**NOT YET.**

Say Perchance Perhaps May I Be Done Over Fini Full Mortified.

Time Say Hath Had Its Way With Me.

My Body Soul Spirit Waned Withered Dead Out And Inside.

Mind Fraught With Ravage Of Senility.

Or Pray Say Soon I Be To Be Born Again.

On Cusp De My Fair Second Wind.

Not Settle For Mere Place Show.

Run Straight Flat Out To Win.

N'er E'er Yet To Throw Life's Tattered Torn Towel In.

Though I Now See Seventy In My Rearview Mirror.

For Me No Angst Woe Pain Nor Fear.

For Seventy Be The New Forty.

Or So They Say.

Not Yet Grim Reapers Dark Scythe Stroke Draw Near.

Not Yet Blow Of Judgment Horn To Call Me Away.

Think I Will Just Keep On Keeping On.

Until The Day I Die.

Ignore That Lonesome Thanatos Sad Mournful Cry.

Rather Laugh Dance As Years Roll By.

No More. No Less. To Say.

Heart Still Beats.

Still Draw Breath.

Not Dead Yet.

Still Cheating Death.

Just Think I Will Just Stick Around And Stay.

Take Some More Of Come What May.

Maybe Perhaps Perchance It Be Way Past High Noon.

But I Ain't Planning On Dying Soon.

I Ain't Leaving Yet.

Still Not Dusk. Sun Set.

I Am Still Making Hay.

Still In The Play.

Still In The Pay.

Still Not Yet.

End Of My Day.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/25/16.

Rabbit Creek At Midnight.

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