**Epitaph of Now**

*December 10, 2014*

Alas. Far Past. High Noon.

Evening Set Appears.

Be Near Time To Write My Epitaph.

I Have Rode A Long Hard Hilly Lonesome Yet Joyous Road.

A Rough Tough And Ready Past.

Now I Sense Cruel Hot

Relentless Stagnant Breath.

Of That Ancient Reaper On My Trail.

Come To Call At Last.

As I Hear His Silver Hammer Tapping On Those Ethereal Brass Coffin Nails.

Seems But A Sun Or Sun Or So Ago.

I First Saddled Up.

Forked My Horse And Rode.

Furled My Sheets Of Self.

Set Sail. Looks Like Along The Way.

I Could Have Left My Blaze. Notched.

Carved. My. Mark.

Made A Show.

But Now Somehow The Rubber Meets The Road.

Looks Like Ahead I Be A'Riding To The Dark.

It Doesn't Seem To Mean So Much Maintneau.

To See Think Or Know.

If What One Said Did Thought Cared For Lost Loved Back Then.

Meant A Thing.

For All Capture Of Golden Fleece. Grail.

Thy Roll Of Sisyphus Rock Up Hill.

Thy Comets Trail In Time And Space.

Be Erased. No More. No Mas. When.

To Vale Beyond.

One First Be Called To Fly.

Moros. Thanatos Pipers First.

Pipe Their Pipes To Precious I Of I.

Descent. Fall Of Curtain. Veil.

Of Done. Begins.

Cause Welkin Winds.

Blow Out Ones Tracks In Ever Shifting Sifting La Vies Sands.

Say Triumph Memory Ceases. Fades.

When One First Notes Detects.

Voice Of Stygian Death Angels First Deign To Sing.

Gelid Bell Of Over Start To Knell And Ring.

Beholds Yon Mystic Portal To Nouveau Bourne.

Seductive Yet Algid Siren Call Of Next.

Pull Of Undiscovered Lands.

The Only Currency Of Life.

Is That What Lays Within.

One’s Mind Heart Spirit Heart And Soul.

Now So Those Chits Of Hollow Wayward Markers.

Of Foolish Pride Ego.

I So With No Import Nor Meaning.

With Impotence.

Seek To Collect.

Ah. Alas.

So As I Contemplate Set Of Cosmic Touch.

Cusp. Of Sol. Fall Of Dusk.

Dwindle Of Light.

To Endless Night.

Or Perchance New Dawn.

As I Wander On.

Into Aphotic Darking Path.

It Looks Like Time To Self-Compose.

My Epitaph. Of Not.

What Paralytic Fear Of Strive.

Try. Step. Fail.

So Begets. Has So Begot.

Sad Saga Of My Being Within My Nous Unfold.

Rare Story Of My Pneumas Store.

Atmans Cache.

Of Life Seeds Sprouts Blooms Flowers.

So With Held. Withered.

Nothing's Of Never Ventured Tried.

All Such Ne'er Born.

What Faded. At Conception. Died.

What Doth Once More Spawn. Beget.

Rise In Blue Mist Of Not Was.

Wraiths. Demons. Goblins. Specters. Ghouls. Of Angst.

Remorse. Regret.

As I Trundle On To Witching Hour.

Such Tale. Of Ones Trek.

From Womb To Tomb. Be.

With Turn Of Wheel Of Entropy.

So Scribed On Clay Tablet Of Nevermore.

With Quill Visage Of Within Of Old.

So Recorded In Ink Of Would Could Should Might Have Been.

So With Final Musings Of The Silent Voice. Whisper.

Of Specious Fickle Void Of Reluctant Self.

So Told.