**AN ARTIST’S LAMENT**

I Paint What I Think

And Feel And See

You May Think And Feel And See

What Comes To Mind

When Heart And Soul And Spirit

Meld From I To Thee

When One Peers Into The

Void Of Space And Time

Where Kings And Tyrants Order

Of The Count And Guard

Sell Thoughts To Believe That As They

Say They Are

Pope Bishop Keepers Of The

Faith And Law And Creed

May Crush Distant Drug

Thought And Cast

Fear With Platoons

And War

Fan Flames Of Have And Been

Cage Lambs To Sate The

Masses Lust The Cry For Viewing Fuel

Sow Seeds Of Want And

Read The Fields Of Need

Paint I The Spector What

Rises In The Mirror

The Spirit What Draws In

The Fog

Of Moon What Casts Her

Beam With No Guilt Fear

While Smile Within Of Pain

Of Heritage Log

The Ledger Mares And Nothing

On The Staff

Of What Was Is To Come On

Will Be

Rather Than The Hollow

Jesters Laugh

What Masters Of

The Faired Would

Want We See

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*Rabbit Creek.*

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