**Why of I**

*June 23, 2013*

Wind what through gentle Willows blows.

Say doth Thy blow for One as I.

Whisper of Secret Wisdom Mad Musings of the Soul.

For whom do the Ravens cry.

Does the River run murmur and speak.

To questions and wishes of my Heart.

Tides and waves scribe in the Sands and Beach.

Portrait of Rare Spirit Art.

Ah Yea do Dreams of Slumber tell.

Of Truth what the Future holds.

What one may make of the Waltz through the Mist till the Silver Bell.

Strikes Twelve and calls One home.

As I ponder such meanings of being is now past or to be.

Query what vast vault holds space time where does the veil void lye.

Pray may some something someone some spark of entropy

Heed my silent quest and plea.

Help me cyper the Why of the I.