**APRÈS SEVENTY.**

Rolling Out Of Seventy.

Trying To Remember When.

Teens Bare Gave Way To Twenty.

Life Called With No End.

But Then.

I Blinked And Fifty Years Sped By.

Now With Grand Luck Another Two Or Three Ten.

Till Mind Soul Vessel Wither Wane Fade Die.

Cross Velvet Portal.

Life Begins Again.

So Why Ponder Moan Mourn Cry.

Of What N'er Was Nor Not To Be.

Nor Struggle With Inscrutable Why Of Why.

Such Ying Yang Bells

Of Fate Rang

Will Ring.

For Such.

Rare Wise Man.

Or Hopeless Fool.

For Me.

For Every Precious Beat Breath Be Left.

Each Cusp. Moment.

Shift Shape Of Energy.

Be May Perchance Be.

Dead Clock Strike

Mort Stroke Of Death.

Last Gift Of Möbius Earth Bound Dance Of Entropy.

Last Gasp De Fickle Cosmic Mirage Of La Vie.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 3/14/17.*

*Rabbit Creek.*

*On My Seventieth Birthday Eve.*

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