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The Fireweed

Casts It’s Royal

Hue To Bloom

Old Nights Winds Kiss

Of Chill And Wane

Of Light Stirs

And Deep Wane

The Note And Melody

Of Duck And Night

Sod Soon So Soon

Calls To Mind The Cycle

Of Old Orb And Then

The Portraits Of The

Mirror Of Soul

Pale Image Not Of

Thee

But Perhaps Another’s

Path Among The

Ancient Road

How And Why Could Such

A Moment Be

That Spring And Summer

Fall Have Passed

Life With No End

Has Sold

Ones Desire

For A Bowl Of

Pottage Perhaps

Of Yes For Foolish

Gold

The Sun And Flowers And

Deep Blue Sky

The Heart Of Heart

The I Of I

Say No Not Such Be Told

Round Campfires Of The

Tribes Of Man

But Rather Melt

With Calm And Rapture

Warmth’s Soft Embrace

With Grace And Peace

One Can One Can

Lie Down To Pleasant

Dreams And

Drift Down

Streams

To Know Not The

Quiet Room Of Not

But Rather Another

Yes Of Spring

Another Day And Gift

Of Time And Space

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*On Bar Napkins.*

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