**Alive**

*March 26, 2014*

Time Was I Toss A Curling Stone.

Six Meters In The Air.

With But One Arm Alone.

On Descent. One Hand Catch. Snare.

Before Earths Swift Receipt.

Toss. Up. Up. Again.

Casually Repeat. Repeat.

No Limit To Strength. Stamina.

Of Wildest Raging Bull.

No Living Being.

Nor Foe. Beware

Ne'er A Wayward Breath.

With Ease Cross.

Widest. Ditch.

Chasm. Creek.

High Fence.

Gambol. Leap.

Till At Last.

High Noon Blew Past.

And Then. Sun Began To Set.

Spring Yielded To Summer.

Summer To Autumn. Fall.

Leaves Drift About.

The North Wind Blows.

I Suppose.

Algid. Gelid. Brumal.

Grip Of Winter Calls.