**Dawn of Life**

*July 5, 2014*

Born Again. From Out Nocturnal Bourne.

One Stirs. Steps Once More.

Into Sweet Bitter Fragile Gift Of Precious Day.

As Capsule Of The Night Is Softly Pierced.

By Caress Of Dawns Light At Gentle Touch Of Morn.

One More Fleeting Yet Eternal Journey Awaits.

On Lifes Enigmatic. Ethereal. Transcendental. Way.

Say Perchance Some Not Quite Trois Ten Of Ten Of Ten Of Ten Such Births And Deaths. My Mind. Body. Vessel Of My Soul. Have So Known.

Say Perhaps Some Deux Ten Of Ten Of Ten Of Ten Such Journeys Left.

Before To Mystic Void My Spirit Has So Ventured. Flown.

Losing It. Cashing In. Dying.