**Reflections on Esse of Self**

*May 22, 2015*

Walking On The Down Side.

Trying To Thumb A Psychic Hit.

Catch A Mystic Contemplative Ride.

Confront Existence.

Is Of Is. It Of It.

Guess It's Time To Let It Out.

Nothing Left To Hide.

All My Fear Of Fear.

Subsides. Be Gone.

Abhorrence Of Raw Face Of I.

Reflected In Self Looking Glass.

Souls Fateful Mirror.

My Foolish. Myopic Pride.

Has Withered. Faded.

No Mas. No Mas.

Say Up And Died. Cratered. Deep Inside.

So No Mas. No Mas.

May. I Perception Stay.

This Cusp Of Space. Time.

Compels. Deigns.

I Must Find. Truth.

No Mas. No Mas.

May I Refuse To See. To Know.

Words Of To Be.

Runes Of Entropy.

In Hand Of Such It. Is.

Written. So Scribed.

On Wall Of La Vie.

Life Leaves Of Tea.

So Decipher. Read.

As Heart. Spirit. Mind.

Agonize. Moan. Whimper. Cry.

No Mas. May I Such Fable Repeat.

Take Solace With.

Blind Eye. Deaf Ears.

Paint. Speak. To Myself.

Devoid Of Verity. Reality.

Awash In Phantasm. Wraiths.

Of Self Serving Cartoons. Of Being.

Shameless Baseless Lies.

Alas I Behold.

As One Who Is. Lives.

As Sol Flys Cross Ones Sky.

Must. With Mortal Light Of Trust.

Esse Of I Of I.