**Hymn of Life**

*August 18, 2013*

Who will Weep for Soul Wounded Sons.

Who wander the Halls of the Night.

Seek to become. With Such Star Crossed Pilgrims Thy Self as One.

With Gift of the Morning Light.

Gaze in the Mirror of Thy Spirit. Know. Time. Space. Flow.

With no Start nor End. When.

No More for Thee will the Proud Cock crow.

The Dawn of Over begin. How Say to Talley Thy Ledgers.

Mark Thy Realm. Cyper the I of the I.

When Thee laughs at the Reapers Dark Veil.

Sure Sharp Scythe.

With Jester Smiles at the Waning Moon.

Fickle Di of Fate Chance.

Pipers Lute. Mad Dance.

Gaze of Thy Inner Eye.

Tides sweep Thee away until.

One clamors and trundles to peak crest of Lifes Mystic Hills.

Eager Anxious Glimpse of the Other Side.

Why Mumble and Murmer of Folly of Young or Blind Wisdom of Old Alas

Clock of Self has long chimed and tolled.

Struck Twelve.

Shadows linger long past High Noon.

Sands through Glass sifted. Fog burned off.

Lifted. All has pasted by.

Ah so soon. Ah so soon.

As Silent Winds of Three AM whisper and cry.

Perchance One is merely because One thinks.

Drinks. Deep Drafts of soft velvet Cup of Wormwood of Thought.

Life so dearly traded haggled sold bought.

Is the Why of the Why.

Lough though Slings Arrows may have Touched each Day with

Mirage of Remorse and Regret.

Heed not False Vision of Victory.

Feast not of Triumphs Hollow Meat.

Plant. Nuture. Raw Seed of Defeat.

On the March to the Shroud Clod and Tomb No such need

Thy union of fears remorse years so spawn and beget.

Nor need Thy meet. Thy Visage of Illusion.

Nor Thy Birthright for poor Porrage so Barter and Cede.

So yield. To Must of the Must.

Pockets of Envy and Dust.

Gold boots Satin Suits Clay feet.

With mere Straw Chaff of Ones Being so Spin.

Say Yea Say not So.

This not be Finis. Nor Roads End.

All of the All be so Open and Left.

Say Cry at a Birth.

Rejoice at a Death.