**Do You care?**

*April 8, 2013*

Alas a missive in the night.

Bares not a hint nor touch of grace.

Of having reached in wishful flight.

The One whose very faultless spirit form enchanting face.

Both blesses and yea haunts my dreams.

With such delicious quandary.

Is what I pine for real.

Or is what is as it seems.

Her Heart has grown cold for Me.

The Glass of Love once full now drained.

What does her silence tell.

Her yes to call.

Then. No return portend.

How might one paint portrait of the pain.

Despair what flows or wells.

Deign to comprehend.

From such cold void as Thy once more respond and rather with

Indifference greet my heartfelt cast of All of I to Thee.

What for to try such foolish Cypers of the Heart and Soul.

Am I to still peer into the Pool of Love struck Fools.

Seek what will nere be there.

Rather to Embrace Thy Silent No.

Turn from the Mirage of We and seek another Candles light.

Just turn and quietly go.

Say would you know?

Take Note? v Or Care?