**Ledger of Life**

*November 2, 2014*

The Spirit Glass Marks Twelve O'clock.

Sands Of Over Pour.

It Be The Witching Hour.

One Beholds One More.

The Velvet Portal.

Ancient. Eternal Door.

Soul Stands Before The Bar.

Ensconced Within The Cage And Dock.

To Answer For Thy Deeds. Indeed.

As Reaper Calls To Thee.

With Whispers Of Not To Be.

Bouquet Of Dead Flowers.

Ghosts. Wraiths. Of Would Could Should.

Dance Within Thy Fog Of Gloom.

In Muted Glen Of Over.

In Dark Stygian Woods.

Beneath Blue Mournful Moon.

As Portrait Brushed On Canvas Of Thy Nous.

In Pigment Of Angst. Remorse. Regret.

Cries Out. Alas. So Soon.

Not Now. Not Yet. Not Yet.

The Music Dies.

Bands Gifts Of Lilting Notes Of Hope And Life Subside.

The Sun Has Set.

Black Night Begets.

Ones Slumber Of The Damned Who Ne'er Noted.

Joys Of Day And Dawn.

Mere Trundled On.

No Heed To Passing Of High Noon.

For At The Harvest.

Of Thy Grapes.

What Grant Rare Glass Of Thy Life Bloods Wine.

Threshing Of Thy Pneumas Wheat.

One Ne'er Can But Heed The Hand Of Might Have Been.

Clear Looking Glass Of Fate.

What Casts Thee Back To When.

Thy World Was Fresh. Young Bright.

Ah Then.

So Entreats.

Thee Ponder.

Speaks.

To Thee In Muted Tones Of Why.

Not Of What Thee Did.

But What Thee Did Not Do.

Such Musings Most Unkind.

Say It Be Scribed In Life Ledger.

Not Of Thy Triumphs. Defeats.

Thy Deeds So Done.

Yea At Set. Wane Of Thy Sun.

One.

Tallies In Journal Of Thy Passing Through This Vale.

Not Those Stumbles Tumbles Falls Times Tales.

Of When.

Thee Reached Out.

Missed.

Failed.

To Grasp Lifes Brass Rings.

Illusive Grails.

Or Prevailed.

Seized Most Illusive Prize.

But Rather Marks.

Those Tragic Cusps. Moments. Times.

Thee Set Thy Self Aside.

Ne'er Even Strived.

Nor Tried.

Let The World Pass By.