**VISION**

Such Graceful

Orbits Round

A Star

Mirrors Without End

Within Each

Old Orb Turns The Day

Rise And Set

Three Hundred Sixty Five

Mark One More Round

A Blink In Time

Say You

Six Times Ten

Since Through

The Velvet Door

I Stepped

Drank Air

Knew Spark

Alive

Ah The Cheers.

The Nods. The Pats.

The Laurels

On The Way.

Mind Games

Beyond Compare

Deeds Captured

By No Pen

To Know Of All

One’s Done

And Had

No Earthly

Muse Might Say

No Brush. Pallet.

Capture Yet

The Deepest

Sight Of Men

Pray. What

They See.

Hear. Taste.

Feel.

Perchance

They Pine

To Greet

The God

They Know

In Awe

As Real

No Mention Of

His Cloistered

Feet

Clay

As Cold

As Darkest Night

Bright Beacons

Of The

Haunted Eyes

That Shine

Within

Our Inner Rooms

Harbor Glimpse

Of Who We Are

All Of

That Believes

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*Rabbit Creek.*

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