**Fruits**

*August 10, 2012*

Apples and Oranges.

Peaches and Plums.

Some are Picked.

Some Die on the Vine.

Alas it seems Tragic.

As Frosts Kiss has Come.

You care not for Bounty of Mine.

Spring Showers of Hope fell Sweet.

Soft Love Winds. Just So.

No Question You loved Me as Though.

My Sun Spirit did Meet.

Your Promise.

Rainbow.

My Heart Trust Knew and Believed.

Your Words Smiles And Charms.

Embraced with no Query.

Nor Question. As Given.

As True. Right.

So Sure and so Riven.

Illusion You Weaved.

Though You meant Well.

Meant Me No Harm.

Yet with Falls Call and Breath.

As Leaves Drift to Rest.

Old North wind does Blow.

Sols Path wanders back Low.

The raw Truth Vision.

Chill of the No. Kills

Spark Flame of Yes.

As the Orange hangs in Silence.

Alone and Forlorn.

No longer Alive or to Grow As you Taste of the Apple.

The End Game is Born.

Asunder and Shattered.

Spirit Bonds are Torne.

Only Sad Blue Winds of Over Doth Blow.

No more for Loves Tree to Grow.

Ones Soul may only Wonder and Guess.