**One Thousand Moons**

*May 8, 2013*

With Grace one thousand passing’s of the Moon.

Will cast its Glow of Life on Thee.

Four Score Four Score Five Thee know High Noon.

Till Final Day is done and Thy join once more the Sea.

Of Being from whence Thy sprang awoke.

Once more to join the Vale.

No more to live the Lie and Joke.

We with the Faith of certainty so blind and dumb avail.

Of Our Souls is what is seems to be.

There is a Day and Night.

Yet now among the Mist One sees.

As fades the Evening Light.

The Clock stops not for Beast nor Man.

Alas each countless Grain.

Quiet drifts through Glass.

Each Breath of Sand.

So soon will too. Begone.

Over. Past.

Nere to Rise Set of Sol or Wane of Moon again.