**Thumb Poet**

*August 28, 2013*

I am just an Old Thumb Poet. Hitching a Ride on the Road of Life.

Trying to Capture with a few Self Notes Scribed and wrote.

The Ramblings of Soul what dance at Night.

Perchance a Dream what Waltzes in Atman before Dawn.

Fears Tears and Angst what still ring True.

Why still I have the Will to Trundle on.

Or Why My Moon has turned so Blue.

Say please Grant Me a moment of Your Flash in Space and Time.

Pause perhaps One Breathe along the Way.

If so I may Pour a little of My Water in Your Wine.

Meld a bit of My Poor Anima with Thine.

Before Sun sets.

Night consumes the Day.

For High Noon ne'er will linger as The Shadows of the Veil.

Will as they must fall amongst

Thy Heart Pneumba Mind.

My Mad Thoughts and Humble

Verse mere attempt to Tell a Tale.

Of Cosmic Wraiths Kernels of Truth Myths of

The Heart Life Love and Death I deign to Hear See and

In this Mystic Realm Know and Find.