**STATE FATE OF TO BE.**

I Star Gazed Into The Universe.

To See What I Could See.

Perchance. Perhaps.

Start End Of Time And Space.

Face Of Eternity.

Say Lough What Mystic Ancient Visage.

Smiled. Laughed.

Peered Gazed Back At Me.

Avec Deadly Stygian Eyes Of Jet Black.

But Old Friend Entropy.

Who Said Hello.

How Goes The Flow.

Of Thy Welkin Energy.

So Nice To Know.

It Appears As So.

Thee Still Choose To Be.

For Sometimes Such Mystic Subjects As Thy Soul.

Shape Shift About On Me.

Morph Back And Forth.

Forward And Back.

Some What A Chore

To Keep Score. Track.

Significant Difficulty.

To Scribe Take Store.

Note In Ledger Journal Of Evermore.

What Manner Form.

Of Life So Now Suits

Such Cosmic Waifs As Thee.

I Most Appreciate.

Thy Current Fate State Of Grace.

Such Quantum Cusp.

Of Such Timeless Boundless Möbius.

Ether Net Of Time Space.

So Nice To See.

How Now Thee So Choose To Roll.

Thy Soul So Deign To Be.

It Be A Most Karmic Source.

Of Comfort.

For Master Of All Being Such As I.

Verily.

Random Cosmos Lord Of Thy Quiddity.

Such Comfort To Behold Thy Embrace.

Of Self Truth. Verity. Felicity.

Impervious To All Nous Atman Spirit Mendacity.

Thee So Go. Waltz.

In Pure Perfect Being Harmony.

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

*12/26/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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