**SOUL RAINBOW.**

I Behold A Rare Rainbow.

Within My Nous. Self. Soul.

What Shines Across My Spirit Sky.

What Proclaims My Beings Pot Of Gold.

Where Precious Alms Of La Vie Lie.

The Hand To Fallen On The Road.

Share Of Sparse Sustenance To Hungry Child.

To Hear. See. Perceive. Know.

As Days.Months..Years. Flow Gently By.

Across The Labored Endless Miles.

Each Thought. Beat. Breath.

Be Not For Nought.

From Vale Of Birth.

To Door Of Death.

Thy Life Hath Wrought.

From Storm. Sleet. Winds.

Rain.

Of Strife Woe Pain.

With Grace Of Rays.

Of Thy Inner Sol.

At End Of Day

Such Rare Self Spirit.

Soul Rainbow.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 8/2/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dusk.*

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