MUSINGS ON

December 20, 2014

THE LOOKING GLASS Say Peer. A Moment Into My Heart. Heed Whisper Of My Soul. As Glimpse Of Over. Within Starts. My Nous Now Doth Behold. Day Soon My Blood Run Cold. For Past Be Past Alas. High Noon A Distant Ray. Perchance Next Beat. Breath Be Last. This Be Lifes Final Day. Say So. Say Qui. Say Yes. So Goes. The Cast Of Fate. Say. Does It Matter More Or Less. How Soon Sun Sets. What Path Maintneau I Take. For After Dusk. Night Of Quiet Rest. One Knows. Eternal Dawn Of Sol Will Break. So Weep Not I. For Leaves Of Is What Fall. Nor Mourn Dead Winter Grass. Rather Know. Embrace Rare Silent Call. Of To Be. Say Then. Say. Gaze. Beyond. Through. Ethereal Spirit Looking Glass. All. Foreboding Rain Hail Black Clouds Wind Storm Of Angst. So Too Will Pass.