**Another Ride**

*November 8, 2014*

Looking Down The Barrel Of Life.

Perched On The Razors Edge.

No One Ever Said

Course Was Smooth. Easy.

Nor Path Straight Sweet.

Sure. Gentle. Nice.

One Makes Ones Own

Way And Bed.

One Lives Within Ones Head.

So Soon. So Over. Dead.

Not Sure If To Run Pass Punt.

Or Toss In The Towel Instead.

Still Not Humble.

Ready To Rumble.

Often Stumbled.

Yet. Ne'er Have Blown It.

Nor Will. Fumble.

My Dog Still Will Hunt.

Always Put It On The Line.

Always Put My All.

Heart. Soul. Mind.

Out Front.

Play It My Way.

As It Lays.

As I Want.

Impervious.

To Arrows Slings Rocks Blows.

Accusations Most Unkind.

Now The Sands

Are Most Through Cosmic Hour Glass.

Running True.

But Running Fast.

Most Out Of Hope Rope Time.

Still Unheralded. Unknown.

Not My First Rodeo.

Been Thrown.

Busted. Dusted. Stomped.

A Thousand Times Before.

Not Quite Sure.

Which Way To Jump Or Go.

Feel The Tides Ebb And Flow.

Pull Me To The Distant Shore.

Still I'm Still Game.

Self Fires Hot. Full Aflame.

Open Up The Gate.

I Will Shake Rattle Buck For Eight.

Rock And Roll.

Hit It Hard For Just One More.

I May Be Old Slow Ache Fragile.

But I Am Still Kicking.

Mind Not Senile.

Somewhat Agile.

I Ain't Died.

I Am Still Careful. Crafty.

I Am Coming Out.

For Another Ride.