam.

To Guide another Anxious Pilgrim through the Dark and Night.

Pray these Poor Thoughts and Words may yea as so dim a

Beacon still serve to steer.

Another Wandering Being towards the Light.