SOUL CORE.

As I Peel Apple Of My.

I Of I.

Pick Daisy Petals Of My Soul.

My Being Cannot But Ponder Why.

At Hollow Core.

My Nous Seems Algid. Gelid. Cold.

Why Fore My Heart Beats Such Feeble Beats.

I Draw Such Etiolated. Bated Breaths.

Each Dawn Sunrise.

Of Thought Greets.

Moi Sprit Avec.

Reapers Scythe Song What Sings.

Of Dark Visage Of Death.

Where To Did Birds Of La Vie Fly.

Why Fore Life Fruit Fall.

Far From The Tree.

Pray. Say. When. Pourquoi. Why.

Did Pneuma Music Have To Die.

In This Misty Blue Moon.

Möbius Waltz Of Entropy.

Say Will My. Self. Spirit.

I Of I.

Mere Flicker. Fade. Away.

With Day Break.

Of Morning Light.

As Mad Mourners Of My Atman.

Wail. Moan. Cry.

I Await My Fate.

At Such Cusp Of Thought. Stygian. Chill. Frigid. Mournful. Benumbing.

Inner. Sight.

Trundle On To Eternal Veil Of E'er Cloying.

Bare. Barren. Torpid. Sterile.

Bourne Of Endless Night.

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/22/16.

Rabbit Creek In The Afternoon.

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