**AM I**

Am I but mere hollow shell empty clay vessel

Of one wasted soul in route to Bourne of distant yet impending eternal hell

Once heart no longer beats mind spirit die

Thoughts breaths cease blood congeals runs cold

Save all my tracks on life's beach sure wash out with ebb surge of la vie final tide Through hour glass of amour sands of over drift flow as passion withers dies

A solemnity will o wisp say only ethereal wraith ghost being

What doth exist save but flotsam what drifts in cosmic sea of entropy

What wanders in blue fog gelid mist as one ponders strives

To Devine rare Gordian mystery of end begin of space time what it means to be.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 11/7/15.*

*On Rabbit Creek Road At High Noon.*

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