**Musings from Land of Nod**

*Rabbit Creek- March 30, 2015*

Two being poems arise from out velvet mist of nod

Exist kiss full spirit moon rising on my heart soul self

As I drift in ghost vessel mystic ship of to be

Never was why fore I draw this lot of random fate

What dances lingers n my heart from out the dark of night

Quixotic mirage of because illusion of is angst

Of what if all melded in wraith specter mask of love

Say be it be because I dared to ponder why

As heartbeat spark of mind souls breath notes eternal pause

As life drifts by so writhing captured in cruel jaws of verity

What e'er gnarl rip tear at heart soul of I of I ah say it not be so

Yet all so does so be for so the story goes as ebb flow of entropy

Laughs at tragic myth we hold of free will indeed

While cosmic puppeteer pulls n'er ending silent silken strings

Of such fools as I and thee.