**I Haven’t Busted Out Yet**

*May 8, 2013*

Rack them up and break em.

Nine ball is the game.

Or come out when you shake em.

It all plays and pays the same.

Still working on my masterpiece.

About to hit the lode.

Say will the torment ever cease.

Life's a heavy load.

Wind at my face strong and cold.

Climb so Steep No Sun Just Sleet and rain.

Never thought I'd get this old

Not sure how my spirit soul can ever bear this pain.

But deal me in. I am still in the hunt.

My poke and being down

So it has never been this hard

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 Cy 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?