**Never Tried**

*October 22, 2012*

The Old One comes.

Once more spins his tale of rue and close.

Such a narrow miss.

Of could and should.

Might have been.

Alas. But For. Only. If.

The card had turned.

The spark had only caught.

As so it should and ought.

Flame flickered not but was to last.

The die so cast.

Hand and Hope nere spurned.

That It was so back when.

The Plum was ripe.

So ripe to pluck.

The calf so sleek and fat.

Ah save one unworthy bit of luck.

Success. Wealth. Fame.

That. Would far surpass the dreams of man.

Beyond all measure.

Would have so enured. endured.

Ah why. All was for naught.

Pourquoi. Was such bequeathed to lesser Souls.

Who. Reaped such spoils sans pain or toil.

As though. Their birthright due.

Yet one what can.

As you or I.

So Jilted by the Hand of Fate.

At Garden Gate. Passed by.

As faithful as the wane of moon rise set of sun dream

Touch of couch the seasons turn each day month or year.

As geese and swallows fly flowers bloom and die.

Such Ghostly Prophet does appear. Perchance it be.

That such wraith what dances sings of woe of no.

Plays songs of unrequited goals.

The Sting and Lash of empty strife.

Throughout the Book of Life.

Is mirror spirit voice of I.

Whose whisper of why not and mournful cry.

Of bitter loss or unjust fruits denied.

Is rather my own regret at what was not.

The Chance not taken.

Road or Path forsaken.

Sad truth from Dread of Failure.

Fear. I never ventured. Never tried.