**TO LIVE**

Where Might The Dawn Of Time Begin

What Manner Of The Void

Might Sound A Note Of Start To End

Speak Of Perceptions Spore

Flower And Flourish. Fade And Cease.

Why Design To Clever And Toy

With Speech Of The War Of Peace

Of Heartache Of The Joy

Seeing Each Care Track And Now

Each Heartbeat Silent Death

Of Moment’s Gifts Of Life As Though

One Heartbreak To The Breath

Precious Fleeting Shell Of Being

So Soon So Near Nothing Nothing Left

Sure Passage To The Next

For All One Needs Is Here And Now

Pine Not For Woe Or Nameless Fear

Of Future For Or Loss Before

Nor Covet Haughty Silken Tower

Deliver With Grace Each Tick And Tock

Of Life’s Fleeting Hour

From When Or Where

Flown May Rise Or Ebb

Embrace The Risen Dawn

*PHILLIP PAUL.10/07/2008.*

*In Flight to Anchorage*

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