**ODE TO DO MORE**

Ah. No Room For Love.

What More Might I Say.

Than These Notes

For The Dove

For Perfection I Pray.

Wake With The Pain

Lie Down With The Ache

To Do Mas. Once Again

All My All It Doth Take.

When Might Torment End?

Might One Die

As One Breaks.

Give Up My Soul

Cast Out My Heart

Strive For

No Less

Than The Whole

That The Heavens Might Part

Nothing Will Save

The Fire

Need To Do

Pours From The Core

Alas. You I Can’t Have.

Plaintiff Save

Of What For

As I Try

As I Cry

As I Seek

Holy Grail Sacred Fleece

Ancient Store

Waves Of The Mind

Kiss The Shore

As The Tides

Dance Their Waves

Of Before

Countless Step After Step

No Closer To Yet

Such Relentless

Sad Trek

As Of Yore

As One Hopes

In The Fog

A Breath

A Mere Sight

A Glimpse Of

Everlasting Door

Indeed A Mere

Morsel Drop

For Ones Greed

Such An Ancient

Seer’s Call

In The Night

Mirage Yet

So Real

One Cannot

But Hold

Sirens Song

Wind One Might

Wind One Might

As Another

Ship Sails

On A

Gossamer Sea

No Peace

Calm Or

Surface At

Now Or

Might Be

Only Drawn To

The Rocks

Fickle Glimmer

Ghost Of Yore

Such Sad Home And Need

To Do More

To Do More

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*Portland to Anchorage*

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