**TI KILL AND CONSUME ANOTHET BEING**

**TO LIVE**

**TO KNOW TO BE**

Pulse Of Life. Sweet Mystery Of Time.

Why Pray You Offer Up Your Heart To Me?

From Whence You Sprang?

To Share A Moment On This Orb.

Mercer Slender

Path Of Is.

With Mine.

Pour Quoi?

We Drift About

This Endless

Amber Sea?

So Soft The Touch.

Kiss Of Trigger.

Silent Flight Of Bow.

No Need For You.

To Heed The

Sudden Rish Of Night.

It Does As Well.

To Calmly Live.

Love. Then

Gently Turn And Go.

To Tell You Of

My Certain Step Ordained

As Fate Commands The Blow.

Would Not Read

The Fatal Deed Less Sure.

Nor Make It Right.

Simple Cross Of Stars

Among The Void.

Beyond All Thought

Beyond All Dark

One Pilgrim Lives. Consumes.

One More Soul

Slips Beyond The Veil.

Grant This

Poor Vessel

Of The Spirit

Sacred Sip Of Ancient Wine

Precious Sustenance

Of Another’s

Aged Spark

Within.

From Where.

Who Knows

Or Even Deigns

To Care.

One More Nightfall

Draws Her Cloak

About The Dreams.

Snuffs Out

Once More

The Candle

Of Tomorrow’s

Illusive Schemes

Another Drifts

To Slumber

On The

Trackless

Timeless Trail.

Who Could Profess To Cipher More

Or Lifes Cry Cast Out At This

What God

Could Hope

To Weigh

The Worth

Of Such

Those Shards Of

Life’s Sweet Life

Though Deemed

Once More

Venture On

Beyond The

Seamless Pale

The Journey

With No Start

Sans Rest

Nor Pause

Without End

Transforms All

All To All

The Silent Siren’s Call

And Then

From Perfect

Nothing Flows

All One Sees

Knows

And On

To Nothing

Once More

Reads

Yet Serves Alas

No Time

Nor Space

Nor Hint

Of Past

Nor Foolish

Cry Of Men

Who Struggle

Strive To Capture

Gather To Them Breast

That What Was.

Shed Tears As Though

Such Shadows

On The Distant Wall

Flickers Of The

Moments Cast

Are More Than Trackless Tides

Receding Waves

Have Left

Upon The Sand

Etched For

A Lifetime

Measured Till

The Next Sort

As If

It All

Were Real

As If Now

Means Mas

Thaw Then

Or One Might Consume

Once More Their Vision

Embrace And Feel

Taste Them Once Again

So In This Mirage

That Holds Our Hope

Diaphanous

Promise Of The New

The Next

Rare Scent

Such Unrelentful

Web Hint Of All

The Delights

Of Soul And

Being Coveted

Such Fervors

Wish To Be

On And On And On

Lore Of The Me Of Me

Pause Perchance

Amidst The Stream

Unceasing Chase Of Formless

Specters Of The Night

Perceive The

Distant Twinkle

Dance Of Light

And Ask

What Does It Mean

Where Lies

The We

Of I

Heed No

The Piper’s Flute

Save You Still

Your Own Sweet Song

Nor Take Bed

Before You Time

Spoil Fruit

Of Blossoms

Yet To Bloom

Hasten Without

Grace To

Your Silent Room

Trend By Haste

With Steps Untrue

Into The More

Sweet Petals

Who

Were Meant To

Carpet Paths

To Flow

From Thoughts

And Deeds

Of Thyne

Do It

Live It

Be It

Behold

The Inner Sight

Light Of Moon

Ray Of Sun

Stars Bright Within

Embrace The

I Of I

Care Not

For Who

Nor Whence

Mourn Not

Nor Crave

The Why

Truth Lives Within

Grants Perfect Sight

All Else

Naught So

But So Believed

Once Strife

To Meld

One Self

Gives Way

One Breathes

The Breath

Moments Gift

Knows Nectar

Of The Day

Care Not

For What

The Future

Holds

Nor Dawn

Nor Dust

Portend

Throw Doors

Of Being

Open To Oneself

Hold Dear

The I Of Now

Open To No More

No Lets

Than All Is

One Is

Oneself

It Doth Flow Begins

For All Of Time

Dance Of All One Sees

One Comprehends

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*Thanksgiving*

*Rabbit Creek*

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