**FALSE PORTAL DE NO MORE.**

When Cosmos Clock Of Time Struck High Noon.

I Danced In Life's Sweet Glenn.

Till Say Alas.

So Soon. So Soon.

Fates Fickle Wheel Spun Turned.

Fire Of Pneuma Atman So Ceased To Burn.

La Vie Slipped Past.

Ah Then.

Sun Set. Dusk Fell.

I Beheld.

Morose. Most Woeful Sight.

De Void Of Night.

At Blue Moons.

Doleful Rise.

The Precious Music Died.

Rather Dirge.

Dark Mournful Tune.

Of No More To Be.

Swept O'er Me.

As Welkin Waltz

With Entropy.

Gathered In Its Stygian Grasp.

My Very Nous Spirit Soul.

My Spark Flame Flare

Of So To Be.

My Precious I Of I.

So Soon. So Soon.

So Old.

Flickered Waned Faded

Died.

Grew Algid Gelid Cold.

Turned To Mere Dead Ash.

Mort No Mas Coals.

Stirred Not Save.

Old Ghosts. Wraiths. Haunts Of Past.

What So Called With Siren Call.

Song De Mendacity.

Of Narrow Sod Roofed Room.

Couch Of Rot Worm Root Clay.

At End. Fini. Termini.

De Fleeting Day.

As Beings Gift Of Is. Was.

Knew False Portal De Terre Be No More.

Yet Still My Self Sails Not Yet.

Be Slack. Becalmed.

Time Space N'er Yet Beget.

Moi Vessel Of Being Marooned.

Aground. On Reef

Of N'er E'er Agane To Be.

Rocky Done Over Shore.

As I Sail On.

Past Sun Stars Moon.

At Dawn De New Morn.

To Distant

Ethereal Mystic Bourne.

Where Lies. Promise.

Of New Life Love Thought Hope Trust.

Blooms Flowers Fruits

De Rare Life Being Fellow Self Amour.

Amongst Shifting Sands Of Distant Bright Shining Shore.

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

*3/17/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Five AM.*

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