**MORE THOUGHTS OF WHY WHEN WHERE.**

Heading For Illusive Finish Line.

Running Out Of Space Gas And Time.

Not Really Feeling Very Fine.

Listing To The Death Bells Chime.

Say Do They Chime For Me.

Is This All There Is. Fini. The End.

Does Done Over Now Begin.

Time To Cash My Chips All In.

Or Will I Go Round And Round Again.

For All Eternity.

Seems Like I Passed This Way Before.

Peering Through Next Bournes Mystic Door.

Carousel Ride Of Evermore.

Now. Future. Days Of Yore.

Shape Shifts Of To Be.

Art Forms Of Entropy. Entered Through The Velvet Gate,

Swept By Ebb Flow Of Tides Of Fate.

Always Tried To Play It Straight.

Play It As It Lays.

Now I Ponder At This Cusp. Nouveau.

Worm Hole Of Maintenant.

Be It Dusk Dawn Of Day.

Or Just. More Of Come What May.

Say Is It Ethereal Start.

Or Finish Line.

Where Lie My Bounds Of Space And Time.

Am I Mort.

Or My I Of I.

Still Alive. Survives.

My Soul Still In Play.

If So Where Am I Along Cosmic Möbius Way.

Do I Go Or Do I Stay.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/16/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dusk.

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