**Web of the infinite**

*October 7, 2013*

Does One Suppose with Gaze of Moon.

Caress. Timeless Touch.

Reflection in Cosmic Mirror of Light To Eye and Mind What Flows.

From Sol and Ancient Long Dead Stars What Play on Viol of Time and Space.

Their Private Dance and Silent Tune.

Perchance the Spirit Tastes and Knows.

Mystery of the Ages What Bears Comfort For The Soul.

As My Fathers Father Did.

So Did Theirs Each Turn of Wheel of Cosmos.

Before Their Passing So Long Ago.

Pray Where Does The Light Come From.

Go. To What Near Yet Distant Bourne It Touch.

As Though. Doth One See.

Or Rather Feel. Think. Be. Such.

That Veil. Specter. Mirage.

Be Real As So. Say Is The Is.

Of Is. Be True. One Is.

Because One Lives.

With Truth of What One Sees.

Or May The Moon Be Shades of Royal Blue.

Transfixed to Red. Pink. Gold. Or Amber Hue.

As We So Wish and Thus Perceive.

As All What Doth Lye At Rest.

Or Fly About. Amongst Our Store of Was.

Now. To Be. May Yea Be No More Than That What Stirs Amongst Such

Thought of I or Thee.

Infinite Grace. Private Worlds.

What Share This Void of Time and Space.

With Animas Unique.

Self Same Reality.

Entwined With That Of Brothers. Sisters.

All Who So Seek.

At War and Peace.

Within Realm of Each.

While Melded in A Web of Perfect Harmony.