**To Be**

*August 24, 2013*

Say Hey.

How would you like to be a Dog.

Perhaps a Chicken Duck or Guinna.

Or perchance a Rooting Hog.

You could scratch for Worms.

Chew a Bone.

Search for Grubs and Snails.

Guard the Home.

Scratch your Ear.

With Nail and Paw.

Bark Growl at what You choose of All You saw.

Wag your Tail.

As World flys by and turns.

Spins and Moves along.

Quack Gobble. Crow.

Dig in the Garden.

Watch it Grow.

Or even wallow in the Bog.

Wiggle your Snout and Whiskers.

Scratch your back against a Log.

Lye neath the Shade Tree in the Pasture.

Swim Wade and Frolic in the Pond.

No need to wear a Suit.

Sit behind a Desk.

Pursue a boring Job.

Maybe Cow Horse Mule Donkey would suit Thee fine.

Chew your Cud.

Munch on Hay to pass the Time.

Consider Plight of Barnyard Cat Sheep or Goat.

Ne'er to Write. Square a Circle.

Cypher Pi. Riddles. Logarithms.

Read a Missive emailed scribed or wrote.

Nor play an Instrument.

Sing. Dance. Carry a single C Flat or G Sharp Note.

Most likely can neither swim nor even float.

Not to mention all those lost Creatures at the Zoo.

Who.

As Those Salt Mine Slaves of Commerce so Chained to Mindless

Anchor Rings which by mere Cast of Di bind not I nor You.

Have Endless Days bound in Deadly Dull Pacing.

Nights of Lonely Blue.

Captured. Caged.

Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Else to Do.

Lions Tigers Giraffes.

Elephants Gnus. Hippopotamus. Alligators. Wolves.

Monkey. Baboon. Walrus. Kangaroo.

No sense of etiquette decorum nor table manners with a napkin knife fork and spoon. Moving to the Lake where One encounters

Swan Loons in pretty pairs.

Fish what have Gills. Fins. Scales.

Yet neither Feet nor Hair.

Never is polite to Whistle Catcall or Stare.

Say indeed have you seen the Moon turn Blue.

Coo Whisper Speak Call to You.

Sing a Lost Lovers Waltz of Ruin.

I think that I will stay with just where what I Am.

No more. No less. Than a Person. Being. Man.

A Simple Pilgrim what wanders in the Night.

Sleep on Bed of Loves Dead Thorns.

Feast on Bread of Hope and Self Made Jam.

Dream. Await the Morne.

Endure the Darkness For What will be Spawned and Borne by Morning Light.

For no matter how be Straight and Narrow the Gate.

Cold Strong the Icy Winds of Fate.

Scorch of Sun at 12 O'Clock above at High Noon.

Sad Mournful Dirge what sounds of the Reapers Pipe and Fateful Tune.

Of my Soul Anima Pneuma Atman may suffer cry.

I hold to My Grace.

Treasure. Savor. Guard. Embrace.

The One I Be.

Stuff of Me.

Precious I of I.