**SEAMLESS WEB.**

I Crack My Soul Heart Mind.

Trice Barred Locked Pneuma Safe.

Perchance To Purloin. Rare Taste.

Of Moral Alms Abiding Grace.

As Life Flows Swiftly On.

From Store Of Fruits Of Bloom De Mortality.

What Still Speak Of Life's Verity.

Felicity De La Vie.

Behold Precious Treasured Pearls.

Savor Rare Wines De My Quiddity.

An Aged Pure Spirit Whisky Sip.

De Elixir Of Deeds Done. Not Done.

Yet Still To Come. Quick Morsel Bite Of Would Could Should.

As I With Atman Eyes.

Within My Nous Mirror Peer In.

High Noon Of Might Have Been.

Gives Way To Dusk Of Setting Sun.

Fickle Transitory Sands Of If.

Empty. Sift.

Through Times Relentless Hour Glass.

As Fini. Over.

Hath Begun.

Once More Esse Music Softly Wanes Fades Subsides.

I Wander In Those Deep Mystic Woods.

Where Still Lyes.

Roams My I Of I.

Goblins Ghouls Angels Saints Of To Be.

Still Pursue Self Grail What Never Dies.

With Möbius Shape Shifts Of Entropy.

Ah Lough.

It Still Be So.

As Distant Dawn So Poised.

With Hints Of Nouveau.

Blessings. Joy.

So Set To Break.

As I Step Trundle Drift. Cross Ancient Möbius Gate.

All Past Present Future Melded Fused Mixed. As Though.

I Knew. Know.

Will Know.

Verity. Felicity.

De Rare Seamless Web Of Fate.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/11/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dusk.*

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