**REQUIM FOR SELF.**

Here Be My Soul Spirit Being Final Note.

The Time Hath Come To Go.

Looks Like It's All She Wrote.

No More I Bear Cruel Blows.

Rocks. Stones. Arrows.

Missives Of Rancor Slings.

Hurled By My Fellow Man.

What Harsh Ides Of Fate Cast Deal. Bring.

I Seek Rare Peace Of Promised Land.

What With One Simple Step Awaits.

Quiet Quaft Of Wormwood Potion.

Swift Fatal Kiss Of Rope Or Gun.

Shape Shift Through Mystic Door. Ethereal Gate.

As Fini Done Over Has Begun.

To All I Love And Leave Behind.

Pray Not Mourn Cry.

But Say Rejoice.

From These Thoughts.

May Thee Find.

Solace I Now For My I Of I.

Move On By My.

Own Reasoned Hand And Choice.

PHILLIP PAUL. 11/1/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dawn.

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