**Lion of Love**

*May 8, 2013*

If I might so Tame Lion of Love.

Lye quiet with sleeping Lamb.

Want not to feast thereof.

Taste Ravish Nor know mere because I can.

Hobble Brash Steed of Wealth and Fame.

Quench Sate Raw Lust for Power.

Bank with Trust in I fears quick sharp Flame.

Nor dread the witching hour.

Scale Life's vast range of Peaks and Heights.

Still gaze within to Humble Sight.

Of Selfs poor naked core.

Gaze in Triumph ore.

Sols rays what set to paint the call of Night.

Behold the Distant Shore.

If Such I so count in my meager Store of Seen Done Am and Been.

I know Peace of Spirit what pales all other Needs Hopes and Grails of Men.