**Portrait of Self**

*August 1, 2014*

Say Pilgrim Of The Ages Pray Might Thee Be So Bold.

Take Up Thy Brush Of Self.

Paint Portrait Of Thy Quiddity.

With Strokes Of Inner Truth.

On Canvas Of The Soul.

In Rare Pigments Of What Thy Are.

What Thy Nous Doth Know And See.

Or Say Perchance Scribe Book And Verse Of All Thee Atman And Clay Vessel Hath.

Seen Thought Done Been.

Peer Into Lifes Looking Glass.

At Such Humor. Irony. Tragedy.

Cry And Laugh.

Of Thy Trail. Path.

Future And Past.

Alas. So Peer And Then.

Peer Past Mirage Of What.

Thee Wish To See.

Gaze Back Again.

So Paint Scribe Peer.

Know Not Illusive Fantasy.

Of What Thy Deeds And Deeds Undone Have Begot.

Wrought.

But Rather Taste The Art. Poem. Song. Book. Mirror.

Of Should. Would. Could. Ought.

The Ghosts Of Might Have Been.

Yea. Still Behold The Gift That Life Has So Bestowed.

The Moments. Musings. Perceptions. Thoughts.

So Dearly Bartered. Bought. Sold.

For Shekels Of Thy Allotted Time And Space.

In This Fickle Realm. Rare State Of Grace.

Still So. Know. Inner Peace.

That What Thee Were. Have Become. Are.

Will Be.

Did Or Did Not Do.

As Right. Real. True.

To True Of You.

So Too. Avec.

Such Empathy.. Embrace.

Thy Place. State. Of Verity.

So Fly. So Meld With Face Of I.

In Solemente And Cosmic Harmony.