**Shift of Soul**

*November 8, 2014*

Waiting For The Midnight Hour.

Thee Atman Clock

Has Struck High Noon.

Nous Sun Has Set.

Seeds Of Self.

Have Long Since Flowered.

Buds Of Soul Have Bloomed.

Pneuma Blossoms Wilt.

With Ebb Flow

Of Thy Vital Tides.

Fade. Retreat.

Eclipse. Of One’s Psychic Moon.

While Leaves Of Quiditity

Have Not Quiet All Fallen Yet.

Ones Autumn Is On The Wane.

Bite Of Winter Gelid Winds.

Cruel Kiss Of Cold Harsh Rain.

Will Blow. Fall. Begin.

So Soon. So Soon.

One Notes Fade

Of Sustaining Touch.

Of Beings Guiding Light.

As One With Raw Fear. Torment.

Of Uncertainty.

Of What Will Be.

Wanders In Stygian

Ides Of Night.

For One May Ne'er Stay

Relentless Hands Of Time.

Sands Flow Unceasingly.

Through Lifes Hour Glass.

Existence Lyes Within

Nous. Spirit. Ego. Id.

Heart. Perception. Mind.

Clay Vessel Fades

From Portal Of Birth.

Along Ere Twisting Cosmic Path.

Mere Moment On

This Illusive Bourne Of Earth.

One Thinks. There By One Is.

Perceives And So Exists.

Within Each Blink. Wink. Of Time.

Mere Formless Speck

Of Boundless Space.

Lives.

Amongst Ethereal Mystic Rare

Void And Mist.

So Care Not

As Mortal Life Subsides.

Nor Suffer Angst

At Where When If.

Thee Pass.

Ask Not Pourquoi. Why.

For No Soul Ere Dies.

But Knows Perpetual State Of Grace.

Ne'er Dies.

Mere Passes On.

With Spin. Turn.

Of Wheel Of Entropy.

Mere Eternally Shape Shifts.