**Ponder of Marooned**

April 9, 2015

Pray May I Be Marooned.

Stuck Up Esse Dismal Creek.

Quicksand Mired.

In Nous Dearth Of Verity.

No Light Of Truth

Of Which I Seek.

For Such A Wretch As Me.

N'er But Blind Eyes Of Spirit .

Behold.

In Looking Glass Of Self.

Myopic Vision Of My Soul.

Grey Visage Of Might Have Been.

Specter Of Wasted

Mind Heart Health.

Life Miracles Shunned.

To N'er Rise Again.

Or Perchance I Take Laboring Oar.

Dig Deep. Set Sail. To Atman Wind.

Draw Life

From All So Gone Before.

Embrace.

In Endless. Time.

Trackless. Boundless. Space.

This Cusp Of Entropy.

What Offers Gift Of Now.

To Moi. Pneumas

Sad Stark Desperate Needs.

Know Peace Of Tao. What Calls.

Give Thanks For Precious Alms

Of All Of All.

So Fly. To Bourne Of Is. Where.

With Next Breath. Beat. Lyes.

Rare Quintessence Of I Of I.

Rejoice.

As La Vie Once More Begins.