**Treasure on this Earth**

*March 23, 2013*

Thy Treasure on this Earth

I howl at the Sad Blue Moon. Rag

I howl at the Sad Blue Moon. Rage at the dark Deep Dea.

Why did our Sunset so soon.

You now twine with another than me.

Why did you break my poor Heart.

Pour out our Glass of Loves Wine.

Why. When. Did our sad end start.

You now lye in a bed with another. Notice.

...Not mine.

Did our World turn so Misty Nlue.

...Blue

For want that I gave my All.

Or did the Syrens of list youth touch you

That a new love would grant Thee anew

Once more all the Promise we had

Before Times Toll as it must was called due

Ah if so how tragic and sad.

For a Love that is Real never dies.

As my Plythe to Thee never fades

As you embrace will I wisp

Of new love know this

He too like rise ebb of the tides

Drift of Sands Set of the Sun

Will drift wash out and go dark with the days.

While I will still be here. With my all hold you dear

Still faithful and true.

Though our Moon alas has turned Blor.

..Blue

I will give you my all. All that I have.

Until my own sun sets.

Time and Space call me home to the Grave

More is less.

Less is more.

One may only puzzle. Guess.

What Lyes beyond the Velvet Door.

The Gentle Touch of Moments Peace.

Quiet Hour at end of day.

Doth serve for Spirit Soul to reach

The nectar of life's being

In manna of the Self so pay

Homage to the Grace

What Lyes so silent yet so near

If one but listens to the quiet musings of the wind and then

Beholds the Miracle with Awe we find

ourselves in this Vast Sea of Time and Soace

...Space

Might Thee indeed so blessed

Take solace from what is

Embrace the Now of Now. Live

Nere blind thy self to Wealth of self by need nor want of more

Indeed take heed of Mirage of Riches Powe

Power

Why sing or care for rich or poor

Of such concern be not concerned

Stars Planets Suns Dance. Earth Turns.

Why trouble where One goes Z .

Where one is

Or why

No need to puzzle or to guess

Listen to Thy Heart

Less is More

More is less

Nor seek to match the Common Rule and zgrail

Fear One may Stumble and fail by the ever Bearingortal Test

Bearing Mortal Test

Naked but so endowed

Nor may pray Thy carry by thy side.

Such Trappings of the Pomp and Coinn

To meet and greet Thy new zgo and Self beyond the Veil of Death

New form and self