**POTLACH OF THE SOUL.**

Pray. Say.

Soul Potlach Time

Hath Come.

Sprung. Dawned Agane.

With Fickle Wiles Of Fate.

Say. Pray. Begone. Begone.

As I Move On.

Those Hollow.

Trappings Of Power Wealth Fame.

As One Knows Pure Fresh Clean Spirit Slate.

For Clutter De Trunk.

Closet. Of The Soul.

Bears On One Most Heavy Load.

From Worldly Stuff.

Baubles And Such.

Mere Spirit Idols With Feet Of Clay.

What Turn Ones Heart Mind Shallow. Fallow. Impervious To Grace Faith.

In Ones Essence. Tragic Blind Stone Cold.

As Curse De Want Need Greed.

Incessant Hunger Gluttony.

Deigns. Decrees.

Thee N'er E'er Have Enough.

Til Lough. Thy Soul.

So Full Of Foolish Grails.

Fruits De Pottage Bowls.

With Thy Esse Dearly Bartered Bought.

Confronts Sad Tragic Tale.

De Thy Empty Being.

Such Myopic Mortal Lust.

For Siren Wraiths.

Of Life.

Hath Crafted Wrought.

As So Thee Know.

See Perceive Conceive.

Thy Nous Stagnant Glutted State.

Maintneau.

With Potlatch Of Thy Atman Pneuma Store. Of Facade.

De La Vie Mendacity.

Take Leave.

Of Such Life Frivolity,

Embrace.

Verity. Felicity.

De Self.

Wipe Clean Thy Beings Slate.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 9/1/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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