**Mirage of Mors**

*Rabbit Creek- April 28, 2015*

Each Rise Of Sol My Soul Doth Rise.

At Gift Of Nouveau Life Yielding Day.

Once More To Live. Know I Of I.

Along The Welkin Way.

At Uno Mas. Nous Dawn. Move On.

From Out Quiet Slumber Of The Night.

Once More Conceived. Spawned. Reborn.

Taste Gift. Alms. Kiss.

Of Light Of Life.

Amongst Precious Living Bourne.

Say Should Next Thought. Breath. Beat.

My. Thy. Spirit Sun So Fade.

Darken. Set. Rejoice. I. Thee.

At Treasured Realm.

To Where One Strides Sails Soars Journeys Fly’s.

Now Knows. Greets. Meets.

Blessed Distant Range Fields Main Of Next.

What Thy. My. Shipshape Of Entropy Begets.

So Embrace With Yes.

Such Cusp Of Grace.

In Time And Space.

To Rise. Think. Perceive.

Be There Ten Thousand Or Save One Such Terre Sun Path Be Left.

It Matters Not. For Each Now. Maintneau.

Be Eternal. New Birth Springs Anon.

From Each Sojourn.

Of Couch Of Mystic.

Aphotic Caliginous Tenebrous Rest.

As Phoenix Of Ones Esse.

Arises From Ashes Of Thanatos Jesters.

E'er Spin. Wheel Turn.

Cast Of Cosmic Di.

Of All Void. Loss. Mort. Of La Vie. Verity.

Quiddity. Hacciety. Devoid.

Bereft. Cross Ethereal Specious.

Mors Mirage Veil Of Death.