**A Poem of I**

*January 11, 2014*

Fair Winds Of Time And Space.

What Blow And Kiss.

The Now Of Now.

Perchance By Fickle Throw.

Toss Of Di Of Fate. Embrace.

Mind. Heart. Soul.

Cast Up For I Or Thee.

Rare Sight. Prescience.

From Out The Night.

Illusive Is. Of The I.

Reality. Perhaps Be Real.

So. Pray How.

With Meager Gift.

Of Thought And Pen.

So Scribed With Mystic Life Force.

Synapse. DNA.

Ones Humble Muse.

May. Deign To Paint Portrait Of The Gift.

What Falls Upon Ones

Inner Eye. Atmans Vignette Of Perception.

Then. Ponder When. Why.

If. This Cusp Of I.

Has Truly Come To Pass.

Sing. Emerge. Arise. Soar.

Wing Cross The Veil.

Of Eternal Mist.

Or Rather Be This.

Mere One Further Silent Flawed Fresco Of One’s Essence. Id. Ego. Parody. Minstrel Show. Siren Song.

Chimera. Phantasmagoria.

A Hollow Play And Score.

Specter. Mirage. Phantom. Wraith.

Of The Ever Shifting Light.

What Serves Once More.

To Test Thy Faith.

Creed Of Self. Alas.

One Might.

As Well Seek To Tame Tides And Sea.

Command Sols Rise And Set.

As To Capture In Verse What Is.

Was. To Come. To Be.

And Yet.

Pray Should One So Yield To Such Fears.

Decline To Try.

Reflect Not Pneumas Fleeting Image In Thy Beings Secret Enigmatic Mirror.

To Chart These Thoughts.

Phantasmal Shade.

Even Mere Poor Illusion.

Ghost Vision.

Of I Of I. At Terror. Dismay. Of Scorn.

Rebuke. Ridicule. Disdain.

Stand Mute. Refrain.

Thy True Acuity Silence.

Forebear. Secrete. Shroud. Masquerede.

Cede To Might Have. Written.

Said. Might Have Been.

Alas. Precious Fruit Of The Moment.

Morte. Over. Died. Fini. Dead.

Ne'er To Ere Appear. Arise.

Ashes. Dust. Consigned.

To Perish With Thy Next Thought.

Forever Bygone. Forsaken. Forelorn.

Past. Erased. At Knoll.

Knell. Of Velvet Bell.

What Tolls. Calls.

With Certainty.

To All. As I And Thee.

To Fly. Soar. Once More.

Thy Leave From This Terre Orb Take.

As All Such Pilgrims Must.

Shed. Forsake.

These Frail Anima Husks.

Vessels. Shells.

Rare Glimpse Of Shadows On The Wall.

Of One’s Spirit Cave. Lost. Doomed.

To Join Thee In Thy Narrow Clay Room Consigned To Mortal Grave.