**Bell Jar**

*March 21, 2013*

The Bell Jar once more laughs and settles round.

As faithful as eternal pain of old abandoned friends.

Silent save for that Fateful muted sound.

Of Angst and Quiet despair what crys and Lyes within.

The Goblins Ghosts and Gouls of Self what dance.

With bones and scraps of would and should on stage.

Bedecked with dark murals painted in the Blood of Chance.

As Quill dipped in ink of regret scribe on the Page.

Of life of what one never should have thought done or said.

Of secrets known only in the Halls of Woe and Shame.

Lost Love so over and so Dead.

The Rolls of all those fellow Souls like Thee who so lost may better go unnamed.

Bare light from Candle of thy Being as the Flame so dearly Dyes.

As cold as winters touch of North Wind Snow and Ice.

The Bell Jar once more descends and then.

I peer with haunted eyes into the Darken Mirror of My Sad Forsaken Life.