**To Be**

*Goose Creek- September 28, 2014*

Waltzing In The Wilderness.

Does It Matter More Or Less.

If Le Monde Tells Me No Or Yes.

Or Even Speaks To Me At All.

For Who Gives Note To Sagas Wrote.

Of Dead Who Dance Among The Raw Abyesse.

In Firmament. So Cold. Ah History. Rare Entropy.

Laughs To See. Jest Of Tales So Told.

As Saint King Pope No More Mind Spark.

Heart Beat. Taste Breath.

Join Train Of Countless Souls.

What Languish In Cruel Void Of Death.

Sleep With Clod Worm In Narrow Room With Sod Roof Immersed In Eternal Dark.

Hollow Applause Of World And Men.

Repast Of Fame. Feast Of Acclaim.

Draft Of Bitter Sweet Grape Of Deeds So Done. Pale. Wither. Dye.

As Goblins Trolls Witches Of The Soul.

Call Due Their Due.

From One As You.

Or Pray From One As I.

There In The Rub. The Lye. For What Is Reality.

But What I Know. Perceive. Think. See.

Say Should I So Cease To So Dance Among The Cosmic Waltz Of Entropy.

With Nous Spark In Clay Vessel Of The Blink. Wink.

In Time.

Snuff Out By My Own Step Beyond This Mind Monde Of Thought.

Such Flame Of Is So Dearly With My Essence Bartered Bought.

No Other Spirit Need Scribe In The Book Of Being.

Of Rather I Go. Desist. Surcease. Pass.

Or Stay.

Most Sublime. As They So Cast Their Own World Of Is.

Parallel To Shell. Sphere Of Mine.

Eternal Yet In This Form Fleeting.

I Simply Cease To So Ruminate. Ideate.

Muse. Conceive. Believe. Thereby Cease To Be.