**Ghosts of Three AM**

*January 11, 2012*

Rebecca.

Once more the Ghosts of Three AM.

Rise from My Slumber Deep.

To touch my Heart and Spirit.

As though.

In Depths of Such Dark Despair All Hope

Begone.

No Rest.

One must Save Trundle On.

For Fain would Know.

The Gentle Touch of Sleep.

Ah Alas. So Distant.

Break of Dawn and Day.

Do once more those Thoughts and Fears of Yore call again?

The Songs of Sad Refrain begin.

For me Naught but such Pain.

Say Then. Perchance to Sigh and Weep.

Yet not for I such Pallet Cast.

Canvas. Brush of Woe and Blue.

For my Mind knows Peace of Thyne.

Blessings and Strength What Last.

True Gift of Love of You.