**Pilot of the I**

*July 14, 2014*

Pray Thee Sail. Cross Bar.

Silent Portal Of High Noon.

Step Through. Note. Mystic Door Of Midnight.

One Sparks The Fade To Dark From Light.

Other Spawns Wane Of Lifes Spirit Moon.

Say First. As Sun Dawns Pure At Birth.

To Rise. To Apex Of Thy Life.

With Thy Myopic Glee.

At Fleeting Fragile Dance On Earth.

As Thee Plunge To Stygian Night.

So Too. Inures. Thy Journey Past Threshold Of The Witching Hour.

What Bears Thee To New Bourne Of Nouveaux Turn Of Terre Orb And Soul Wheel. As Nous Seed Has Sprouted. Blossomed.

So Soon Will Wilt Of Thy Ens. Quiddity. Sentient Flower.

Thy Spirit Shift To Cusp Of Next.

Thy Being. Candle Of Now. So Mask. Slay. With Ink Of Over. Snuff. Enshroud. Cloak. Conceal. So Say With No Heed Nor Mind. Meet. Note. Embrace.

Such Twin Impostors Of Cosmic Realm.

What Matter Not In Firmament Of Endless Time And Trackless Space.

As Essence Of Thy Self Will Guide. Steer. Thy Vessel On To Eternal Seas.

As Thy Pilot. With Deity Of Thy I Of I.

Unerring.

At Thy Bow And Helm.