**SENTIENCE**

“twas but scant heartbeats ago.

I lay down to Couch and Wrap if Slumber deep

With wane of Sol once more to die.

Embrace the Bourne of Dreams what calls

With musings of my Soul

Till Tides and Waves of Destiny wash my Spirit

aground on a Distant Shore.

Chariot of fire traced another endless track cross the sky.

As birth at dawn saw life pass by.

Such rise and break of light what bids

I greet another wink and blink in Space and Time.

My very Being soars and is so blessed. Set Free.

For carry not doth I the cloak of regret remorse nor dread

From realm of yesterday

But rather awake embrace the Gift of Sentience

What now begins.

*PHILLIP PAUL.*

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