Life Is Now

Life Is Here

Every Day A Gift.

Every Moment

Every Beat

Precious.

Pay No Heed To If.

Hunger Not

For What Might Be.

Care Not

What Might Have Been.

What Is, Is What

One Is,

One Sees.

Pause

And Listen.

Then,

Simply Look Within.

Taste The Nectar Of Yourself.

Seek No More Or Less.

Wealth Or Fame,

Another’s Quest,

Be Lie The Final Test.

Of What You Were.

Of What You Are.

Of What You’ve Meant Or Done.

Those You’ve Touched

Or Loved Or Known.

Endless Setting Suns

Will Rise And Set

And Rise And Set

On You

And All Before

And Pay No Mind

To That Save What

Your Waves Leave On The Shore.

Those Momentary Tracks

In Sand Swept By

Old Time’s

Unceasing Velvet Touch.

The Only Thoughts

The Only Deeds

That Live

Beyond The Veil

Are Such

As This Poor Spark

A Hope

A Wish

A Cry For Empathy

A Sigh In What

We Know As Space

What It Means To Be.

Please Let Me

Cry A Tear Or Two

On Your Ample Breast.

Let This Poor Pilgrim

Just Once

With No Remorse,

Rest

His Head On What

You Are

Breath The Nearness

Of Your Warmth

The Aura Of Your Star.

All That Will Be

All That Has Been

Join Hands And Heart

And Then

Feel Me Here

Embrace A Special Friend.

There Really Is No Past

Beginning

Start

Or Now

Or End.

Only That

Great

Continuum Of The Faith,

The Essence,

Grace

Knowledge

When

It All Begins Again.

What A Blessing

Just To Flow

And Know

And Love

One’s Fellow Man.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/13/2003.*

*Fairview Inn*

*Talkeetna*

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