**Musings of the Night**

*Rabbit Creek- July 29, 2015*

In Stygian Void Of Souls Gelid Night.

One’s Spirit Muses. Ponders. Cries.

From Whence Remorse Regret Of Visage Of Self Takes Flight.

Where Lyes.

Illusive Essa.

Of I Of I.

Perchance Within.

Thy Vanquished Veil.

What With Bright Mark Cross Crucifix Of Self.

Doth Exorcise.

Old Ghosts Of Might Have Been.

Grey Wraiths Of Wish. Would. Could. Should.

Goblins. Gould. Trolls.

Of Mind. Nous. Heart.

What Pine For Past Foregone Cusps De When.

One Passed From Bloom Of Youth.

To Fallen Leaves.

Dead Flowers.

Faded Husks Of Old.

Say Not Yet Dead.

Thy Precious Being.

Nor Mourn.

Thy Withered Corpse Of Flow Of Entropy.

As Nouveau Dawns Rare Touch Still Lies.

With Each Tick. Tock.

Of Cosmic Clock.

Within Thy Ens Heart Head.

Be Sparked. Spawned. Born.

At Blessed Rise.

Sol Rays Of Nous Spirit Soul Self.

What Ne'er Die.

But Er'er Endure. Thrive.

Within Thy Store.

Of Verity.

Pure Essence. Stuff. Core.

Of Thy Quiddity.

Alms. Of. Is. Am. To Be.