**Will**

*August 21, 2013*

How many Sad Beats may this Heart still Beat.

How many Dark Lonely Thoughts in a Day.

Breaths. Days. Months. Years.

Before One Meets.

Ones Self along the Way.

Say Perchance will the next be the last.

I may taste in this Mystic Vale.

Say when will the Now be the Distant Past.

One lye down at the End of the Trail.

As I gaze in the Leaves Mirror and Ball.

Pray what be the Vision One sees.

Could it Be. Come to Pass.

I have squandered My All.

Danced. Waltzed.

To a Sympathy.

What plays and fiddles but a Sirens Tune.

Voice what Sings Fools Lament in the Night.

Swept away by Life’s Gelid Winds and Cruel Tides.

Die with no Solace nor Soul by My Side.

Or will I still behold Sweet Love Flowers of June.

Know Grace of the Morning Light.

Twine with Soul Mate Partner Bride.

Bud. Blossom. Flower.

With All that I Am.

All Love that dwells sleeps awaits inside.