**BOOK OF SELF.**

My Life Be Naught.

But.

An Open Book.

Of All That Fate Hath So Rendered. Brought.

Rare Ledger Of My Soul.

All Fellow Women Men May At Their Leisure Look.

Therein So Faithfully.

Written. Scribed. Scrolled.

All Deeds Done. Undone.

Races Ran. N'er E'er Run.

Life Cusps To Yet Unfold.

Past Rise Set To Be Of Dawn Dusk Of Spirit Sun.

When First I Did Behold.

Goodness Stores Of My Esse.

What Did So Wrought.

Pure Grace For All Mankind.

Markers. Debts. Liens.

Of Siren Selfish Baubles Sought Bartered Bought.

At Dear Toll Of Heart And Mind.

Say Pray May Thee Read Therein.

Sum Saga So To See.

At Twilight. Nightfall. Days End.

No Verse. Talley. Tracks. Pen.

Trace Of Rank Mendacity.

But Rather. Pure Truth Writ Script Of Precious.

Verity. Felicity.

Integrity.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/4/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dawn.

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