**Love’s Memory**

*May 8, 2013*

Love is a memory.

Joy is but a dream.

Ah has all hope abandoned me.

As dark as Life may seem.

I wake each day to over gone.

No single soul of I takes note

Pray what calls one to try and soldier on.

Say perchance mere rote.

Dread fear of Bourne beyond the Vale.

Gloom of the Narrow Room.

Yea evenmore sad lonely tale.

What death will avail By dent of Age to call me to so soon.

So rather I sip from bare empty glass.

Sup morsels that remain.

Than turn from megar repaste Of life though faint.

Of such still lasts.

Than fly to where no more may I think feel or be again.