**Log of Heart Mind**

*January 17, 2015*

If I Could Truly Read My Mind.

Peer Deep Into Myopic Mirror Of My Heart.

Pourquoi Mystery. I Might Find.

Pray When Where Would One Need To Start.

To Catalouge. Raw Pain Scars Fears.

What So Denigrate My Peace Of Spirit.

My Weary Id Ego Behold.

From Slings Arrows. Remorse. Regret. Guilt. Shame.

Across The Years.

As Tears Fall Down Like Rain.

As Tides Of Would Could Should.

So Ebb. Flow. Or Say Log. Joy. Peace. Love.

By Fellow Man Bequeathed.

Blessings From Spirits Above.

As Nous Hour Glass Notes Sifting Life Sands.

While Ones Quintessence Doth Entreat.

The Ancient Gods Of Entropy.

Twin Deities. Of Time. Space.

To Grant To Poor Pilgrim Such As I. Thee.

Perchance Gift Of Thought.

As One Contemplates Wiles Ides Of Fate. Atman.

Pneuma. Esse. Self-Sown. Wraiths.

Gazes In Spirits Looking Glass.

At Verity. Of Ones Visage. Pure.

Unmasked. Inner Face.

At All One’s Life Has Wrought.

A Vision Of Hope. Free Of Angst.

Gloom. Doom. N'er Of Light. Devoid. Bereft.

Know Precious Gift. Ah Say.

One More Beat. Breath.

Among This Ethereal Path Of Woe Joy Love Hate.

A Stay Perhaps For One More Tick Tock Of Cosmic Clock.

Dark Reapers Bell Toll.

What Seeks Thy Soul. Thee Not With Toss. Roll.

Of Fortunes Di. Of Now. Throw.

Lowly Ambsace. But Cast. Make Point.

Of Self. So Gain.

Another Moments Grace.