CAN I.

When Twilight Falls.

Dusk Whispers Call

My Eyes Of I.

Gaze Into Raw Looking Glass.

Of My Ethereal Soul.

Visage Of My Inner Self.

Behold.

Where Lie.

Fruits Of What I Was.

All What I Was Meant To Be.

What I Have Become.

With Deeds Done.

Or Say Yet Undone.

Races Ran. Or Say N'er Run.

Old Ghosts Of Might Have Been.

Wraiths From Days Of When.

I Wandered In Those Deep Dark Misty Blue.

Cold Forsaken Woods.

Of Would. Could. Should.

Maintneau I Know.

Avec Alms From To My Fellow Man.

Laurels Of Faith.

Of Know I Can.

As Blue Moon Rises.

Day Wanes. Dies.

My Nous Spirit Cry.

To Algid Gelid Heartless Sky.

Why Hath. My I Of I.

Now Say May Hath Perchance Passed By.

I Cry Cry Cry.

Why. Why. Why.

So Lies My I Of I.

Pray Say May I.

Maybe Still Can.

Become With My Being As One.

Become A Man.

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/21/16.

Rabbit Creek.

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