**Melded**

*April 17, 2014*

I Am Throwing My Guns In The Water Barrel.

Riding Off To The Great Sunset.

Dance No More To The Warriors Spell.

Though My Powers Be Not Dead Yet.

Where Once I Wielded Sword Knife Gun.

To Slash Shoot Stab Maim Kill.

With Deadly Thrust Of Rapier Tongue.

Impress My Want And Will.

Now Guns Dropped.

Sword Sheathed. Slings. Arrows. Barbs.

Be Stilled. With Voice Of Rare Mediation Of The Years.

No Longer Fueled By Conquest.

Foe Dread. Fear.

I Endeavor To Cast On Sea Of Life.

Soft Bread Crumbs Of Reality.

Aged Wisdom. Acceptance. So Humbly Speak.

Persona Grown To Quiet Thoughts Of Calm. Love. Peace.

Bequeaths Not Might.

Nor Strife. But Empathy. Harmony.

Blend Of Life Entropy. Until.

The Cosmic Song Of Unity Of All.

Once More Sounds. Lamb Lies With Wolf And Lion.

Quietude With Fellow Man Abounds.

Humanity. Eternal Firmament. Empyrean.

All Beings. Welded As One. Mingled. Merged. Melded.

For Endless Space And Time.