**BEING BUBBLE CUSPS OF SELF.**

Thought Bubbles Spawned From Floor Of Sea Of Soul.

Rise Through La Vie Night.

Break Surface As Nous Doth Behold.

Maintenant. Nouveau.

New Points Of Being Light.

At Sol Of Self Rare Next Rise.

From Deep Within Ones Esse Conceived.

From Crucible. Creation.

Spring. Fountainhead.

Of Mind.

What Now By Grace Of Fate,

One Doth Perceive.

What Say May Have Slumbered In Pure Silent Dance Of Energy.

From Primordial. Dawn.

Birth.

Genesis. Of Space And Time.

Say As Such Sweet Spirit Sol Rise.

Doth Kiss Ones Day.

From Out Life Bourne.

Of Nod.

One Trundles On Fickle Random Way.

To Fly Agane Cross Welkin Sky.

Till Mortal Dusk Curtain May. Drop. Fall. Morph.

Draw Neigh.

Atman Once More Beholds Mirage Of Visage.

Of Myth Of God.

Say For State Of Is Is.

Doth Say Exist. Say.

By Only State.

Of Alms Of Thought.

Ones Quintessence

De Is. Is.

Say Naught.

But By Sole Dent

Of Such Mentality.

Lucidity Missives.

De Reality. Actuality.

Verity. Felicity.

Ethereal Star Bursts

Of Pneuma Grace.

What Ward Off. Shield.

Thy Consciousness.

Quiddity. Haecceity.

From False

Psychic Prophets Of Mendacity.

What Pulse Quantum

Bolts Of Truth.

Fly To Thee.

Cross Such Trackless Möbius Realm Of Time Space.

Pure Reason.

Wisdom. Sagacity.

Crafted Cusps Of Entropy.

By Random Cosmos Hand So Wrought.

PHILLIP PAUL. 11/30/16.

Rabbit Creek At High Noon.

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