**Ode to the Bard**

*Anchorage at Dinner- August 26, 2015*

Say William Wraith.

Pray Thee Lend.

To Such A Simple Fool As I.

From Out The Ancient Ways Of Was..When. Then.

Thy Fabled  Ear.

Rare Gift Of Meter. Rhyme.

That I Might Fashion Verses. Say Half As Dear.

As Storied Craft Of Thyne.

What Paint Fine Esse Portraits. Of Eternal Natural Mind.

Sing Songs Of Heart. Spirit. Soul.

Lovers Warm Touch Of Pure Amour.

Indifference. Cruel. Unkind.

What Makes Thy Nous Turn Cold.

Cursed Spoils Of Dogs Of War.

Ah Bard Of Old.

That I.

Might Deign To Compose.

Note. Know.

Contemplate.

From Out Whole Clothe.

Of Life. Chance. Fate.

Was. Am. Perchance. Is. If.

But Mere Specters Of Gifts.

Of Thy Unsurpassed.

Quintessence Ink Spawned Brush.

Thy Mystic. Magic. Pen.

So As Thy Hymns.

To Cosmic Journals Of Art.

Nobel Tomes Of Past.

Future. To Be.

To Come. History.

My Thoughts Too Doth Fly.

Be So Ensconced.

Enshrined.

Endure. Reside.

Ne'er Die.

Humble Notes Of Being. Self.

What Lye. Within.

Be Scribed.

Writ. To Touch. Feed. Succor.

Atman Taste Hunger Thirst.

Of Fellow Dames. Children. Men.

With Triumph Joy.

Of Did. Was. To Come.

Mingled Amongst Parallel

Vales. Bournes.

Of Happenstance.

Avec Stark Bones Of Remorse. Regret.

De Old Dark Shadows.

Mirage. Ghosts.

Of Should. Would. Could.      F

aded Shells Of Might Have Been.