**Glass of Self**

*December 13, 2014*

I Sit And Watch Rare Sands Of Life.

Sift. Pour.

Through Ethereal Beings Hour Glass.

Say But. By Fortunes Grace.

Lot Of Fate.

Five Score Years.

From Break Of Dawn.

To Fall Of Night. Maintneau.

For I. One Globe Journey Neigh.

Three Score Ten Have Passed.

Say. Perhaps.

This Spin Of Orb. Rock Sphere.

One Rise To Dusk.

Swift Path. Of Sol Cross Boundless Roof Of Sky.

Calls One Now To Ponder.

Assess. Why.

Where Doth Quintessence Of Soul Lye.

Say When Will Ones Spirit Dance.

Cease. Nous Royal. Hymn.

Nous Music. Die. Perchance.

Next Beat.

Next Breath.

Be Final. Done.

No Mas. Last.

One As I Take.

One Step Beyond The Veil.

To Bourne Of Next.

Lye Down In Clay Narrow Room. Aphotic.

With Roof Of Sod.

So Soon.

To Know Stupor Of Eternal Rest.

Say Such. Be So.

Why Squander I.

One More Tick. Tock.

Of Cosmic Clock.

With Needless Care.

Woe. Remorse. Regret. Concern.

Angst. Sorrow.

For What Is.

Is Not. Not Was.

Nor To Be.

But Rather Embrace.

Gift Of Now. All.

Precious Moment Grants.

So Flow. Unfettered. Free.

Down Welkin Stream Of Entropy.