**LA VIE CABOOSE**

When Will The Cosmos Throw The Switch.

The Reaper Cut Me Loose.

Now Once I Was A La Vie Engine.

Life Complete Real Rich.

Full Of Joy And Plenty. Now My Coal Car Is Empty.

I Am A Stalled Side Tracked Caboose.

Now Once I Flew Like A Shooting Star.

Across The Welkin Sky.

I Pulled Well Over.

One Hundred Life Filled Cars.

With Scores Of La Vie Passengers.

Tons Of Being Freight.

Sped Past Those Green Yellow Red.

Signal Lights Of Fate.

Life Mile Posts All Flashed By.

On The Straight.

Hit Ninety Eight.

On The Fly.

Say Seventy Five.

On Life’s Fickle Curves.

Still Held My Nerve.

No Fear Held Sway.

Nous Revelation.

Coast To Coast.

Shore To Shore.

In Less Than Two High Balling Days.

Yet Now I Chug Along.

Bare Moving On.

Say Do I Near The End.

Ask Where Why.

How When.

As I Peer Within.

Doth Nevermore. Again. Begin.

I Wander To Dark Done Over No Mas Plight.

Or Perchance.

New Dawn.

New Day Break.

New Route De Beings Faith.

New Light From Out That Mere Gateway.

Station Stop.

Of E'er Möbius Mort Night.

Last Beat. Breath. Death Portal Opens. Spreads.

To Nouveau Pathway.

My I Of I Embrace.

Perhaps. Perchance.

Maybe. Might.

Say After Dusk.

Night Fall.

At Atman Whippoorwill.

Of Life.

Soft Melodic Evening Call.

Say Pray.

Until. Still.

After Witching Hour.

E'er Shines Rare Light Of Morn.

Once More.

Ones Spirit. Soul.

Sprout. Bud. Blossom. Flower.

Eternity.

Ones All Of All.

Awaits.

Beyond That Etherial Gate.

That Step Cross.

Essa. Ides. Nones.

To Distant. Cosmic Bourne.

I May So Soon.

Say Jump The Track.

But I Have Still In My Fire Box.

Hot. Pneuma.

Fire. Flame.

Say Yes.

Still Got A Lot.

A Full Head.

Of Steam.

Still Left.

Perhaps. Perchance.

I Know Round House. Uno Mas Run.

Say Pray.

Not Yet. Not Yet.

Over Done.

Hath Begun.

Not Yet. Not Yet.

Such. Last. Beat. Breath.

Nor Bone Yard Cell

Of Dead.

Nor Junk Yard Grave.

So Caged In Death.

To Thanatos Vale.

So Carried. Swept.

Say I So Embrace.

Cross Velvet.

Ethereal Veil.

Moros Curtain.

Certain. Uncertainty. De Time. Space.

All What Such Random Alms De La Vie.

I Pray May So Expect.

In Mystic Wonderland Of Next.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 8/21/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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