**SOUL CLEANUP**

I Tunneled Picked Thawed Moiled Mucked.

At Breakup Cleaned Up.

Panned Out. Sluiced Out.

Pay Streak Of My Soul.

Assayed. Moi Spirit Fruit. Of Fate Faith And Luck.

My Poke Full Of Pure Alms.

De Being Toil.

Rare Felicity. Verity.

De My Quiddity.

Pure Integrity.

Precious Nous Gold.

Say. Pray.

Then Alas. Alack.

I Came Back To GothamTown.

From Off My Conscience Creek.

Gave Way To Siren Charms.

What Sang To Me Of Flesh.

False Prophets.

Loaded Di. Marked Cards.

Of Pride Avarice Gluttony.

Such Fools Gold Paste Jewels Of Pleasure Seek.

Saw Most Tragic Tragedy.

I Squandered In Raw Frenzy.

Of Lust. Must.

Passion. Hunger. Desire. Need. Greed.

My Very Self. My I Of I.

My Quintessence.

Rare Me Of Me.

Cast My Pearls Of Esse.

Before. Clay Feet.

Of Hollow Base Wraith. Idols. Gods.

Trojan Faced Swine.

Consigned.

My Self Soul Spirit Pneuma For All Of Time.

For All Eternity.

To Dusted. Busted.

Empty Shell.

Of Nothingness.

Nothing. Nothing. Left.

Of All Self Worth Bereft.

Nothing. Nothing. Left.

Save Worthless Tailings.Of Failings.

Squandered. Soul Strike.

Consigned From Out The Precious Light.

To Dark Stygian Night.

De Wasted.

Mined Out Ore.

From Misery.

Agony. Pain. Woe.

Self Deigned Ordained Defeat.

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

*8/14/16.*

*Goose Creek At High Noon.*

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