**Shadows in the Gray**

**4-19-13**

Show me a flutter and cast it in stone.

Etch it in grace for the soul to roam.

Let the ancient warriors pose in still.

Let them bear their wings and show their teeth

Behind a subtle curtain of unveiling realization.

Their windows are the world,

Their oysters are your eyes.

They feed upon your sight to remind you of the day.

They weave you in the night to remind you of the gray.

Who are they…who are they

Shadows in the gray.

Mystic faces and spirits unseen.

They long for play…they long for play

These shadows in the grey.

Timid mortal cloak their sight.

They fear the unknown,

They feel the unknown.

The ancestors are but patient minstrels

Dancing in shadows

And the languid thought you saws…

They wait in patience for your fears to dissolve.

They await for approach to waltz with you in dreams

To whisper secrets within your ears

To speak the waves etched in soul.

Forgotten memories rippling to wake

From ancient lake ripples old birth

Resurrecting new birth.

Show me a flutter and cast it in stone,

Etch it in grace destined to roam.

Let the fears release to dissolve the mask

Clouding the ancient proving way.