**RABBIT HOLE OF SOUL**

The Time Has Come.

To Scurry. Dive.

Back Down My Beings.

Quiet Calling Whispering.

Safe Rabbit Hole.

To Keep My Very Nous Alive.

For La Vie Goblins. Ghouls.

Dance Of Mad Crazed Spirit Fools.

What Seek To Consume My Very Soul.

With Fanfare Of Mendacity.

Who Strive To F'or Ee'er Torment.

Rare I Of I.

Mystic Me Of Me.

Alas Hath Begun.

All Mold Ridden Bread.

Of What Was Not.

Nor Ne'er E'er To Be.

Deeds Spurned.

Undone.

From Pure Lethargy Leaves Ne'er Turned.

A Myopic Lot.

Cast On Waters Of Paucity.

Void Of Verity.

Now With Tragic Rot.

Cold Stone Dead.

Returns.

Drifts Back On Life's

Algid Gelid Robust

Yet Somewhat Rancid Sea.

Stuck Firm. Aground.

On Rocks.

Of Lethargy.

Marooned On Reefs.

Of Atman Falsity.

So Pray May I Ride.

Healing Ebb Tide.

What Still Pray Say.

Will Save.

Rescue. Lift. Float.

My Haecceity.

Vessel. Craft. Bark.

Being Boat.

With Self Grace.

Will Sweep Me To Peace. Sanctuary.

Of Enduring Quintessence. Quiddity.

State Of Pure Truth Faith.

For All Of Time And Space.

With Cosmic Blessings Of To Be.

For All Eternity.

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/27/16.

RABBIT CREEK.

Copyright C.

Universal Rights Reserved.