**Doors**

*July 27, 2014*

If You Think It. See It You Can Do It.

I Think. Perceive. Thereby I Am.

Ne'er Heed The Fatal Dread Of If.

Nor Question If One Can.

For Over Is A Dead Mans Game.

Defeat A Mere Mirage.

Failure. Victory. All Play The Same.

Within Quiet Hermitage.

Of Spirit. Nous. Soul.

One Beholds One’s Self Visage.

As Sun Sets. Night Falls. Bell Tolls.

Say Will That Death Bell Toll For Thee.

A Most Delightful Hymn.

Of All Thee Saw. Knew.

So Choose To Do.

Doors Beheld. Opened.

Embraced. So Pursued.

Swept Through.

Or Alas A Dirge Of Fear Through Out The Years.

Morass Of Neigh And No.

As Paralyzed With Dread Of Failure.

Thee Squandered Would. Could. Should.

Let The Moments Drift By. Go.

The Doors All Softly Close.