**To Sleep**

*August 21, 2013*

Why Fore to Breathe Another Breath.

Behold Another Thought.

How Dearly from Womb to Death.

Each Moment Bartered. Bought.

With Currency of Self and Soul.

Thy very Blood and Flesh.

Each Day One Born and Dies as Though.

The Struggle. Storm. Grand Chase.

Have meaning beyond the Moment when.

The Heart no longer beats.

Perchance it be so.

Alas and then.

If so. I so entreat.

My Will to Will My Hand to Stay.

This Dagger at my Breast.

Grant say another Score Thousand Days.

Before I seek by desire the Mystic Bourne what does await.

Smile to Myself.

Step through the Gate.

Drift down Life’s ever flowing Stream.

Wrap Cloak around my Poor Vessel of Clay.

Lie down on Couch of Over to know Pleasant Dreams.

Embrace Sweet Unending Sleep.

Rare. Eternal Rest.