

# MYSTIC GALACTIC QUILL

By

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He rides the Phoenix, upon tides of Immortal Light.

Shedding upon him, he redeems question.

Promise, in Imagination, thrones him.

He sees the meadow, undone in Illusion.

Forging, upon the Altar of Breath, he sows.

Under his Arms, are vines of Earth's reflection.

He sings, time, and wonder, in the Heart of the Temple.

His light, of redemption, and song enters Time.

Under Stars of Heaven, he bows.

The Throne of Beauty is before him.

Destiny, in beloved embrace of Nature, destines him.

He is the sower.

Repentance, in estate of Glory, returns to him.

He sings, in time, the Love of all.

Toil, upon his frame, of Dignity and Solace, endears.

Wisdom, in his song, enters the Stars.

He is song.

Nature is his light.

Question, redeems his creation.

Song unto him is eternal.

Glory in Nature, unto night, enflames.

Stars, in Heaven's Light enter him.

He is the sower.

Precious Nature, conquers toil.

Light, in Passion, forms Wisdom.

Song in him, imagines.

Prayer, in his song, is Wisdom.

He is the sower.

Upon his fields, reign the Destiny of Love.

Emboldened, he Dreams.

Power, in song, creates.

His song is Wisdom.

Love is his.

He is the sower.