**Code of Self**

*July 10, 2013*

How tolls Bell of Thy Being Anima Atman Soul.

Notes marks cryptic jots In mystic ledger of Thy Self.

What measure by Pen of Life so quietly scribed and scrolled.

Say dance Thee to the Siren Song of Fame and Wealth.

How many pieces so traded perchance of specious

Silver Piece and Hollow Bits of Gold.

For thy very ego id pneuma psyche Treasure of the Heart and Mind.

Or even Pottage of mass accord assent acclaim so dearly ceded bartered sold.

Sans heed of priceless Cusp Gift of fleeting Window.

Cosmic Heartbeat.

Moment Flash of Space and Time.

Or are Thy to Thy Own Self Constant Trusted Sure and True.

Secure in Riches of the I and Thee and rare substance of the You of You.

In Looking Glass of I doth apparition drift and appear.

Of would could should or yea Marleys ghost of should not regret remorse.

Doth Dawns Break and grant of Life of Day or Sols set and Couch of Dreams.

Call to Eager Anticipation Comfort Joy and

Grace of another largesse of precious existence sentience.

Or yield to Torment of Dread Woe and Fear.

Deep unrelentant unrepentant Self Angst at where why or whence.

At what next Throw of Di Spin of Wheel or Jesters.

Cold Whim and Touch will cast conceive or beget.

Therein Lyes the Talley of The I.

Essence of this Mirage we glimpse through seamless

Web trackless void boundless Bourne.

Tick tock of Cosmic Clock what knows no start nor end.

As we drift with random will and wish of such

Cosmic Storm Gale Winds among the Dalphous Mist.

Vision Verse Veritude what hold promise of Grail of Answer to

When Where from to and Why.

Reside within True Path of Ones Self and guide

Ones Tracks in Sands of Firmament as One Thinks Sees Hears Is.

Thee gives Thanks to Be.

Faithful to Ones Self as Thy art.

So to Thy Code of Self so Honor and Exist.