**Money Falls**

*May 8, 2013*

Money falls from the sky.

Grows on bushes shrubs and trees.

A Private Mint for such a wretch as I.

What heed of cost price or lost for such a fool as Me.

For Life's Sun will shine forever.

Nere to set or fade.

Falls leaves call Winter never.

The Flame of Life nere fade.

No need to heed the Seasons Murmer.

Care for Thy Cupboard of Self nor Beings Store.

For Life is easy pure simole sure.

One has because one can.

No need to plan.

What to worry.

Why ask for more.

High Noon will always grant Thee.

The beauty of thy youth.

Thy gaze into the Mirror nere see.

The Hoary Hand of Age and Truth.

Until the Siren Song of Self may fade.

Thy Spirit heed the Pipers call.

At drift of Times Note of Fade of Day the Muted Trumpet Sounds.

Shadow ore Perceptions Door gives way.

Thy Walls of Jerico of Self tremble at the Stroke of Twelve.

Softly crumble. Fall.