**Life’s Looking Glass**

*July 19, 2014*

As Twilight Calls.

Animas Fleeting Muted Shadows Fall.

One Peers Into Life's Looking Glass.

Beholds Visage Of I Of I.

Fruits Of Ones Random Chosen Path.

Say Doth Thee Ponder Why.

One Ne'er Beholds.

A Peaceful Handsome Face.

Blessed With Quiet Acclaim.

Accolades Of Thy Strength And Grace.

Tributes To Thy Fame. But

Rather Grey Washed Out Hair.

Hollow Eyes. Aged Skin. So Fraught With Wrinkles Stress Raw Scars.

Crafted From Life's Turmoil.

Brush. Oil.

Strokes Guided By Hand. Of Thy Twisted

Sprouted Seeds Of III Considered Deeds.

Slings Arrows Cuts Blows What Still Reside Within.

Craft True Portrait Of Thy Self.

As Thee Were And Are For Twin Impostors Triumph.

Defeat. Mere Mirage Of Musings Of The Soul. Ne'er Scribe Nor Paint Upon Canvas Of

Thee. A Masterpiece Of Rare Delight.

But Rather As Thee Once More.

Approach The Ancient Door.

Portal Of Endless Time. Trackless Space.

The Waning Light.

Cusp Of Eternal Yet Transient Night.

Such Quiddity Of Being. Grants Not To Thy Nous.

Thy Self Skewed Vision. Beliefs.

Myopic Study Of A Life Aesthete.

But Rather Chimera Revenant Wraith Specter

Eidolon Shade Phantom.

Of Thy Legacy Of Remorse. Regret.

As Heartbeat. Breath.

So Soon Will Cease.

Thy Very Clay Vessel Thee Behold.

Join Once More With Clod And

Worm. Consigned To Spare Narrow Room.

In Shroud Of Over.

Gone. Done. Grown Cold. Alas.

Shape Shift.

Through Passage Of Lifes Looking Glass.

With Trappings. Robes. Countenance. Essence.

Of What Thee Were.

Did. Or Did Not Do.

Wander In Those Silent Stygian Halls Of Death.