**Floes of Life**

*March 1, 2015*

Stranded On Cold Floes Of Life.

I Drift Into Dim Dalphous Fog.

With Pen Of Self.

In Ledger Of Soul.

I Write. Note. Scribe. Log.

Accounts Of La Vies Arrows.

Slings. Harsh Missives. Stones. Rocks.

So Cast Before The Bar.

Sad Fruits. Of Angst.

Fates Wheel Turn Brings.

Dark. Runes. Tunes.

Of Torment.

My Poor Heart Warbles.

Sings. Raw. Tortuous Scars.

Of Being. Of Which My Nous Takes Stock.

At Relentless.

Tick Tock Of Cosmic Clock.

Yet As I Venture In.

To Stygian Night.

Say Curse The Waning Light.

So Too. At Each Breath. Beat.

Life Begins Again. Pneuma.

Quintessence. Calm. At Peace.

With Kiss Of Real. Right. Complete.

My Atman. Whispers. Speaks. Soars.

Takes Fight. I Of I.

Doth Fly. To Taste New Blessings Of New Day.

Pray. Say. Give

Thanks. Of Rare Gift.

To Be. Embrace This Now Of Now.

Rare Cusp. In Time.

Space. Miracle. Truth. Verity.

Embrace. Grace.

Nouveau.

Alms Of Entropy.