

Through the Void,of course, Jovially

By : LyraHydraComa

Through the Void of course jovially A Void poses questions best asked allways answered. In due time, through the reason of seasons. Upon mystery and darkness a Hollow did find me where moon and shadows speak lightly, tropical geography all gold like a fleece of Lamb finds me ;cerebral in bliss as Prideful and giving as needed, Tempered Bows Quivered in shivering hands find their mark where Times just Begun. The Void of a Beat checked and Balanced the sweet fleece of gold at the Feet to be raised; and give thanks to Lords Bounty. King James By a Brook and Narcissist Root found sturdy amidst reflection. where jovial Void of course floats in stream to find me Giving and tempered. an arrowhead marks the Heart of the Dark to nourish along Vine Laded Trails. A toast to True Aim with a gleam in the eye like a lion Bedded down foe the night.

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An arrowhead marks the Heart of the Dark to nourish along Vine Laden Trails.

A toast to True Aim with a gleam in the eye like a lionÂ questioning the night.

What is Truth? Perhaps in the nether of Here nor There where either is agreeable and fair.

Perchance in the Rise and the Fall of a Glass where at last a thirst is quenching.

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