**LIFE’S COUNTING HOUSE**

Within The Vault Of Self Resides

The Bounty Of The Years

Till Then Grey Cloak Scythe’s Face Of Fated Time

Ones Gaze Turns In Silent Additions

Grants One A Glimpse Inside

Through Glass Of Past

Prism Of Deeds And Seeds

So Cast And Sown

Gentle Breeze Of Existence

Caressed By Laughs And Tears

With Morning Dew Of Thought

Of That What Ones Heart Has Sought

And Wrought Cross Days That Won

Of Storm And Gale And Chill

Until Abides Warms

Strength Will

With Rays Of Foes And Peers

Footprints And Trails Left Chains Whew

One Pierced The Veil Of Might Have Been

One Feels And Sees The Legacy Of Such

All One Has Done

Seen. Been. Touched. And Known

With Ghosts Of Friends And Dreams Who’ve Died

Cross Seas Of Hope

Ones Sails Have Braved Played

Paths In Dark Of Night

Or Dawns Sweet Amber Light

Tested And Friend

Rejoice And Celebrate At Victory Of Crushing Losing Cry

Braved Slings And Arrows Of Truth And Lies

Cast Off The Haunted Ferns

Of What Might Be If This Is So

For Choices Paths So Choose

Have Opened Closed

To Heights Or Depths Have Flown

Triumphs And Failures

Await As Thought

Those Hollow Twigs

Have Sounded Shown

The Folly Of Success And Wealth

The Void Of Meaning Of Defeat

All Is Will Be

Is Love And Health

Two Saviors Of Ones Soul

Rejoice Sing Dance And Melt

Old Cultivating House

As Sunset Melts

New Light Of Morn

Door Vale Call Of Portal

Query Kisses Brave Yet Mournful

Mirage Of Cloud

And Narrow Room

Draw Near

No More In Edgings Careful

Wrote Or With Dew Aces Doth Exist

That Scribed With

Work Of Being

On Parchment Of Scroll Of Soul

With Ones Telling Hand

So Captured

Visage In Ones

Spirits And Life’s Mirror

On Portrait Of What Is

So Firm So Soft In Suns Of What May Be

Yet Limp Of Knowledge Gives

So Dim Would So Clear Such Image

Etched On Tablet Of

The Soul With

Heart String Clay

The Gift To Orbital Of

Good And Alms Bequeathed

As Waves Of They

Waters Rolls

Swept By The

Tides Of Ancient Timeless Pull Of Moon

Scars Left On Averse Deeds

Fragile Clay Vessels

And Delirious Mind

Of Fellow Man

Can Will

Serve As Well

With Quiet Whisper

In The Winds Of Was

Reflection In Ones Inner Pool

Give Meaning To The Why

Tell

Certain

Tale

Of

You

And

I

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*Goose Creek*

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