**QUANDARY.**

I Stowed My Soul In A Gunny Sack.

Stuffed With My Spirit In An Old Back Pack.

Headed Out On The Road.

Never A Hint Of Remorse Regret.

Nor Thought Of Looking Back.

Just Pining. De Vining.

Searching For Life's Gold.

Sights N'er Yet Seen.

N'er Yet To Behold.

Such Spirit Soul.

Muck Moiling Mining.

Thawing. Picking. Shoveling. Winching.

Rocking. Sluicing.

Say For Precious Treasure.

Prospecting. Expecting. Anima Fruits Alms De To Be So.

Songs Unsung.

Deeds Undone.

Loves. Heartaches.

Twists Turns Of Fate.

To Still Come.

Grand Stories To Be Lived And Told.

Yet Say Alas. It Came To Pass.

There Was No Glory Hole.

My Flame De La Vie.

Flickered Faded Died.

Grew Algid Gelid Cold.

Promise Of Bright Destiny.

Mere Mendacity.

Kismet Providence Future. Fickle Lies.

For Such A Being Claim Jumped.

Luck. Fortune. Dumped. Ore Salted Fool As Me.

No Color. Pay. De Entropy.

My Diggings Only To Know.

Fates Mort Clasp. Grasp.

Of Fifty Below.

Nous Atman Pneuma Poke.

Empty Busted Flat Broke.

Say Nothing. Nothing Left.

Rank Failure. No Success.

But Does It Matter More Or Less.

How Is One To Know.

When Reapers Siren Whisper Calls.

Hint Of Moros Curtain Fall.

Will Thanatos Dusk Touch Morph To Dawn Of New Morn.

Do I Trundle Struggle Venture On.

Seek Nouveau. Mystic Möbius Bourne.

Therein The Quandary.

To Be Or Not To Be.

As Dark Visage Of Done Over Shows.

Does Up Or Down Be So.

Where Doth My Esse River Flow.

Do I Stay. For One More Day.

Or Just Turn And Quietly Go.

Who Knows. Who Knows. Who Knows.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 3/11/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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