**GRAND MORT COSMIC MASQUERADE.**

I Donned My Nouveau Spirit Mask Of Self.

To Attend.

Grand Mort Cosmic Masquerade.

Dressed As Dark One Of Death.

In Robe Woven

Of Wilted Withered

Fallen Leaves Of Dying Breaths.

I Hath Gathered Along The Way.

I Drove My Coach Of Might Have Been.

Pulled By Black Horses

Of Would Could Should. Attended By Elves From Past Days Of When.

I Wandered In The Woods. Of Mournful Weeping Willow Trees.

Of What Was Not.

What Now Have Sprouted New Roots Shoots.

Of Ne'er E'r Will Be.

A Dreadful Lot.

Of Husks Of Wasted Cusps Of Entropy.

Yet Still My Chest Of Esse.

Be Full.

My Coat Cloak Of Nous Adorned Avec.

Treasure.

Laurels.

Still Yet.

With Gifts Alms Of Deeds.

Grace Of One As I So Bequeathed.

My Quintessence Did Beget.

To La Monde.

From Atman Coffers De Moi La Vie.

As I Arrived.

Was Met By Strains.

Of Times E'er Haunting Symphony.

As Orchestra Of Being Played Mournful Hymns.

Of Ones Pure Certain

Sure Mortality.

The Clock Struck Twelve.

At Reapers Witching Hour.

As Death Bells Tolled For Me.

My Allotted Years Months Days Hours Seconds Expired.

I Et Ancient Thanatos Waltzed Danced.

With Ides Of Fate.

Di Cast Of Chance.

In Pirouette Of Fini.

As My Soul Voice

Once More Sang.

Joined.

The Cosmos Choir.

In Perfect Tranquility. Peace. Harmony.

At One With All Yet To Transpire.

For All Eternity.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/22/16.

Rabbit Creek At High Noon.

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