**A Chance Meeting**

*January 15, 2015*

While Strolling Amongst Gay Fields Of Life.

I Chanced To Meet My Old Friend Death.

We Nodded. Tipped Our Hats. Noted Sols Fading Light.

Rare Precious Beats. Breaths.

Thought Sparks. Left.

Yet Neither Spoke. Clasped Hands.

Nor Met Each Others Eye.

For Not Yet. Had Ran. La Vie Sands.

Through My Nous Hour Glass.

Not Yet. Good Day To Die.

Still. I. Was. Thought. Trundled On.

Mystic Road Of I Of I.

Say. Pray. As We Passed.

Each On Our Allotted. Ordained. Way.

We Glanced Back.

Along Our Common Path.

I Heard Him Laugh.

Whisper. Say.

May Thee Enjoy.

Thy Waning Day.

For Fancy I Might Meet Thee Here By Chance.

As To Cosmic Rendezvous.

With Another Soul. Being. I Fly.

For Pilgrim.

Live Free. Full. With Peace. Joy. Each Moment.

While Thee May.

For So Yes. I Have So Too.

So Soon. Bye And Bye.,

A Cusp To Meet. Meld With You.

Grant Thee. Thy. Mortal Grail. Most Treasured Trilogy.

Grace. Eternity. Immortality.

We Merge To Embrace.

In Boundless. Time. Space. Ethereal

Distant Bourne.

Take From This Vale Of Tears. Thy Leave.

Nouveau. Conceived. Reborn.