**Roll of Self**

*Ship Creek Lodge- January 3, 2015*

Say Doth Pray One Turn Ones Other Cheek.

Or Drive Lance Straight To The Heart.

With Grace Of I Of I.

Grant Earth. Sky.

In Between. To Timid. Weak.

Till Doors Of Over Part.

One Meets. Contemplates.

New Bourne What Calls.

Awaits. In Mist Beyond The Veil.

What Be Thy Ledgers Lot.

So Scribed In Log Of Fate.

Pray In Thy Mirage Of Final Reckoning.

Perchance May Thee Avail.

Thyself Of Alms Of Self.

Thee So Cast.

To Wounded Brothers On The Road.

Or Say In Such Reckoning May Thee Be Held To Toll.

Atone. For When Thee Turned Not Thy Cheek.

Nor Cast Nous Bread Upon The Waves.

But Rather Struck Out In Rage.

Or With Myopic Indifference.

So Turned Thy Back.

Deaf Dumb To Fellow Beings Needs.

Say Now At Judgment Day.

Pen Of Time Marks. Scribes. Lines.

Next To Thy Souls Mystic Roll.

All That Thy Being Lacked.

N'er But Mournful Marks Of Might Have Been.

In Pen Of Tragic N'er Cared Dared.

Did. Ink Of Sad Self Centered Black.