**North Wind Blow**

*May 8, 2013*

Say pray doth North Wind blow for such poor Pilgrims as may seek to comprehend.

This Mirage of Being.

So adrift in Illusion of State of Grace.

As I or We.

May strive to Devine the March of Time.

What it means to Exist.

Will Future holds for Earthly Prince as Thou or such a wretch as Me.

With breath of cold chill Ice and Snow.

Doth Thy frail craft on Life's broad Stream now approach the Vast Sea.

To Where all Mortal vessels must sail and flow.

Or may perchance these Leaves what fall and drift.

Soft blanket of flakes of down.

Mere grant to I and Thee a brief respite as if.

The rites and Buds of Spring will rise again.

Life's notes of Summer sound.

Each Season has its Dance and Toll.

Each Flower to Bud Bloom Sleep.

Behold the Clouds what dim Old Sol.

As Friends of Ours who see and weep.

Tears of Rain to Nurture life.

As so the wayward Breeze.

Carries From distant Sea and Forest rife.

Rare Air infused with stuff of Life.

Bouquet of ferns flora trees.

The Wheel of Life what turns for All.

Cosmic shift as Entropy.

Speaks not Over nor End Of Mortal Shell for I or Thee.

Nor Loss nor Death of Soul Yea rather bids we heed whisper and call.

Of Moment. Now. What we art.

Beyond the Vast Vale of Time and Space.

Will flow and grow to Be.