**Joy of Is**

*May 10, 2015*

There Is No Such Thing As A Bad Day.

Just Good. Better.

Superior. Best.

Another Grand Step On Life’s Mystic Way.

Each Thought. Beat. Pulse.

Breath. Each Dawn.

Rare Taste Of Entropy's Gifts.

Having Beheld Etherial Bourne Of Next.

Peered Through Cosmic Portal Of Death.

N'er Passed Through.

So Stepped.

I Rejoice Reapers Dark Scythe Has Not Yet.

Cut. Harvested. Shocked Up. Threshed.

My Precious Grain Of Self.

Some Time In This Vale Still Be Left.

So Fate Hurled Rocks. Sticks. Stones. Harsh Missives.

Spears. Arrows. Slings.

What May Each Track Of Sol Cross The Sky.

Fly. Be Cast.

N'er Strike Mark Of My.

Nous. Ens. Esse. I Of I.

Rather Simply Soar Past.

This Miracle Of Self. Being. Life.

That A Soul Such As I.

Within Clay Vessel Be.

Still Lives. Thinks. Breathes.

Exists. Impervious. To Care.

Woe. Angst. Torment.

Shame. Strife.

Give Thanks To Exquisite Life Grace.

In This Cusp Of Time. Space.

Infinite Joy Of Is.