**Velvet Tick and Tock**

*March 21, 2013*

Another Velvet Tick and Tock of my Spirits Clock.

As the Shadows of my Being softly flow and spread.

High Noon is but a distant memory.

Sols Bright Warm Rays at Break of Day long cold and dead.

Alas for such an aged wretch as Me.

At Dusk along the Traveled Road.

Does the Dark Pool what calls.

Devine. For such a Weary Soul as Mine.

Toll of the Witching Hour.

Where doth the Night Wind blow.

This leaf that drifts and Falls.

Pray say may this last note.

Of Life's Flute be sadly played.

This final Verse in Life's Ledger with Pen of Self be scribed.

Old Sol fade and set at Twilight.

Heed call of end of Day.

Lye down on Couch what wraps one in the Gown and Cloak of Over.

Gone. No more to Soldier on.

Embrace the Vale of Time and Space.

The Dalphous Curtain of the Night.

So soon the Roof of Humble Clod and Narrow Room

Or perchance has the hour glass not yet spilled its precious sand.

The slumber what calls with Siren Song be no more than quiet respite.

A blessed dream and nap of afternoon.

A gift to one as I.

To rest and the Then Arise.

Refreshed. Alive.

To know one can.

Live life to its fullest.

Free. A Man.