**Stardust**

*June 9, 2013*

I reached for the Stars and I touched them.

Say be it better perchance had I tried and I missed.

Nay.For Stars and Stardust are such to your touch when.

You touch them you are never ever the same.

One soars cross Time and Space.

With infinite Grace.

As Cosmic Moth to the Flame.

Never ever to rest once again.

Just as with the Moon I have no regrets.

Jumped over in Youth one clear Summer Night.

Not sure if I have ever touched down on Earth yet.

As with Stardust I am blessed by Moonlight.

What guides my quest for My Vision.

My Sprits Rainbow.

Beings Grail and rare Pot of Gold.

When One Shoots for the Stars and covets the Moon.

One finds it certain and so.

As the Call of the Loon.

Or rise of Old Sol.

Through Kalidascope of Life's endless Stages.

One never grows old.

Never Ages.

Nor knows Death of the Soul.

Hunger of Spirit.

Nor Fire Coals of Being gone Cold.

So I say to Thee as I once did.

So free fly.

Once more take the grand step and the plunge.

Heed not whisper of doom.

False Prophets of Woe Failure and Gloom.

Cry of caution what lyes in the wind.

For with each next breath each next life has begun.

With each moment One is born.

It begins.