**Thoughts at Midnight at Dismal Creek**

*September 4, 2013*

Sitting down on Dismal Crick again.

Listening to Tick Tock of Cosmic Clock.

Quiet Poignant Beating of My Heart.

Murmur of Sands of Time in Glass of La Vie.

Contemplate All such Turn of Wheel.

Draw of Cards.

Glimpse in Self Mirror and Ball.

Toss of Di.

May hold for One as I.

May hold for One as Me.

Sol Rise Set Neigh Three Ten Tens Tens.

Since Lifes Precious Start.

Thousand Faces Wane of Moon.

Since First I knew Gift of Breath.

Seed Egg in Love Union Sprang forth from Crucible of Mystic Womb.

Perchance another Ten Thousand Suns.

Three Hundred Lunar Friends.

Till once more Ancient Cycle begins.

Till Once More I Become.

With All Who have so Passed.

Tread this Road. Hath.

Melded Once More as One.

Till Old Friend Death.

Dances with My Anima Atman Pneuma When.

My Spirit Waltzes to Pipers Lute.

Life’s Fragile Fickle Fruit. From Tree of Being Falls.

Answers. Heeds. Indeed.

Reapers Horn of Velvet Vale Cry and Call.

I Harken Now at Witching Hour to Silent Voices in Minds Inner Winds.

What Whisper. Sing. Of All.

Which My Fathers Mothers Blood and Kin.

So Speak from the Ages.

So Scribed with Self Pen.

In Dalphous Ledger through Their Own Suns.

Moons. Years.

With Ink of Joy Angst Wins Losses Triumphs Defeat Thanks

Remorse Regret Belief Fears Tears.

So Gifted to I. Scribed In.

Self Crafted Silken Pages.

All that They Saw.

Thought. Did. Loved.

Believed. Were. Knew.

Live. Be. As One Who.

Walks in Honor.

Righteous Path.

Care for All Thy Fellow Man.

Child. Women.

So To Thine Own Being.

Soul. Self.

Store of Thy Core Strength and Wealth.

Thy Heritage. Be True.