**From Whence the Night**

*August 9, 2014*

From Whence This Rare Kiss Of Nous.

As Thoughts Seed Sprouts.

Blooms. Flowers.

Graces Ones Canvas Of The Mind.

Pray When Where Why The Birthing Hour.

From Out Trackless Endless Void Of Space And Time.

Did Exilar Of Entropy.

Such Musing So Conceive.

Guide To One. Say Cast On.

To Wonder Pondering Soul.

As I Or Thee.

So Launch Cross Path Of Infinite Void.

So Speed.

Perchance So Borne By Chariot Of Mystic Light Forms Precious Steed.

What To Ones Atmans Clay Vessel Shell Of Blood Flesh And Body.

What Serves As Pneumas Sanctuary.

At Cusp Of Now Of Thy Quiditity.

For All That Was Is Will Be.

What One Has Does Will Perceive.

Fly’s To Each Moment Of Being.

From Before There Was Before.

On Wings Of Pure Energy.

Cross Bourne Of Such Unbounded Timeless Time And Space.

Life Gift. Grace. Of Infinity.