**Panning Out Ides of Fate**

*December 22, 2014*

Prospecting My Nous Pneuma.

Atman. Anima.

Store Of Ethereal Ore.

What Holds Grace.

Of Heart Mind Soul.

Searching For My Spirits Mother Lode.

Thawing. Picking. Shoveling. Panning. Rocking. Sluicing.

Day. Night. Night And Day.

Still Ain't Making Any Show.

Ain't Finding Any Pay.

Still No Color In The Pan.

Still Mere Mark Me Down As Also Ran.

Yet Still I Know For Sure.

Rich Bed Rock Vein Is There.

Maybe One More Load.

Doesn't Matter When How Where.

I Know I'll Hit The Gold.

All I Need Is Needing More.

Running Lean On Faith And Hope.

Tying To Just Hang On. Cope.

Wasn't Born To Die Down Out Hungry Spirit Poor.

I Know I Will Fill My Poke.

If I Just Keep On Trying.

If I Can Just Keep From Dying.

Never Much For Alibiing.

Always Pull My Freight.

So I Will Keep On Digging Trucking.

Thawing. Shoveling. Rocking. Sluicing. Mucking.

Go For Broke.

Life Is No Sad Thrown Off Joke.

Just Throw Down On The Gods.

Call Out Lords Of Chance.

Spin Wheel. Draw Cards.

Toss Di. Of Entropy.

Play It As It Lays.

Hit It Hard And Pray.

Say What.

Will Be.

Will Be.

Pan Out Them Ides Of Fate.