**HARD ROCK SOUL ASSAY.**

Panning Out My Spirit.

Sluicing Out My Soul.

Assaying Tailings Of My Self.

See If Any Color Is Left.

Looking For Some Hidden Being Gold.

Hard Rock Mined Grey Deep Shafts Of Life.

For Nine Plus Rough Tough Decades.

Struggle. Toil. Woe. Pain. Angst. Strife.

Now My Sun Sets. Pales. Wanes. Fades.

Way Past Way Past Cusp Of High Noon.

Day Light Gives Way.

To Fall Of Dusk.

So Soon. So Soon.

Dark Black Vale Of Night.

I Blasted. Bedrock Shear Faces.

Of Misfortunes Enduring Loss.

Fired. Burnt. Melted.

Ancient Perma Frost.

Of Ides Of Fate.

Weathered Hail Sleet Snow.

De Arrows Slings Stones.

Of Worlds Scorn Ire. Hate.

Dug. Tunneled. Picked. Shoveled. Moiled.

Mucked For Luck.

Prospecting No Show No Go No Pay.

Fools Gold

False Dream Laced.

Self Wealth Barren Soil.

A Searching For Illusive

La Vies Rich Storied Vein.

Pining For Ethereal.

Pure Ore State Of Grace.

De That Nous Bonanza Strike.

Twenty Four Seven.

Days Nights.

Of Endless Toil.

From Dawn To Dark.

Scars Of Busted Trust.

Lost Loves Ache

E'er Gripping.

Sharp Knife Thrusts.

Cruel In My Heart.

Cold As North Winds Harsh.

Touch Of Winter Rain.

Now At Breakup. Cleanup.

Just.

Still Trying To Fill My Atman Poke.

Perchance.

Just A Few Specks Small Nuggets.

Dust.

Say Perhaps. Maybe.

Pray.

Pay Day.

Of A Little Ray Of Hope.

No Way Else.

May I Hope To Cope.

Here At End.

Of My Hard Rock Soul Mining Rope.

A Sliding Down

That No Come Back Slippery Dying Slope.

PHILLIP PAUL 12/20/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dusk.

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