**Self-Faith**

*July 27, 2014*

Sometimes When Life Slips Up On Me.

Taps Shoulder Of My Soul.

I Ponder If I Be Mere Pawn Of Entropy.

Perchance I Be So Bold.

To Peer Into My Spirits Mirror.

Behold My Nous Visage.

Sans Angst. Trepidation. Fear.

Of What Lyes Within Self Hermitage.

Say Be There Be Sweet Peace And Grace.

Of All I Have Seen. Done. Been.

Or Hath This Flight In Time And Space.

Been. Mere Mirage Of When.

I Did All That I Should Not Have Done.

Blind To What I Should Have Embraced.

Pray What Will Come Of Those Precious Moments To Come.

Will Perchance I Still Know.

Harvest. Taste.

Rare Fruits Of Self Faith.