**Flowers of Dawn**

*August 2, 2014*

Say Have I Been This Way Before.

So Trod This Beaten Path.

Say So. Say Why.

Say What For.

I Ponder If To Cry Or Laugh.

Cry at Sad Lose Of I Of I.

Laugh At Futility.

To Count Or Care As Years Drift By.

Say Have Their Way With Me.

For Aged I Was At Births First Breath.

Each Breath To Next.

Replete With Twin Mirage.

Impostors.

Joy And Strife.

Such Random Steps .

From Crib To Bed Of Death.

So Fleeting Dance Of Life.

So Say Care I Not.

Clock Strike High Noon.

Nor Midnight Hour.

As I Trundle On.

The Wilted Bloom.

Spawns Seeds What Flower.

With Each New Break Of Dawn.