**ABIDE DE I OF I**

I Listen To Night Winds.

What Moan. Whisper. Cry.

Amongst The Welkin Way.

Sing Dark Yet Melodic.

Query. Why Of Why.

Only The Good And Young

Must Die.

Life Lasts But N'er A Day.

Till Beat Breath Of Being

Pass By.

Rare Etherial Is Of Is.

Withers. Wanes.

Fades Away.

Say. Pray.

It Be Because.

Although I Try.

With All My

Soul Mind Heart.

To Live As Though

One Ought To Be.

Faith In Oneself

E'er Turns. Subsides.

With Each

Shape Shift De Entropy.

Luminesce. Light. De. La Vie.

Grows Grey.  Algid. Cold. Dark.

As Face Of Over.

Appears.

From Self Angst. Woe. Fear.

In Atmans E'er Clear.

Certain Mirror.

Begin Of Never Starts.

Curtains. Doors. Veil.

Of Perception.

Part.

Reaper Paints For I Thee.

His Stygian Masterpiece.

With Atman Brush.

So Sings Of Such.

Black Practiced Mortal.

Mort Spawned Arts.

Eternal Dance De Self Fired.

Fate Of Death Waltz Starts.

Yet To My Store Of Being.

Such Doth Yet Still Impart.

Peace. Calm. Comfort. Grace.

Alms Of Knowing.

One Never Truly Passes. Dies.

But Rather.

Embrace The Is Of This.

I Of I.

Lives. Persists.

Abides.

Eternally.

For All Of Time And Space.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 11/21/15.*

*Rabbit Creek At Midnight*

*And Dawn.*

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