**Lament of Art**

*July 13, 2014*

Ah Van Gogh Could Speak.

With Brush And Oil.

Shakespeare Paint.

With A Ripe Quill Pen. Of Life. Beings.

Who Love Hate Play Toil.

Endless Visions Of Lives Of Men.

Lincoln Would Whisper. Wisdom Ring.

Throughout The Land Abroad And Time.

Gandhi Smile. The Dawn Might Bring.

Rare Precious Kind.

What Lyes Within. Enlightened Minds.

With Verse. Song. Lute. As Soul Would Dance.

With Their Ageless Hymns. hyme.

As They Piped Their Magic.

On Mystic Flutes.

Pure Tales Of Time.

Ah Say. Pray. A Pilgrim. As One As I. Achieve.

Such Precious Gift To Mankind.

What Will Ne'er Perish

Simple Genius Of Masterpiece. Before I Once More.

As All. Must. Fall.

Amongst Clod. Clay. Worm.

Naked Neath The Boundless Sky.

From Mirage Of Being. Shape Shift.

Fly. In This Fleeting Vale.

Mere Transient Bourne.

Cease. Through Cosmic Veil.

To See. Perceive. Be.

One Small Seed. Kernel Of Art.

As I. Depart. So Take