**Perfect Note**

*March 9, 2013*

Ah might I sound the perfect note.

So tune I the strings of life.

Beyond my Realm and Bourne of all I am.

Beyond the scope of all I can.

Do say think or comprehend.

Pray tune them oh so tight.

As I peer beyond the Vale and then.

As Noon gives way to Dusk and rise of Moon.

Soft fading of the Light.

Behold the Touch of Over.

The Kiss of end.

Velvet face of Ancient Master of the Silence of the Soil.

Chamber of the Night.

So finely tuned to capture still with pure and rare delight.

A Song of Self what calls to One who shuns the curse of

No and rather seeks the grail of might.

Cares not for fear of broken strings asunder from such woe stress pain or strain.

But rather peers into the crystal orb from what life may yet still yield.

And to the winds and storm set sail spread wings and soar embrace the gift of flight. The miracle of life.