**Life’s Thorns**

*June 19, 2014*

Skipping Through The Park Of Life.

I Stop To Smell A Rosé.

Not Sure If It Is Day Or Night.

I Wonder. Does One Suppose.

I Am In Or Out Of Step.

The Sun Has Set.

Or Dawn Still Breaks.

Day Break Awaits. Stars Still Casts Their Mystic Glow.

Blue Moon Has Not Yet Rose.

Along The Fickle Way.

The Tea Leaves Say.

With Mix Of Mirth And Scorn.

Such Fool As You And I.

Who Live And Die.

With Heights Of Ecstasy.

Depths Of Dark Forlorn.

Laugh. Sing. Moan. Cry.

On Voyage To Narrow Room.

Vale Of Stygian Gloom.

From Light Burst As One Is Born.

Yes Are Blessed.

With Roses Blush.

Rare Scent. Petals Of Raw Delight.

Yet As Thee As I.

So Ruminate. Ponder. Muse.

Think. Drink. Nectar So Heaven Sent.

Beware. Viper In The Bush.

Heed Silent Kiss Of Treachery.

What With Siren Song Awaits For Thee.

Life’s Recurrence. Treason. Perfidy. Guile. Chicanery.

Prick Of The Fateful Thorn.