**Self-Freedom**

*January 23, 2015*

Pray Fashion Not Thee A Fine Strong Noose.

From Out Thy Spirit Rope.

For Trap Door Of Self So Sprung.

No Knife Of Mind Exists.

What May Then Cut Thee Loose.

Nor Might Thee Soul.

Stay Thy Fall With Inner Hope.

Heed Self Freedoms Pipe And Shout.

Break Out. Break Out.

Say Rather Pry Thy Nous Cell Bars Apart.

Tear Down Those Cold Self Hewn.

Dark. Foreboding Stone Tower Walls.

What Cage Thy Poor Captive Heart.

As Liberty Of Thy Being Calls.

Strike Off Those So Self Imposed.

Chains. Bonds. Of Angst. Woe.

For Hangman Who Would Lye Thy Esse Down.

To Sleep In Narrow Clay Room.

With Sod Roof. Root. Worm.

Rot Adorned Bed. Harkens. Answers.

To Sad Mournful Sound.

Of Thy Own Whisper. Eulogy.

As I Of I Walks With Wraiths Of Self Spawned.

Seeded. So Self Condemned Dead.

So Soar. Above Such Mind Heart Pneuma Fears.

Above Such Self Same Terror Fly.

For All Space. Time. Eternity.

Countless Eons Of Eons Of Years.

So Free. Thy Being. Anima Store Of Verity.

Quintessence Of La Vie.

Will N'er Fade. Whither. Die.