**MIRROR OF THE MIND**

Quiet Glimpse Of I.

All Rides Of The Past.

Whisper Softly Why.

Nothing Ever Lasts.

Save What One Thought.

And Knew.

Odd Moments That One Gave.

One Paused Along The Road.

A Morsel. Bit Of Supper To Save.

A Waif. Old Soul.

Some Being Who

Had Stumbled In The Path.

No What.

To Where.

And When.

For Who The Die Is Cast.

One Trundles To The Grave.

Save Naught.

Of Riches Wow.

So Dearly Bought.

Nor Barter

Of Each Precious Show

Nor Kiss

Of Passing Waves.

Mirror Of The Mind.

Dare One Risk A Gaze.

Knowing What The Eye Will Find.

From At The Waning Day

Why Not. Embrace The Light.

For Is One Lives As Free.

To Breath The Breath

Of One Who Cares

For Truth And Fellow Pilgrim

Say No No Mas.

Of Tick Of Clock.

Nor Turn Of Year To Year.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 08/16/2008*

*Rabbit Creek*

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