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11/27/07

RABBIT CRK

VISION

SUCH GRACEFUL

GRASS ROOTS

A STAR

MIXED W/O EWS

WITHIN EACH

OLD CRYSTALS

SAY RISE AND SET

THREE HUNDRED SIXTY FIVE

MARK ONE MORE ROOT

A BLINK IN TIME

SAY YOU

SIX TIMES TEN

SLOW THROUGH

THE VELVET DOOR

I STEADY

DEAR AIR

KNOW SPACE

ALIVE

(2)

AH THE CHEERS.
THE NOOS. THE PATS.
THE LAURELS
OW THE WAY.

MIND GAMES
BEYOND COMMAE
DEEDS CAPTURED
BY NO PEN

TO KNOW OF ALL
ONE'S DONE
AND HAS
NO EXACTLY
MUSE MIGHT SAY

NO BRUSH. PALLET.
CAPTURE YET
THE DEEPEST
SIGHT OF MEW

③

PRAY, WHAT
THEY SEE.
HEAR. TASTE.
FEEL.

PERCEANCE
THEY PINE
TO GREET

THE GOD
THEY KNOW
IN AWF
AS REAL

NO MENTION OF
HIS CHOLERIN
FEET

CLAY
AS COLD
AS DARKEST NIGHT
BRIGHT BEACONS
OF THE
HUMAN EYES

(4)

THAT SHINE

WITHIN

OUR LIVING ROOMS

HAVE A GLIMPSE

OF WHO WE ARE

ALL OF

THAT BELIEVES

Philip Paul
Weathers

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