**Spark of Being**

*August 1, 2014*

The World Lyes Tinder Dry.

With Thirst For Self Liberty.

Starving Babies Cry And Die.

Fathers. Mothers.

Chained To Pick Shovel Hoe.

Lash Of Shekel.

Bondage Of Vigorous.

Tax Man Slavery.

One Match Of Conscience Thought May Fire Inferno.

Rage Of Peon Serf Pawn.

Sound Call To Arms.

Bugle Of The Populace Ring Revolutions Dawn.

For Who Amongst The Noble One Percent Heeds Their Wretched Plight.

Affords To Such Poor Pilgrims Empathy.

A Taste Of Care Or Sympathy.

Notes Suffering Of Their Endless Night.

As Such Pneuma Starved Knaves Must Curse The Dark.

Sans One Small Ray Of Light.

Alas Men Have Come To Live.

In Perception Nets.

Cocoons. Caves. Myopic Cages.

Bell Jars Of Phobic Shells.

Dead With Fear Of Happenstance.

Deaf To Such Conscience Bells Soft Knell.

Dance In Heated Agony.

Of Self Fired Kilns Of Anxious Hell.

Mute. Aghast At Ides Of Cosmic Chance.

Scurry About Throughout Thoughts Stygian Abyss.

The Very Nous Of Self.

Askance. Asunder. Amiss.

Shy At Shadow Of The Spirit.

Atman. Soul.

Still Pray A Cosmic Spark Of Seeing Being May Yet Ignite.

The Flame Of I. Before Thy World.

Succumbs. Grows Cold.

Yet Say One Candle Persevere.

Still Flicker In the Wind One Coal Amongst The Ashe.

What Still Flares. Calls Of When.

One Beheld The Acid Test.

Be Speaks Begets.

The Ring Of Hope.

That Over.

Is Not Yet.

Nor Pipers Bill Has Posted.

Filtered Through.

For Life Force Ebbs Surges.

Each Heart Beat.

Each Precious Breath.

On Mystic Voyage From Birth To Death.

Say Doth Thy Life Song Sound Anew.

Or Does Mors Curtain Call So Call For Thee.

The Piper Seek His Noted. Dreaded. Due.

The Reaper Of Regret Remorse.

Grim Ghost Fog Of Would Have.

Could Have.

Should Have.

Might Have Been.

Drift in.

Call The Roll For You.