**Butterfly of Self**

*December 20, 2014*

If I Was Just.

An Animal. Faith. Grace. So Blessed .

Say Humble Butterfly.

I Would Flap My Silken Wings.

Pollinate. The Welkin Cosmos.

Until The Very Day. I. My. Nous Clay Vessel Dies.

Then. Fly On To Other Things.

Perchance A Mallard Drake.

Swinging Cross The Morning Sky. .

I Would Sail

On Fickle Winds Of Fate.

Onward To Distant Velvet Gate.

Ne'er Heed the Lonesome cry.

Of Atman Hunters Call.

Amongst Tempting Life Reeds.

Say Seeks. To Lure My Spirit.

To Tragic Shot Filled Breast.

As So The Pipers Flute. Indeed.

With Reapers Dark Chart

Of Stygian Toll. Marks Thanatos

Black Harvest Of Death.

But Nay. Not I. Succumb.

To Such. Siren Call

Of Moros Seductive Touch.

For Miles Have I.

To Wing. Sail. Fly.

Before I Know Placid Quietude.

Calm Tranquil Pond Of Such.

Before This Wraith Of Soul.

Beyond The Veil So Passes By.

I Seek My Final Nest.

Fold My Wings And Rest.