**Rune of Agane**

*March 30, 2015*

Pray If My Nous Might Paint My Masterpiece.

Say Soul Quill So Scribe Quintessence Rune.

What Ernest Hope Of Mind Spirit Atman So Dearly Seek.

To Cypher. Share. Pine.

Perchance. I So Conceive.

Then Such Seeds Spawn.

They Sprout To Rare Welkin Flowers. So Bloom.

With Ethereal Brush Of I Of I.

On Cosmic Canvas Of Space And Time.

In Mystic Verse. Pigments Of Was Is Will Be If When Where Why.

With Pen. Ink. Of Verity.

Reality. Truth Of Being.

Seeing. Living. Perceiving. Thinking.

I. So Devine. So Capture. Log.

One Iota Of Such.

What Dances In Shadows Light.

Each Moment Of Eternity.

What Beats Within Sad Fragile Yet E'er Triumphant Heart Of Mine.

Along This Fleeting Fickle Path.

From Wraith Of Dawns Birth.

To Mirage Of Death At Night.

So Them I Might Enjoy Savor Rare Semblance Of Quietude.

Tranquil Peace. From Out This Vale Of Woe Angst Suffering.

To Know At Least.

I Be Born. Lived.

Struggled. Died. Not In Vain.

But Say By Poor Missive Of Self So Cast.

To Winds Perchance What Blow To Another Soul.

On Distant Shore. I Rise.

Once More. Embrace.

N'er Ending Life.

Be Born Agane.