**HARVEST OF POTATO.**

Once More As Voice OF Winter Calls.

Autumn Leaves Drift Swirl. Fall.

South Voyage Of Sun.

Has Flown. Begun.

Time Of Harvest Time Hath Come.

To Dig My Crop Of Lowly Potato.

With Wield Of Shovel. Rake. Pick. Hoe.

Gather Thus And So.

From Spring Planted Starts.

What Took Root.

To Flourish. Now Impart.

For Moi Sustenance. Bestow.

Such Clay Vessel Nourishment.

What From Air Soil Rain Care Did Grow.

So Too As Winter Storm Of My Years.

Gales Bite Of Nous Woe.

Pain Angst Tears.

Doth Howl. Reign. Blow.

Voice Of Moi Atman.

Whisper Now Be The Time To Mine My Soul.

For Fruit Of Deeds Thoughts Roots.

From Days Of Old.

As With Rare Pomme De Terre.

Some Grand. From Grace. Sprout Bud Bloom Flower.

Yet Too At This Witching Hour.

Some Rotten.

Some So Spoiled.

With Mold. Mildew.

Shot Through And Through.

From Wilt. Wane. Wither.

Where.

From Seeds Of Heart. Spirit Mind.

De Mendacity.

Of Verity. Felicity.

Most Cruel Unkind.

Weeds Of Rancor. Greed. Need.

Choke Out Portion Of My

I Of I.

So Mort. Fini.

So Dead. So Died.

Like Such Failed Potatoes.

Fallen Prey.

To Days.

Of Dark. Dank. Clime. Such Blight On My Soul.

For All Of Space And Time.

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/2/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dawn.

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