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*If Veterans don't help Veterans, who will?*

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Once Upon a Starry Sky 4:30 AM 01/20/2019

Once upon a starry sky  
I set my mind  
And soul to fly  
Across Blue Marble's vault  
On high and ply  
The cloud furrowed paths  
And windswept lanes,  
Be worth my salt  
That I may find,  
Enter and know  
The place of Why.

~

Coursing the curves  
Of continental contours  
And unending straightaways  
Toward seemingly near  
Ever receding peaks;  
In and out  
Of flyways and swimways  
With Creation on the move;  
A taken for granted Eden  
Getting stained and abused.

~

Surfing the written  
Emotions and speech.  
Taming the truculent  
Wandering wild words,  
Pruning a riot of nouns,  
Trimming verdant verbs,  
To whelm the teeming weeds.

~

Came the call  
To Wisdom's garden hall,  
But forth and back  
No constant track  
With doubts and fears  
A sense of lack,  
To what I saw  
No right to speak.

~

Yet it's all there  
For eyes that see,  
The shackles and pain,  
The fullness and free;  
And inside I wept  
At what should  
And should not be.

~

I know too much,  
Yet know too little.  
If I can't understand  
The Quasar's song,  
Or a shoulder shrug,  
The dance of a bug,  
How little then of God  
The short and the long.

~

Somewhere up ahead  
Closer than my start  
Nowhere left to tread  
Last lines of my part.  
Have so often faltered,  
Stumbled out of bed  
Than run flat out hard  
And sped like a dart.

~

Yet the calls' still there,  
Hanging ten in the air.  
It won't let go...  
"Yes, You! Make it so."

~

A no-powered Spiderman,  
Battered and bruised  
To be completely human,  
Alive, fully created.

~

And again I try  
(The stopwatch hasn't clicked.)  
To learn to fly  
And sing the dance  
Before I die  
To show God's face  
Ever here upon a starry sky.

- Gerald Alan George Ney