**Perception Conception Death**

*May 11, 2014*

The Spirit Flys Off To Mystic Firmament.

Leaves To Worm Such Nugatory Shell Of Clay.

Shed Not Thy Tears.

For Such Nous Voyage Be.

But Cosmic Call So Meant.

To Free Once More Soul So Bound For Fleeting Day.

As Babe What Cries To Know The Light.

So Too With Precious Atman Has Flown.

From Out The Mystic Realm.

Bourne Of Illusive Night.

As One Life Doth Depart.

One Flys Back Home.

Those Twin Impostors.

Life And Death.

Mirage Of Permanence.

Such Fleeting Wraiths.

From Tearful Cry Of Birth To Joyous Rasp Of Death.

Mere Illusory Spectral Lemures Of Fate.

None Lives. None Die.

None Be But Wink Blink In Time And Space.

Conception.

Demise.

Love Paradox Of. How. What. Why.

Silent Eternal Shapeless Shifts Of Entropy.

The Thee Of Thee. The I Of I. Exist.

As So Perceived.

By Thy Animas Gift. Grace.

Conceived In Beings Faith.