**SOUL MUSIC OF SELF SOPHISTRY**

I Play My Cosmic Violin.

All Tuned To E Of Entropy.

With Welkin Rifts Of Days Of When.

We Danced In Bright Self Forest Glenn.

Grand Dance Of To Be.

Yet Now I Fiddle As My

I Of I.

Moi Quintessence Verity.

Quiddity Felicity.

Burn. To Ash. Turn.

With Cruel Fire Of La Vie Mendacity.

For Once I Played In True. Integrity.

Beings Band.

Avec.

Pure Vitality.

Soul Guitar.

Pneuma Harp.

Atman Sax.

Nous Keyboard.

Esse Drums.

Roamed Free.

Throughout My Spirits Promised Land.

Did All I Would Could Should.

All One Can.

Until To My Self I Lied.

And So My Souls Music Waned Withered Died.

Now To The Silent Spirit Sky.

I Mourn. Sing. Cry.

Now Alas I Have Become.

Naught But Husk Shell Of All I Was.

Mere Ghost Of Might Have Been.

What Faces Sad Answer Of Lost Life Why.

Because.

What Soul Spirit Self Sophistry.

Fallacy Casuistry.

Lay. Lies.

Alas Within.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/15/16.

Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.

Copyright C.

Universal Rights Reserved.