**Shed Not a Tear**

*May 8, 2013*

Shed not a tear when the trumpet blows.

When the Clarion sounds for me.

I will drift on my spirits frail bark where the river flows.

To meld with the ancient sea.

Should the Reaper call.

Scribe my Name in the Scroll.

Of those Souls who dare pierce the Veil.

Join with all those.

Who have travelled this road.

Be they King Noble Peasant or Serf.

Harken to Lutes sweet notes and soft ode.

What sing One to fly free.

Ore this Earth.

I fear not dark squall.

Of Life's storm.

Nor Toll Ledger of Mistake and regret.

Yet rather I set my sail.

With the Wind at my back.

Nere to morne or look back.

As I embrace the night.

Await sweet kiss breath of Dawn.

To distant Range and Light stride along.

Seek Tales to be for such Pilgrim as me.

As Sols glow of Future calls.

Beckons me upward and on.

Not to a narrow room of dust.

In a sad death shroud.

Neath rude clod and grass.

Dank cavern of gone.

Over. Neath the Cold Loam.

Cage of the End.

Yea but wrapped in rare cloth of Trust.

Spun of I. My Heart dost.

Soar with Sky and Clouds.

Behold a new Bourne and Home.

As the Miracle of Being once more grants me leave to pass.

Shed this clay shell.

Wend my way through the Door.

At the stroke of Midnight.

Sweet peal of Life's Bell.

I and It.

All begin once again.