**ON THE RUN.**

ON THE RUN.

Those Blood Hounds Of Might Have Been.

Would Could Should.

Bark. Howl. Wail.

Upon My Trail.

Track.

Those Still Haunting Tracks.

Of Mine.

Left In E'er Shifting Sands Of Time.

From Sad Wasted Days Of When.

I Never Even Tried.

I Never Even Failed.

Rather I Mere Lay Aside.

Eyes Blind.

Numb Mind.

To What Might Be.

What Might Have Been.

What Lost Cusps De Fate.

What Did Await.

But So Ignored. Undone. Foregone.

Now So Beget.

This Stygian Hounds Chase.

Of My Breach De Being Faith.

Fall From Spirit Grace. To My Own Self.

So With. Avec.

False Hoods Of Fear.

So Lied.

Drank Wormwood Wine Of Soul Mendacity.

Now I So Flee.

Through Out Dark Cruel Stormy Essa Night.

With Most Hopeless Blue Moon De Futility.

On The Run From What I Am.

Pray Say I May

By Break Of Nous Morning Light.

Cross My Being Rubicon.

So Run. So Flee.

So In Desperation On.

Lose Those Straw Dogs Of Remorse.

Regret.

What Bay.

Of Living Death.

As I Know Dawn.

De Nouveau Day.

Reach. Ford. Cross. Bathe.

In Healing River

Of Atmans Pure Waters As A Man.

For I Am But Fugitive.

Of My Own Heart. Pneuma. Mind.

On The Run From What I Was. Was Not.

So Meant To Be.

Pursued By My Illusive Lost Quiddity.

For All Of Trackless Void De Space.

Such Boundless Sands Of Endless Time.

Own Relentless Warders

Of Would Could Should.

What So Seek With Claws Of Fickle Fate.

To Torture. Torment.

Run Down Me.

Cage. Enslave.

My I Of I.

For All Eternity.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 7/23/17.*

*Goose Creek At High Noon.*

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