**Thy Soul A Flower**

*May 8, 2013*

Say when will thy seed of self take wing in spring sprout and bloom.

Thy Soul take root and Flower.

Pray rather trapped in Winters unending gloom Thy face the Witching Hour.

In hovel if Thy own poor fears.

Bars Cage thy fashion for thy self alas.

As so flow by those precious years.

Sands through thy hour glass.

Nere hide thee in thy darken room.

Thy candle disavow.

Draw drapes of grapes thy nere dare to hope presume.

Thy may taste.

But rather embrace the now of now.

Live not in thy own dungeon as the slave what fears the master of the night.

Live free. As Thee.

Are master of Thyself.

Within thy being resides Thy Strength and Souls wealth.

Dance gladly in the light.