**Till Old Friend Death**

*September 4, 2013*

Till Old Friend Death.

Dances with My Anima Atman Pneuma When.

My Spirit Waltzes to Pipers Lute.

Life’s Fragile Fickle Fruit.

From Tree of Being Falls.

Answers. Heeds. Indeed.

Reapers Horn of Velvet Vale Cry and Call.

I Harken Now at Witching Hour to Silent Voices in Minds Inner Winds.

What Whisper. Sing. Of All.

Which My Fathers Mothers Blood and Kin.

So Speak from the Ages.

So Scribed with Self Pen.

In Dalphous Ledger through Their Own Suns.

Moons. Years.

With Ink of Joy Angst Wins Losses Triumphs Defeat

Thanks Remorse Regret Belief Fears Tears.

So Gifted to I. Scribed In.

Self-Crafted Silken Pages.

All that They Saw. Thought.

Did. Loved. Believed.

Were. Knew. Live.

Be. As One Who.

Walks in Honor. Righteous Path.

Care for All Thy Fellow Man.

Child. Women.

So To Thine Own Being.

Soul. Self.

Store of Thy Core Strength and Wealth.

Thy Heritage.

Be True.