**EPITAPH DE SELF**.

Perchance So Soon.

At Wane Of My. Quintessence Moon.

Fade Of My I Of I.

Moi. Esse Voice Doth Whisper.

Looks Like Today

May Be The Day.

The Reaper Calls.

Cosmic Curtain Falls.

Time To Pay The Pipers Toll.

Time To Toss Clay.

Vessel Of My Nous.

Atman Soul Away.

Time To Cash It In.

Not Much Else To Say.

Ones Mortal Terre Path

Is At Its End.

To Those Who Hath.

Once Trod This Way.

Through Thanatos.

Dark Portal. Mort Door.

Back When.

At Sun Dawn. Set. Before.

I Now May Embrace Again. To Those I Leave Behind.

I Loved Thee With All My Heart.

Never Tried To Be Unkind. Always Had You In My Mind.

Yet Now The Time.

Hath Come For Us To Part.

As I So Seek The Mystic Land.

What Quixotic Bourne Awaits.

Beyond This Vale And Veil.

Say By Ancient Call De Flow Of Entropy.

What Always So Calls

To I Or Thee.

Or Pray Say My Own Hand.

Self Kiss. Touch. Of Fate.

Cry Not All Thee That I Now Go.

Rejoice That We Were So.

That Within This Fleeting Realm.

Of Such Endless Time.

Boundless Space.

We Were So Blessed To Know.

Each Others Store Of Beings Wealth.

Meld Alms Of Mind Spirit Nous Atman Soul.

Quiddity. Haecceity.

Verity. Felicity.

De Shared Grace Of Self.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 1/13/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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