**Gift of Now**

*July 18, 2014*

Say As I Wander Through The Mist.

So Venture From The Cave.

One Can Not Help But Wonder If.

One Beholds The Dawn Of Day.

Or Pray Perchance A Mere Wraith.

Mirage Of Cosmic Light.

What Tests The Very Stuff Of Faith.

Yet. May One Candle In The Night.

Perhaps Guide Thy Mind Heart Soul Nous Spirit Home .

From Out Stygian Void. Where Atman Goblins Ghouls

Witches And Ogres Roam.

Such Random Children Wild Beast Pets Specters Beset With Legacy Of Freud.

Ne'er Ponder Such To Point Of Paralytic State. Entomb Thyself In Quixotic Ponder Of Why When If.

For Every Moment Thought Act Bear The Ides Of Fate.

Each Breath. Heartbeat. Caress Of Perception.

Fleeting Cusps In Time And Space.

Say Seize Them. So Embrace.

Squander Not Such Ethereal Eternal Yet Ephemeral Evanescent Gift.