**Or Say Ernest Was It Thy**

*March 29, 2014*

Ernest Vision And Belief.

From First Thy Heart Beat. Thy Tasted Breath.

That Thy True Horror Of Specter Mirage Of Thyself.

Could Only Taste. Know. Relief.

When By Thy Own Decree. Thee Courted Death.

Thee Lived As Though Thee Were. Did.

So Believed.

In Ways. Most Fitting

To A Man.

And As Thy Mind Body Ego Spirit So Weakened.

Wasted.

Died A Thousand Deaths.

As Thee In Turn Believed. It Time Thy Take Thy Leave.

Once More In Taste.

As Fitting To Most Virile. Mind Heart True. Being.

Thee Stepped To The Mystic Bourne.

Crossed The Rubicon.

In Manner Thee So Ordained.

By Thy Own Hand.