**Spirit Wings**

*December 19, 2014*

If I was just a butterfly.

I would flap my silken wings.

Until the very day I die.

Then. Fly on to other things.

Or Say Perchance A Mallard Drake.

Swinging cross the sky.

I'd sail on precious winds of fate.

Ne'er heed the Lonesome cry.

Of hunters call among the reeds.

Say seeks to lure my spirit to shot pierced breast.

As so the pipers flute indeed.

With reapers chart of Stygian toll marks Thanatos dark harvest of death.

But nay not I succumb to such sirens call of morose seductive touch.

For miles have I to wing sail fly.

Before I know placid quietude.

Calm tranquil Pond Of such.

Before this ethereal wraith of soul beyond the veil so passes by.

I seek my final nest fold my wings and rest