**TIME**

Time Was I Roamed Young. Wild. Free. Strong.

The World Spread Fine. Rich. Rare. Open. Sweet.

All Pearls Cast At My Feet.

But Then Somehow.

Right Turned To Wrong.

I Tasted Bitter Wormwood Of Defeat.

My Diet Of Lotus. Steak. Champagne. Caviar.

Honey. Great. Cognac. Port. Precious Wine. Aged Cigars.

Gave Way To Porridge. Cold Meal. Water.

Weak Sour Ale.

Mere Scraps. Crumbs.

Of Stale Days Old Bread.

Now Where Once Grand Essentia Visions. Reigned.

Cold Mirrors Show Things As They Truly Are.

Raw Visage Of Dredges

Of Might Have Been.

Serve Poorly In Their Stead.

For Time And Tide.

Wait For No Woman Nor Man.

The Rose Will E'er Wither.

Wane. Wizen. Waste.

Lose Its Fervent Blush And Bloom.

Swift Victor Of The Cosmic Race.

Fade To Also Ran.

Thee. I. Fall From State Of Grace.

The Reaper Call So Soon. Too Soon.

Yet As Spring Sprouts. Buds. Shape Shift.

To Summer Petals. Blossoms. Flowers.

Autumn Leaves Fall. Drift.

To Algid Dark Grip Of Winter Hours.

Yet Within My. Thy. Quiddity. Quintessence.

Doth With Verity. Felicity.

Of Soul Essa.

For E'er Reside.

For All Eternity.

In Möbius Dance Of Entropy.

Pure Spark Of Atman. Nous. Pneuma. Spirit. Self.

Flame. Fire. Of Being.

Treasure Trove Of Psychic Alms.

Cache Of Calm Quiet Spiritual Wealth.

What For All Aeon Of Immortality.

Will Surely.

N'er Err. Diminish. Ebb. Expire.

Weaken. Vanish. Perish. N'er E'er Abate Dwindle. Die.

N'er E'er Subside.

For E'er Endure.

Sustain. Survive. Abide.

For All Of Space And Time.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/10/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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