**Meld of Nous**

*December 21, 2014*

'Twas But Ago Nine Moons Three Score Eight Earth Cycles Round Old Sun.

To This Ethereal Bourne I Did Fly.

This Clay Vessel Of Nous.

My Soul. First Joined As One.

I Shape Shifted To This Grace State Of I Of I.

In This Cusp Of Existence First Appear.

From Out Trackless Realm Of Countless Stars. Heavens. Skies.

Where Lye. Infinite Heartbeats Of Life.

What Say. Eternal Unfathomed Days.

Dwarf A Mere Trillion Trillion Trillion Years.

Say So Too So For One As Thee.

Such Step Through Velvet Gate.

To This Old Friend Terre.

From Out Time Space Eternity.

Some One Moon Shy Of Annum Thirty Three.

Thee So Embraced These Ides Of Fate.

Say So. I Plea. Thee. So Contemplate.

Within This Boundless Timeless Cosmos Vast.

The Miracle Of I. Thee. What Doth Await.

As Our Very Quintessence Of Atman Spirit Self May Blend.

As So Close In Space Time.

Eternal Ether Web. Our Soul Comets. Be. Pass.

Say So Alas. May We So Mix. Mingle. Merge. Fuse.

Our Precious Gifts Of Anima Pneuma. Might.

So Twine. Combine.

Say Not Thee So Shy. Fly. Away.

Into Tragic Void Of Never Was.

Amongst Wasteland Of No Not Nay.

Gelid. Cold. Black. Loveless. Stygian Night.

Pray May We Meld.

Our Beings Pure.

Precious Priceless Points Of Light.