**Seeds of Being**

*October 30, 2014*

Knife Thought Of Now Why What Where To Be.

Cut Deep Into My Brain.

Say Lanced The Boil Of I.

Cascade. Cascade. Of Psychic Pain.

To Heights Of Truth Did Fly.

As Veil Of Fear From Out The Years.

Myopic Taboo Of One To Know.

Struck Deaf To Hear.

So Terrified. To See. Behold.

Drawn Back By Ernest Yearning Of The Soul.

I Gazed Into My Spirit Mirror.

My Blood So Struck Ran Cold.

For I So Beheld. So Knew. Spector Not Of Deeds.

Done. Race Run.

Nor Fame. Power. Wealth, Victory.

But Rather Portrait Sure.

Rare. True. Of One’s Fate. Legacy.

Of Ones Quiddity.

So Painted With The Hand Of Charity.

Brush Of Empathy.

In Pigments Of Care Solace Alms.

On Rare. Canvas Of Grace. Love.

Tender Mercies.

For All Aid One Grants To Fallen On Life’s Road.

So Perceive. Heed. Aid.

With Very Essence Of Thy Being.

Thy Fellow Man Who Lies In Ernest Need.

Treasure Of La Vie.

Lies Ne'er With Bounty Of Conquest Strength Might.

No Spoils Of Power.

In Dark Halls Of Nous Blind Night.

But With The Ever Abiding Light.

What Shines From One.

At Empathy.

With Cosmic Entropy.

What Sprouts. Blooms. Flowers.

From Such Sparks Of Human Thought Care.

As Such Essence Of Thy Being.

Sympathy Solicitude Affinity For Thy Sister Brother Of Flesh.

Clay Vessel.

Spawns Precious Fruits Of Eternal Selfless Seeds.