**Dead Flowers of Solitude**

*August 24, 2013*

If One listens to the Whispers of the Night Winds.

As the Leaves of Our Love Drift and Fall.

Swept away by that Fateful Day when.

You said Good Bye.

No Mas. Over.

I lost it All.

You will hear the Gentle Pain as my Heart still cracks and breaks.

You may even harken to quiet Cries Sighs Moans of My Soul.

Alas it seems No More Lost Love Agony This Poor Old Spirit may bear and take.

No More may This Being.

Endure of Such Heartache and Mind Numb Cold.

Reality. May I so face.

My Spirit Self Anima Pneuma Atman taste.

Know. You are gone. You have left Me.

For We soared amongst the Peaks Mts Heights of Love together.

We were so Melded. Merged. Linked.

Twined. United. Fused. Combined as One.

Until We Crashed. Our Love. Mort.

By Thee slain. Deigned so Lifeless Over Dead.

So Dashed. Alas.

Our Bonds of Forever.

Cut severed torn asunder by Your Knife Thrust to My Heart of No.

Your Gelid Form. Empty Missive.

Cold Sad Goodbye.

You no longer held in Your Heart Mind Soul the I of I.

You turned and had to Go.

Now I wander in the Fields of Love We once knew.

Alone. Still searching for the Buds Blossums Blooms of My Heart.

But all I may behold are Dead Flowers of this Woe and Solitude.

As Your No has so cleaved rent ripped my Tattered Battered World of Love apart.