**Silk Vines and Velvet thorns**

*August 5, 2013*

Soft-spoken briars and barbs

No Matter be the Kernel

Nor Seed from which Thy Forbidding Web of Silken

Vines Velvet Thorns Soft Spoken

Briars Barbs Docile Chill Foreboding Brambles to I.

What so gird and guard Thy Door doth grow.

From Whence Flows the Spring what feeds and fills

Thy Blue Boundless Trackless Limpid Deep Dark Moate and Pool of No.

Alas if such be True.

Within Your Very Heart Mind Spirit and Soul.

If it be So.

You deign that Fate holds I will nere so meld with You.