**Cosmic Legacy of La Vie**

*January 11, 2015*

Say Perchance Deux

Nine Power Of Ten

Breaths Beats Of Heart.

Perhaps Score Times More.

Thoughts. Since I.

First Tasted Life Spark.

Soul. Self. Anima. Seed.

In This Terra Realm.

First Sprouted.

Budded. Flowered.

I In This Grand Realm

Of Being Soared.

Still I Ponder Does It Matter.

More Or Less.

If I Of I Still So Ponders.

Draws Breath.

Wanders Mongst

This Earthly Bourne.

Or Say Take My Leave.

Waltz Once Anon

With My Old Friend Death.

From This Vale Of Tears.

Be. Gone.

Will But Another Being

Take Note.

Say May There Be

Three Score Of Ten

Power Of Eight

Such Cusps Left.

As Precious Gift Of Day.

Gives Way To Eternal Night.

Another Mark Of Finished

Scribed. Logged.

In Blood Of Over Wrote.

In Reapers Journal.

As Stygian Darkness

O'er Takes The Light.

As Tracks I So Trod

In Sands Of Life.

Winds Blow. Tides Wash.

All Trace. Of Fading Marks.

No Mas. No Mas.

Will Still Amongst Ether.

Of The Cosmic Mist.

Waves Flow. As So.

I Still Exist.

From My Passage Though

Such Countless States

Of Entropy.

My Very Self. Anima. Nous.

Quintessence Of Thought.

By State Of Being.

So Crafted. Fashioned.

Eternal Legacy Of La Vie.

So Wrought.