**Spirit**

*June 30, 2013*

I chanced to meet my Spirit on a Stroll along my Inner Gardens Private Street.

Said Good Day unto My Own Being.

Seeing You here on this fine Day brings Pleasure Comfort Rare.

So gratified and pleased at last by Chance we meet.

Reflected in My Pool of Self with Sad Smile and

Muted Laugh at State of My Destiny.

Seizing Moment for Relief from Prison of

My very anima pneuma wine and nectar of La Vie.

I could not help but Bowl Scrape and Ask.

Pray might kind I of I and Gracious Me of Me grant one vital dear urgent wish.

I did so earnestly Entreat. Pleaded. Implored.

To Self my Fear of Self to loose Bonds of My Soul.

Grant Leave to My Being to Soar beyond the Sun.

Fly free. Tried to Sketch in Charcoal of my Ashes.

Paint in Pigments of my Angst. Portrait.

Masterpiece for My Inner Eye to See.

Perchance a Glance into the Depths of Joy Despair where lye the sombulent

Knights Warriors Knaves Kings Queens

Priests Peasants Peons Nobles Wretched yet so blessed

Beasts of this Realm and Earth what rest and sleep beneath the grass or await new union spawn to

be borne Unicorns Temples Dungeons Crypts and Graves PandaBears Wolves

Ravins Lonely Mournful Loons Doves Sugerplums Cheshire Bright Red and Gold

Mushrooms White Hares Ghosts Goblins Ghouls Trolls Gypsies Flutes Pipes and

Violins what sound their Ancient Tunes Chants Spells and Magic Potions

Rhymes of Antiquity Ancestral Sculls Bones and Blood what hide and lay

beneath the Earth in lost forgotten Tombs Wild Geese and Humming Birds

what Track the Secret Sky of I Buds Flower Faunta Sacred Fungi of the

Witching Hour Wizards Fairies Leprechauns Gentle Breezes Thunder Storms

Rainbows all those Random Bits and Quarks Black Holes of Entropy entwined

within Corprolucent Horn and Store of My Ego Id and Mystic Psyche. Tried my

best to reason with seasoned diplomacy. But Alas Not Yet. Not Yet. No such

Cusp of Soul was Deigned to Pass. Still caged I with Cold Bars of Yesterday

and Wrapped in Velvet Chains of the Past. Yet Say a Gentle Ray cast hope

through Clouds and Gloom of Afternoon. A Candle in the Dark. A Ray from

Distant Star to Touch with Rare Dust of Must. Flicker of muted light in Black

Void of Woeful Coal Ink of Night. Illuminate a Gate beset with Ancient Vines

what perhaps guards Door to my Chosen Path. As Winds Silent Whisper and

Caress of Self says Yes. Have Faith such Portal doth await Thy Knock and

Step. Bear on where Thy Soul leads and so guides Thee. I drink from Fountain

of the Self. Quaft Burning Thirst and Hunger Ache to Know Touch and See.

What Doth Await.

Gaze at my Face what peers in Sweet Dreams and Beams from out my Farouche Moon. Portal Door Gate to Path of Self will Open.

Grant Sure Passage to Myself.

Sure. Soon. So Soon.