**Soar**

*June 9, 2013*

When One Flies without a Net.

Climbs without a Rope.

As I. Why worry.

Not dead yet.

I can live on Trust and Hope.

All I must do is think and see.

Paint portrait on canvas of minds eye.

Once so envisioned.

It will be. I think. I am.

Nere will I die.

From this clay shell.

Rare blink in time.

Next cusp portal why care to ponder.

Tell. For only Is.

Is in the mind.

So soar say I cross boundless void and endless space.

On wings of Soul Spirit Self imbued with Beings Strength and Grace.