**To My Son Phillip Thor Weidner On His Birthday**

*May 10, 2013*

In All the All of Space and Time.

How rare beyond compare.

That Heart Spirit Soul and Mind combine.

To spawn a Presence such as Thine.

Give lye to Being where.

One looks and sees reality.

One hears freedom and justice for all who live whisper in the wind.

One shares and cares for All who be.

Speaks Truth Nere Shys from Pure Word nor Thought nor Deed when.

Rocks Stones Sticks Slings and Arrows may fly.

Storm Winds Blow Clouds of Dread and Woe.

Block out Old Sol and fill the Sky.

For yes my Son it doth be so.

You give of Thyself to Fellowman.

You think and see and so You can.

You ask not if should nor why.

But rather live and heal and help.

In perchance if I might humbly suggest.

The Path. The Tracks.

The Scripture writ.

In blood and ink of legacy of our Forebears and I.