**Seed of Grace**

*September 29, 2014*

Ah Precious Blood What Courses Through My Heart Veins Fickle Shell.

For One Brief Wink Blink In Space And Time.

Pray Stay The Course.

Through Out This Veil Of Tears.

Across These Harsh Trying Years.

Ne're Yield To Fates Arrows Slings Sticks Stones.

Nor Run Dark Dead And Cold.

For Nous Of I Still Wills The Will To Live.

Peer Ore The Rise What Labors Trodden Path Of This Poor Self.

With Still To Earth Sky Cosmos Fellow Man Woman Child To Give.

Some Measure Of My Earnest Inner Wealth.

As I Unending Roll Up Hill.

Sisyphus Rock Of Charity.

Sow Seeds Of My Atmans Store Of Hope.

Into The Unrelenting Wind.

What Missive Of Grace Bounds Back.

Down. Anew. Indeed.

Returns But Angst Dolor Bale Woe To Me.

Repays My Good Deeds.

With Pain Sorrow Blows Loss Hurt Ache Needs.

Until. One Ponders How To Endure.

Persevere. Survive.

Or Even Cope. Nurture Such Will To Stay Quick.

Incarnate. Animate. Embodied. Alive.

Save For The Knowledge That I Tried.

Still I Give Thanks That Spark Flame Coal Of Beings Benign Altruistic Blaze.

Empathy Fueled Fire.

Still Flicker Burn Glow Within.

Gifts Of My Pater Genetrix And Their Linage Of Materfamilias And Sire.

To Spawn The Will To Try To Give.

Of One’s Self Mind Soul And Heart Again.