**ODE TO GOOSE CREEK TOWER**

Ah Pray. Say.

That I Might Sail Soar Fly.

At Stroke Of Rare Witching Hour.

From Noble Goose Creek Tower.

Grand Steeple Nest.

Beyond. Beyond.

The Welkin Sky.

That I Might Deign.

To Behold Cypher Guess.

Where Lyes My I Of I.

Behold The Face Of Was. Is. To Be.

Gaze Into Inscrutable Cosmic Void.

Ponder. What Mirage Of Being Shows.

Waltz To Etherial Mystic Lute Drum Flute Viol.

Quixotic Nous Blown Spirit Soul Saxophone.

That I Might Deign To Know.

Where. Which Way.

Whisper Winds Of Fate. Time. Space.

What Call Me Home.

Doth Blow.

So Say Thy Faithful Spire.

Moi Ladder To The Stars.

Pray May I Climb Thy Way.

That I Might So Aspire.

To See Things As They.

Were. Will Be. Really Are.

Behold The Northern Lights.

From Out Boundless Möbius Earth Bound Delights.

Trackless Endless All.

That Lyes Beyond The Vale.

From Out This Bourne Of Mystic Night.

To Beyond Beyond.

This Earth Bound Pale.

On My Wings Of Spirit Self Soul.

Fly. Soar. Sail

*PHILLIP PAUL. 7/17/16.*

*Midnight At The Fairview.*

*Copyright. C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*