**QUERY OF NO MAS**

Say Will It Matter More Or Less.

To All. Whom.

Of This Sphere.

Of Life Mirage.

What Still Exist. Be Left.

When My Clay Vessel.

No More Knows Beat. Draws Breath.

Of All Thought. Life Spark.

Dark. Devoid. Bereft.

Ne'er E'er. Avec.

Terre Presence.

My I Of I Be So Blessed.

Once In Those Stygian Rolls Of Death.

My Shape Shift Passing

So Marked. Writ.

With Moros Quill. Pen.

De Thanatos Ink Of Metamorphism

So Wrote.

As Done Over Doth

Again. Begin.

Say I May Only Ponder.

Guess.

If Any Other Beings Care.

Take Note.

Do Life Still Vibrant Leaves. Buds. Flowers. Blooms.

Give Heed To Those Who Wane Wither Fall.

What Retire To

Root Worm Shroud.

Algid Soil Couch,

Sod Roofed Cold Stygian Narrow Dank Room.

No More Know Touch Caress Bless Of Sunrise.

Taste Of Dawns Quiet Soft Light.

Nor Harken To Fresh Morne Call.

Or Do I Fade To Stark Clasp Of Night.

Step Through

Mort Portal Of Fini.

No Mas. No More. To Be.

No Other Being Perceive.

Nor Any Other Soul Deign To See.

Or Do They Feel Void

What Lies Sans

Esse Of Me.

So Doth Such Ones.

Or Say. I. Cry.

Rejoice. Mourn. Grieve.

Say Animavent.

Or In Jubilation Sing.

Hallelujah.

On Moi Ethereal Step.

At Long Long Last.

With Ebb Tides. To Pass. Long Cosmic Path.

To Shores Of La Vie Sea.

Eternal Möbius Voyage

Of Entropy.

PHILLIP PAUL. 11/13/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dawn.

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