**AGAIN.**

As Earth Of My La Vie Once More.

Turns. Revolves. Spins.

Doth My Life Sol Rise Or Set.

Being Day Fade To Dusks End.

Or Yet Spirit Nights Dawn To Uno Mas Begin.

Pray Say What Doth Fate Beget.

Rare Rapture Of Grace Harmony.

Soar To Heights Of Such Being Bliss.

Or Crash To Dismal Tragedy.

At Black Di Cast Fatal Kiss.

May Maintenant.

My Nous Be Buffeted.

By Cruel Harsh Winds.

Of Tale De Told You So.

Cold Rain Sleet Hail

Of Might Have Been.

My Soul Indeed Need Pay Would Could Should.

Debt. Tab. Marker. Toll.

As Old Wasted Moments Days Years Now Turn Within.

Or Say Sprout Bud Flower.

Bear Fruit Of Selfless Grant. Grand Deeds Done. Races Run.

Alms De Self Afforded

To Fellow Women. Men.

Each Day Night A Cusp Of Being When.

As Phoenix Of Yore,

Life Anew Rises.

Spawned Conceived. Reborn.

As World. Le Monde.

Revolves. Turns.

Spins. Again.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/12/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dusk.

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