**LIFE CUSP DE DUSK MORN**

As Life Sol Fades To Gentle Dusk.

Ones Soul Beholds Quiet Visage Of Beings Night.

Siren Call Of Velvet Cusp.

Self Fade Of La Vie Precious Light.

What Nous May Still Know New Dawn.

New Morn.

Ones Mind Turns To Etherial Mystic Forms.

What On Memory Pallet Dance.

As Band Plays Poignant Notes De Last.

Alms. Gifts. Torments Of Days De Past.

Great Thanks.

Would Could Should.

Might Have Been.

Wish. Want. Wraiths.

Ghosts. Of Chance.

Deeds Done. Undone.

Old Roads Taken. Untaken.

Way Back When.

When Blood Was Fresh.

Vibrant. Young.

Mind Back Legs Lungs.

Heart.

Beat Breath.

Strong. Sure.

Not Yet.

Hath Euphoric Hymns De Birth.

Began Morph To Dirge De Death.

Not Yet. Begun.

The Silent Tragic Start.

Of Slip De Noose Of Age.

What So Soon Calls Thee Home.

Garrotes Thy Fickle Hold.

On Fragile. Fleeting Life.

Say Now As One No Longer Roams.

Free From Such Touch. Grasp. Clasp. Of Time.

Peers At Mortal Portal.

De New Bourne.

Asks. What. Where. When. Why. Such Door Maintneau Be Mine.

Perchance. Lie Down. To Die.

Perhaps. Arise. Reborn.

At Night Song.

Thanatos. Ancient Call.

Does Curtain Lift. Or Fall.

Doth Such Moment De Evening.

Now Beget.

In Minds Eye Of Thy I Of I.

Remorse. Regret.

For Ides Of Self Thee

N'er Dared Know Or Take.

Or Rather Quietude. Rare Joy.

At All Such Flow. Ebb. Surges. Wanes.

De Tides Of Fate.

By Which Thee Were Are Will Be So Blessed.

Such Cosmic Shape Shifts For Thee.

Of Entropy.

What Were. Are.

Doth Still Await.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 1/30/16.*

*Goose Creek At Dusk.*

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