**Cut the Deck of Lamour**

*January 10, 2013*

Why does it seem I cut the deck of LaMour to only one eyed Jack of Hearts.

Each spin of wheel of Love the ball drops in the double zero slot.

My chips if Self I pile on Black to Answers what gambol in my weary head.

To only find the score is Tallied with The Jokers Laugh My regret and Smile of Red. When I seek the hand of One who I adore once more the teardrops start.

All I may hope to hold dear is memory of might have been and what was not.

If Luck in Love was meant for me somehow it missed its mark.

My cupboard of romance is cold and bare.

Nere has or will the Sad Veil of Solutude and Silence part.

Do you suppose another human notes or cares.

I roll the Die of Life and bust again.

Sow Plant and Tend my Spirit Seed what nere sprout but rather wither

With the drought of Human kiss of gracious rain.

Open my arms breast and soul to know a Fellow Travler then.

Meet only blows of no so racked by psychic pain.

For Alas it be for One as Me such eternal Dark.

All Light so faded. Flown.

As my Candle stubbed out I wander in the Darkness.

Alone. Alone. Alone