**Whispers of Dawn**

*June 30, 2013*

Whispers of Dawns Stirring and Velvet Soft Caress.

Birds gentle Song.

Rare Touch of Morning Light.

Brush my Mind and Soul with Waking Kiss.

From Sombulence and Spell cast by Opiate Elixar what calms such

Soul and Being with.

Mind and Bodies Brew of Sisyphean toil each

Turn of Orb avec Slings and Arrows of La Vie.

Kaleidoscope of all it means to be.

To rise and know another voyage of sentience what flows as Old Sol.

Calls One from sweet broth and ether of Concordia enfused with Bliss.

Yet spiced with Demons of the Night.

Say I where Lyes reality.

Where lives my Soul and Heart.

In Death of Couch and Wrap each Set of Sun

What dims dies and dives beneath the fading Sea.

Or perchance Tableau of Visions Thoughts Deeds

Wants Fears Cares Joy Pain

Thanks Triumph Defeat Pride Remorse Regret

What sprout bloom from Seed of Self as Earth once more turns.

Another Life is born and starts.

Now what be Dreams.

Treasures of the Inner Peace and Calm of Thyself.

Or Mere Corybantic Schemes.

Now what be Now.

What be To Be or Past.

Where glide rush course drifts vessel of I on Fates Mad Streams.

Who. What. Why. How.

This Spin of Cosmic Wheel or Toss of Mystic Di.

Talismanic Cusp of Why has Come to Pass.

And do I wake or do I sleep.

At Break of Day or Curtain Call.

What steers my Beings Ship through Gale Winds cross endless Void and Deep.

As Sands of Time shift blow.

What Voice murmurs of the Mystery.

Hand scribes upon the Wall.

I think and thus I am.

I know see and care.

So thus I will and Can.

No matter from when whence or where.

Today in Seamless Space and Time.

I lye arise spring from swirl forth be borne or go.

All that Matters in This Mist and Vale with no Beginning and No End.

As One strives to Live Do Be and Comprehend.

Is this Precious Gift Time and the Cosmos have so bequeathed.

Bestowed their Grace on One as I.

Priceless Unparalleled Riches of the Moment.

They are Mine.