**Moment on the Moutaintop**

*April 3, 2014*

I Pause Atop The Mountain Top.

Gaze Back Down Path So Dearly Trod.

I Rest. In Quite Respite.

A Fleeting Winter Stop.

Before I Embrace The E'er Decree Cold Ice Land Of Nod.

Lye Down To Algid Narrow Room.

With Roof Of Darkest Sod.

Perchance Sprout. Bloom. Flower.

At Spring Breakup Hour.

So My Thoughts Bear Fruit Of Old Friends. Loves. Foes. Who Too Have Stepped Beyond The Vale.

Lye Quiet And Sleep As Though.

One Does Suppose.

In Just Repose.

So Soon. Too Soon.

Their Star Ne'er Failed.

Alas. They Fell Not Struck Down By Fickle Fate.

Along The Raw Unfathomed Trail.

Prey To Quest For Illusive Grail.

Pray May It Be.

These Four Score. Five.Ten.

Orbits Of Old Terre.

I Stiil Breath. Think. See.

Trudge. Trek. Down To Distant Valley.

Bourne. Vale.

Where.My Own Kin.

Have So Ventured.

Their Journey In Turn.

In. To. Distant Glens Of Time.

Ah So It Goes.

As E'er Before.

I. As The River. Flow.

Tides Wash Ashore.

Ebb .Wash. Ebb.

Once. More.

Sands Drift.

Earth Shifts.

I Stride To Distant Range.

What Calls.

This Clay Vessel. Heart Mind.

Ancient Atman.

Spirit. Soul.

Of Mine.

In Quite Harmony Of

Eternal. Boundless.

Cosmic. Entropy.

Of Random Mystic Design.

Destined. Ordained.

Or Say Not.

Yea Pure. Sure.,

Anarchy Of The Cosmos.

Unordered Dance Of The Firmament.

Still. Secure.

Serene. Sublime.