**Musings on Reality**

*July 27, 2014*

Some Times I Sit In The Midday Sun.

Play Riffs On My Air Guitar.

Ponder If I Be The Only One.

What Sees Things As They Are.

Or Perchance I See Things

As They Are Not.

Life In A Cave Fog Mist.

Reality Is A Fickle Lot. Say Pray Does One Exist.

Or Does Song And Veil Of Life's Illusive Path.

What Sound. Drift. From Out The Void.

Be Mere Mirage Of Being.

Alas.

As Quiddity Lyes Not Within Trackless Seamless Web Net Of Space And Time.

But Rather With.

Ageless Ether.

What Abides.

With Spirit. Soul. Mind.