One As I Writes To Live

Lives To Write And Think

To Sleep To Dream And Know

A Glimpse Beyond Delphos Veil

The Silken Screen Of Precious Night

Illusive Tale As Though

One Might Yet Drink

Of Chalice Blessed Sacred Wine

From Grapes Of Love Begot Entwined

With Water And Tree That Bear Devine

Portrait Of No More Than What Is So

For Such At Me And Mine A

Wretch As I Grant Passage To

The Ebb And Flow Of What May Be

That I May Taste The Fruit Of Sight

With Mask Of Mine Begone

Behold The Vision Thoughts That Lie

Beyond Poor Spirits Cage

Of Guilt And Scorn And That What Syrians Call Age And

Times Brush Has Wrought

So Dearly With Hearts Beat

And Breathe And Pulse Of Fading Blood Has Brought

Break Chains And Not And See

Think Feel Harken To The Tender Peak

Of Pursuit Untamed Thought

As One Listens To The Ancient Muse

Who Whispers In The Silent Wind

Once More Smiles And Shrugs And Thaws

Offers Up The Oft Sought Grail

As Harp Of Want And Need

Play String Of Wax

Flute And Reed Sing Perhaps Perhaps

Alas To No Avail

To Those Who Would Begin

To Have And Pine Yourself Same Door

Might Grant A Passage For The Truth

Ah Yes Let Such As That In

As Lives Unvarnished Real

Where One Might Think Care Feel

With Though Untarnished By The

Ghostly Gate And Stare Of Living Dead

Captive Of Woe And Fear

Cry Of Tortured Sin

For All We Seek Is There Before

To Wrap One In Embrace

Of That What Is

No Less No More

Sweet Gift Of Now

Spawn Of Timeless Time

In Dance With Trackless Space

And Such Is There Here

Is Was Will Be

For One Who Yields To

What One Is

One Sees

One Knows

That What Flows

To One

Who

Lets

The Cosmos

Grant

A Touch Of Peace And Grace

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