**Alone in Boston**

*August 16, 2012*

Alone again in Boston.

Alas there is no You.

Nothing left but Wonder Why.

Let my Spirit Pine and Cry.

Nothing else to do.

The Night is filled with Sad Memories.

All Minds Eye may know or See.

Of all those Endless Days.

I waited for the Love from You.

What more might this Old Pilgrim ask or say..

The Islands. El Sapo. San Jose. Rome.

Days. Months and Years. Pass By.

Hope your Spirit.

Heart. Would find.

Embrace with Me a Home.

Twine with Mine.

Two Minds.

The We of You and I.

From Moi. For You. No Limits.

Grant from I to Thee of All.

Bare Breast.

Yes my very Soul.

Yea once more.

No more from

Thee than Emptiness.

Fears. Tears. Reign. Fall.

Lost Trust Old Ghosts of Us.

Nere the elusive Yes.

Say was it Mere Mirage of Love.

Illusion that You Cared.

I ask the Moon and Stars Above.

Were You ever There.

Empty Pain of Gone.

How May One trundle on.

Perhaps You never real were here.

As now You once more Flee. Say Neigh. Non. No.

The Winds of Over Whisper.

Fateful Call. For I there is no You of You.

None Essence of Your Essence.

For such a Fool as Me.

Alone. Alone again.

Alas that it Be So.