**Village Weep**

*March 17, 2013*

Say will the village weep for Thee.

Or dance upon Thy grave.

Greet thy passing with woe or glee.

Have Thee Thy journey beyond the Vale so paved.

With deeds of Grace.

Comfort Alms and Peace.

For Thy fellow man.

Or have Thee nere seen but the all consuming race.

To gather all Thy can.

The call of Gold.

Raw lure of Power.

Opium of wide acclaim.

May serve thee well till the witching hour.

Sounds Bell and calls One home.

The Jester laughs.

The Piper due his Toll again.

That Thee may gaze in Life's quiet pool.

Reflection of Thy Soul.

Spoils Triumph Riches Wealth and Pride.

Rare Jewels of the Fool.

No Mind.

Are cast aside.

For to this Realm we came alone.

Through Velvet Door cross Mystic Curtain so we will drift and go.

One leaves all else behind.

Save good from Deeds and Grace of Thyne.

One knows at Passage.

Ones Spirit Finds.

Such Truth of Life be so.