**Churches**

*February 12, 2014*

Mirage Of Ghostly Thoughts

Dance And Shimmer In The Mist

Mirror’s Illusive Grasp Shines

Of The Cave

As Though The Art Of Choice

Perchance Was Real

Sift Of Such Breathe

Did Exile

Cave One The Will To Chant

Each Step

A Church

From Womb To Grave

Is It So May One Choose

Decide Art Go Forth

This Road Or That A Fork Perchance

A Moment’s Nod To Which

Or Am I Mere

Functioning Cast

On Waves Of

Yore Beyond

The Past

Swept Down Streams

From My Peaks

Know Not The

Hand Of Sail

No Way Will We Is

Drew To Create

One Vision Of

Why If Or So Want For

So All One Pilgrim Lost

May Change To Seek

To Do

To Taste The Yes

The Precious Pray Of Hope Of Choice