**BIRTH AT MORN.**

Faithful Soma.

Flesh Blood Spirit Cloak. What With Each Thought Beat Breath Unfolds.

Miracle Of Sustenance. Sanctuary.

De Thy Precious Self Chamber.

Esse Home.

Protective Body Crafted Coat.

Clay Vessel Of My Ethereal Soul.

Faithful Servant What Doth Grant Safe Harbor.

To Flare Flame Fire.

Life Giving Spark.

Of Moi Essence De La Vie.

That Not Yet. Not Yet.

Moi Being Wane Wither Die Grow Cold.

Done Over Dark.

I Still Dance This Fragile Fickle Dance.

Of Terre Bound Waltz Of Entropy.

Pray Say Thee Withstand.

My Blind Deaf Dumb Mortal Abuse.

Of Thee.

What By My Own Unknowing Uncaring Unseeing Hand.

I So Inflict.

On Thy Most Gracious Form.

De Moi Selfless Saving Grace Of To Be.

That Thee May Endure

Arrows Of My Life Bows.

Sharp Sticks.

Harsh Stones.

Hurled By My Myopic

Slings.

Catapults.

So Recklessly Unfurled.

As I Ignore.

Cuts Slashes Scars.

My To Thee Such Blindness Brings.

To Thy Organic Sacrifice.

That I May So Live.

Not Yet Die.

Thee Still Give.

To My I Of I.

Shelter From The Storm.

Each Dawn. Sol Rise.

Thee Be From Mind Mort Touch Of Sleep Of Night.

Called Awake.

To New Cusp Of Fate.

Be Refreshed.

Made Right.

At Nouveau Morn.

Thee. I.

Survive. Alive. Reborn.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/17/16.

Rabbit Creek At Midnight.

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