**Sands of Life**

*December 8, 2013*

The Clock Of Life Strikes Nine and Half Again.

Sands Of The Glass Be But A Quarter More.

Some Shy Of Thirty Thousand Suns Have Rose And Set.

Since I Beheld This World.

Drew My First Breath.

So It Goes.

The Drift Begins.

I Glimpse The Distant Shore.

Yet Say Not Regret.

Remorse. Grief. Woe.

Doth Paint My Vision Of These Precious Past Or Future Years.

For Want Of All I Never Did.

Or Will. See. Do. Know.

Nor These Some Seven Hundred Score.

Of Suns To Come.

Be Fraught With Fears.

Of What Lyes Ahead.

Nor Mourn That Left Behind.

All That Was.

Was. What Will Be. Will Be.

For As I Once More.

Face The Door.

From Which I Sprung.

All I May Still Embrace.

Know. Find.

This Song Of Life May Be Sung.

Upon The Wind It May Be Scribed.

Said. Grieve Not. He.

Neither Lived With Hesitation.

Nor Shied Away.

Nor Doth With This Muse Lye With The Dead.

I Lived Each Day As Though The First And Last.

With Eager Taste And Grace.

Each Day I Knew.

Will Know. To Flow.

For All Of Time And Space.

I Be So Blessed.