**ON DOWN THE TRAIL**

Walking In The Wilderness.

Cold. Silent. Snow. Ice Deadly Vast.

Doth To Any Being It Matter More Or Less.

If I Stay With La Vie.

Or Simply Walk Into The Void And Pass.

Just Wander On Embrace The Cold.

Let Lady Of Frigid Death.

Receive My Soul.

Or Pray Say There Be More Miles For A Pilgrim Such As I To Go.

Push On Beneath These Northern Lights.

Seek Solace From This Endless Night.

What Whispers Of The Deep.

Before I Lay Down On Couch Of Mortal Frost

To Sleep.

Wrapped In Algid Gelid Blanket Of No Mas.

Would Any Kindred Spirit.

Say Note The Loss.

Or Say May I Now Shun Frigid Artic Funeral Byre.

With Flint Steel Of I Of I. Strike La Vie Spark Fire.

Not Yet From This Cold Dark World Retire.

Say Not Yet Seek Mystic Portal Beyond This Vale.

Just Mush On Down The Trail.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/18/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dusk.

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