**COSMIC KNOCK.**

Knock On Thy Ethereal Cosmic Wood.

For Would. Could. Should.

Cross Your Fingers.

For Might Have Been.

For Maintneau.

Be Fruits.

Born Of Gale Winds

Of Ones Primordial Self.

Thy Spirit Nous Esse Hath Weathered Withstood.

From Bye Gone Days Of When.

Thy Rose Was In The Bloom.

The Tulip In The Bud.

Sunrise Still Warm.

Still Mid Morn.

Ne'er Near High Noon.

Thy Waters Of Soul Body Mind In The Flood.

Yet Now Thee Must Cope.

As Tides Of Thy I O I.

Wash Out. So Ebb.

With Dusk. Set Of Sol.

Twilight Fade Of Mortal Hope.

Heed Mournful Call.

Mort Whisper Of The Dead.

Who Sing To Thee.

With Song Of Quixotic Muse.

Cross Mystic Threshold Of Eternity.

To Join That Caravan.

Of Kings Queens Popes Priest Serfs Peons Peasants Common Folk.

To Lie As One.

As Terre Life Be Done.

Mix Mingle Meld Merge Fuse.

As In Days Of Yore.

Now. To Come. Before.

In Shared Rock Ribbed Soil Crypt.

Worm Root Shroud Accoutered Earthen Bed.

Say As Sun Doth Fly Cross Welkin Sky.

Long Past Such Bright High Noon.

As Dark Consumes The Light.

Thee So Join Agane.

Those Souls From Whence Thee Sprang.

To Community Of Narrow Clay Sod Roofed Rooms.

Unity Of The Tomb.

So Knock On Wood.

Of Would Could Should.

Dream Of Might Have Been.

That Pray Say In Next Cusp. Shape Shift.

Möbius Wheel Turn.

Of If.

Thee Rise. To Live. Again.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/10/16.

Rabbit Creek At High Noon.

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