**Ghost of Might Have Been**

*November 2, 2012*

At Wane of Day.

As Shadows of my Minds Eye Play.

Dance. Upon my Inner Stage.

The Clamor. Din. Winds of Life.

Subside. As Light dims.

My Gaze turns within.

To What the Tides of I.

Have Cast. Left high on Sands.

So washed with each Moon Sun Ebb and Wave.

Those Thoughts what I may paint. With

Spirit Brush in Shades of Stuff.

Of Self on Canvas of My Soul and Heart.

To Touch my Inner Being. Then.

The Curtain of Goodbye parts.

The Fog of Pain rolls in.

The Cold Rain of TearDrops start.

Alas. Bright Portrait of Is and Was.

Rare MasterPiece of Thee and I and What Might Be.

Fades to Dark Grey Deep Blue of One I Knew.

Who. Has Fled. Left.

Moved on and Gone.

With Soft Whisper of No and Over. You. Hope. Bond. Care.

We shared back when.

We twined in Trust.

Now must.

Live only in Forgotten Memories and Vows.

As now Blue Moon Sad Tragic Vision.

Of our Lost Love rises once again.

The only Spector that lingers in Quiet Night of Three AM.

Is the Haunting Face of Would and Should. Ghost of Might have Been.