

I crossed the Rubicon last night
If only I but knew it.
The leap of faith, the shattered dream,
The foul taste of grit.

I see it now; I should have seen it then.
But Hope, that fragile flame, kept the glamour tight.
A whisper here, a murmur there:
Encouragement to fight the fight.

The voices were always silent
The hand extended always mine.
No takers now, the knives came out -
Always behind the lines.

But love of life and love sublime
Carries me on and on
And I will walk this path to its end
Until its time is done

Let those who know and those that see
Remember this from old:
You know me not, and you'll never will
Unless you take that bold leap into the Sea of Discovery.

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