**Mr. Death**

*May 8, 2013*

Say knock not yet upon my door.

Say heed me Dr. Death.

Though Thy have pursued me for Four Score.

Thy need not yet call for my Poor Soul.

As Though.

There be for me now the fog and rocky shore.

Not yet.

Pray not for Me the sun has set.

There must be some light left.

While Yes the Clock has tolled struck Twelve.

Still Thy call for I too soon.

Lough it indeed be long past High Noon.

Tea Time has come and gone.

It cannot be but half past five.

Soft evening hours still breath.

Alive. Soft Candle Light still lives.

Survives. Spring Summer Fall may have yes turned to Leaves.

But how may I accept. Conceive.

My Winters Hoary Breath of Dr. Death has chilled killed the Autumn splendor.

Bereft. Of the Harvest Moon.

No say I no. It not be so .

Through dark door. Window.

To Narrow room of worm clay and clod.

With roof of sod.

To Eternal Bed beneath the Grass.

Thy would with Pipers Tune.

Seek now that I might pass.

Lye for another Soul. Not I.

Thy cast thy wrights of Death and Dark Black Mass.

Another Day. To Another.

Say. Oh couturier.

Of Over Doom and Death.

Thy Dark Greetings of the Veil.

Not I to such Bourne yet will step or fly.

For in this Cusp of Time and Space.

I will not go. I still embrace.

All Gifts of Being.

All that Life does entail.