**NOT TO WORRY.**

I Fiddle As La Vie Castle Burns.

Make Light Of Life Leaves What Fall.

As Spring To Summer Hath Morphed. Turned.

Deaf. Dumb. Blind.

To North Winds Touch.

Winters Dark Frigid

Hoary Call.

I Dance Amongst The Careless Glenn.,

Immune To Visage. Tune.

Of Would Could Should.

Lament Of Might Have Been.

Laugh At Looming Portal Of Sod Roofed Dank Narrow Room.

Pay No Heed Indeed To Wraiths Of Mortality.,

Frolic In Mindless Waves.

Chortle At Legend Of The Tomb.

Scoff At Fable Of The Grave.

Why Care I Who Lives Dies.

When. From Where.

To Whence I Fly.

For Whom The Angels Sing..

Who Knows The Devils Mournful Cry.

I Rejoice. Place Trust.

In Come What May.

No Need To Scurry. Hurry..

Not To Worry.

No Need To Plan Nor Pray.

Tomorrow Is A Brand New Day.

PHILLIP PAUL. 11/26/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dusk.

Copyright. C.

Universal Rights Reserved.