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From Whence

In Trackless Space

Has Endless Time

Touched Thee?

Ran Hairy Fingers

Through Thine

Silver Hair.

Perchance Before

They Were.

Or Knew The Light.

Drew Breath Of Life.

Tasted Thought

Of Joy

Or Woe

Or Care.

And Will Another

Moment Sound?

Another Wave

Pass By?

Or Fail And Crash

On Rock

And Shore

That Beckons

You And I

Another Spark

Of Spirit Heed

The Sound And Cry

Of Wind At Night

Or Break Of Dawn.

And Venture On

Between The

Earth And Sky

Or Pause And Heed Indeed

Soft Closing Of The Eyes.

As One Moves On.

Perchance Moves Back.

Such Folly To

Pine For Why

Or Such As That.

Or Care To Live Or Die.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 03/05/2011*

*Rabbit Creek*

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