**ME OF ME**

Ah Pray That I Be A Youth Once More.

Say Ten Ten And But One Year.

Graced With Fruits Of Sweet Amour.

N'er Touched By Arrows Slings Rocks Stones Cuts Blows Fears Rain Of Tears.

What Embrace

One Cross Life's Flow.

Still All Of Life To Know.

The World Cast Open.

Spread Wide.

Awaiting.

At My Feet.

All Men. Women.

Within My Say And Sway.

Quiet Chamber Of My Soul.

Sans Scars De Remorse. Regret. Woe.

Angst. Pain. Defeat.

N'er Soon.

Pass High Noon.

Sail Cross The Rubicon.

Nor Draw Neigh To Dusk.

Sun Set.

Rather Taste Fresh Alms

Of Start Of Day.

Yet. Still As Grey Pallet Brush.

Paints Beard And Head.

Visage Bears Tracks Of Time.

My Stamina Of No End Morphs.

Suffers Certain Fade Wane Instead.

Still Resides. Sustained. Safe Within My Faithful Fateful Mind.

All Manner Treasures.

Jewels Pearls Spoils.

Of Precious Being.

Rare Sweet Fruits Of La Vie.

Not Prey To Cold Grasp. Relentless Entropy.

Clasp Of Time.

Melded Avec My Precious Past.

In Union Of Now.

With All Self Of Self.

What N'er Yet Hath.

Given Way. Say Endures. Lasts.

Stays. Survives.

Verity. Felicity. Of To Be.

Moi Very. Essence. Haecity. Quiddity.

Moi Essa.

My E'er Abiding.

I Of I.

Moi. Quintessential.

Eternal.

Me Of Me.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/16/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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