**REQUIM Of NO MAS**

Turn The Sod.

Dig The Loam.

N'er Care To Speak.

To Hollow Idol Of A Craven God.

Just Bury Me Deep.

Or Burn Me Up In A Pyre.

Scatter My Ashs In The Raging Sea.

Have Thy Will And Way With Me.

Treat My Dead Husk Shell As Thee Desire.

For Once The Soul Has Fled.

Why Care For What Remains.

Who Takes Note Of The Cold Stark Stiff Long Gone Dead.

What N'er Will Rise Agane.

Wrap Me Up In A Ragged Sheet.

Waste Not A Word O'er My Bones.

Just Cast Me Out To The Curb And Street.

N'er Sigh. Cry. Puel. Mourn. Nor Moan.

For When My Soul Vessel.

No Mas. Knows. Mortal.

Thought. Breath. Beat.

My Fragile Mirage Of Being Dies.

Uno Mas To Cosmos Infinite Vale States Of Entropy.

I Retire. Flee. Retreat.

Avec Mere Shape Shift

Of My I Of I.

Once More Möbius Visage Of Eternal Life.

I Seek. Embrace.

Behold. Meet.

To Nouveau Borne Of Countless Next.

Cross Endless Time.

Boundless Space.

I With No Care

For Fore Gone Destiny.

Trundle On.

Sail. Soar. Fly.

Still Seek.

Gordian Knot. Grail. Mystery.

Of Etherial Why Of Why.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/19/16.*

*Rabbit Creel At Dusk.*

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