**SOUL STATE.**

I Stuck A Fork Into My Soul.

To Test. Its Psychic State.

For Rare. Medium Rare.

Or Pray. Say. Well Done.

Alas It Was Still. Raw. Stone Cold.

Most Clearly Third Third Rate.

As Though.

Life Had Not Yet Begun.

My Eyes. Blinded By Dark Mask.

De Love Of Self.

My Ears Stopped By Pernicious Wax.

De Lust. Avarice.

N'er Sated Hunger. Greed.

Myopic. Deaf.

Of All Note Bereft.

To Precious. Wealth.

Of Empathy. Sympathy. For Fellow Man.

Aloof In Algid Gelid Bell Jar.

Of Self Centered Land.

Perception Through Veil

Of Looking Glass.

Of My Sisters. Brothers.

Of This Earthly Realm.

What Visage To Mine

Doth Wane Wither Pale.

Haughty. Supercilious.

Distant. Detached. Afar. Consumed By Raving Craving Want. Desire.

For My Own Foolish Needs.

As Tragic Selfishness.

Had Damped My Atmans Fire.

Of Verity. Felicity.

Of Being.

Consigned My Pneuma Fate.

To Hollow. Empty.

E'er Looming Funeral Pyre.

De Lost Nous Recipe.

Of Shuttered Window

Of Truth. Faith.

Mendacity.

Of Paucity.

Of Grand Re Paste.

Of Treasured.

Anima Sustenance.

Of To Be.

Yet By Dint Of Grace.

Perhaps. Perchance.

That I Might Yet Hear See.

What Still May Lie For Me.

In Precious Path.

Reality.

Of Time And Space.

Pray. Say. I May.

Trundle On.

From Out The Night.

Behold The Dawn.

Heed Life's Song.

Embrace The Sight.

Of All Manner Of La Vie.

From Portal Of Birth.

To Set Of Sun.

As One With All.

As All With One.

In Unitary Flow Of Entropy.

For All Eternity.

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

*8/21/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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