**Sometime**

*August 14, 2013*

Sometime I lye about and play.

Upon Life's Lute and Violin.

Dream long for and sing of Days.

Of Youth and Way Back When.

Then gaze within my Heart Soul and Mind.

Behold what Lyes Within.

My Private Store of Space and Time.

Heed Whispers in the Wind.

What whisper of Was Did Is To Be.

No Sad Note of Would Might Have or Could.

Nor Regret Remorse for such Twists of Fate and Entropy.

What Throw of Cosmic Di for I may have busted out on Should.

For Who might weep for Might Have Been.

When Was Now To Come will do as well.

No Day nor Set of Sun nor Terres Spin.

Will Thee know again.

Safe in each Heartbeat Breath resides a Life.

All Worth Wealth and Meaning dwell.