**Contemplation of the Cosmic Wheel**

*September 28, 2014*

No Rack Whip Screw Pillory Stool Stocks Cage Of Yore.

Might Serve To Touch Torment My Heart And Soul.

Nor Strike My Nous To Fragile Core.

Nor Winds And Gale Turn Atman Numb. Dumb. Cold.

Than Thoughts What Flow About The Muted Veil Of Night.

Of What I Am And Could Have Been.

As Dreams And Schemes Drift About

As I Await The Set Of Nous Light. Ghosts Of Would Could Should Dance About And Then.

The Mirror Of Self Casts Back Again Mystic Mirage.

Of Being I May Conceive. Perceive. Envision.

So Behold The I Of I. With Myopic Admiration Of My Self Served Phantomastic Visage.

One Ponders Not The Why Of Why.

For Looking Glass May Serve To Cast Thy Fatal Lot And Di.

Should Thee So Peer Into Reflection Of Thy Inner Vaulted Rooms.

Where One May Not Dare To Venture Save Ones Veil Of Innocence Fade Wither Dye.

Forever Illusive Wraiths Of Illusion Of Omnipotent Immortal Place Among

The Cosmic Grace. Vanquished. Over. Doomed.

As One Contemplates The Days And Trail Gone By.

Husk. Chaff. Shell Of Kernel Of Such I Of I.

Beholds From Faded Face Of Portrait From All Before.

Threshold. Portal. Velvet Door.

What. So. Soon. So. Soon. Will Call Thee To The Distant Bourne And Shore.

To Lye With All. For An Eternal Day. In Dark Narrow Room.

With Roof Of Sod And Walls Of Clay.

Yet Say. Not Ye Despair. For Death Be Not Beyond The Pale.

No Sun Sets But Comes The Dawn.

Care Not. When. Where. Why. How Long. Know This. I.

Thee. All Those Who Come.

Go. Pass. Will Some Moment In The Great Cosmic Abyss.

No Mind Of Space. Time. Will Shape Shift. To Form. Perchance Unfathomed.

Yet True. Reborn.