**TRACK OF SOUL.**

I Track Trail Spirit Spoor

Of My Soul.

From Birth Portal. To So Sure Moros Door.

Cross Fleeting Path Of Cosmic Way.

Not Yet Spark.

De La Vie Gone Cold.

Not Yet Light Of Life Gone Dark.

Nor Termini De Mortal Day.

Cypher Foot Prints Of Self.

In Sands Of Being.

Di Cast In Past.

Now. Say Yet To Be.

Knowing. Hearing. Seeing.

Thinking. Perceiving.

In Shapeshift Waltz De Entropy.

Each Step Pray Say Ordained.

At Dawn De Space And Time.

Or At Each Cusp.

By Guide De Self

So Wrought.

So Scribed With Pen. De I Of I.

With Essa Ink De Ones Mind.

By Hand Of Contemplation.

Thought.

In Ethereal Journal De My Quiddity. Haecceity.

Pray Say Aught.

Moi Free Will Be Pray For Naught.

Therein The Rune.

Therein The Rub.

Doth Path Of Past.

To Come.

So Trod. To Travel.

Transpire. Lye. Ahead.

Be Mere So One.

I So Be Granted.

So Behold.

By Whim Of Cosmos.

Or Say In Its Stead.

Course Turn Passage.

I So Elect.

A Journey Of Each Conscious Step.

On Grand Road.

On Agane.

Cross Etant Mts. Streams. Plains.

In Möbius Trek.

From. To.

Twin Mirage.

De Birth And Death.

So Guided By My Own.

Verity. Felicity.

Yin. Yan.

Volition. Velleity.

De Moi Soul.

Who Knows.

Who Knows.

Who Knows.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 7/29/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At High Noon.*

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