**Raw Musings of the Dark Hours**

*June 29, 2013*

What scribe and paint upon my Heart.

With Quill of No in ink of Dead Love.

Pigments of Old Love Wounds.

Brush of Dead Flowers.

As Pain of Over washes once again.

Rain of Tears of Never once more start.

In Mirror of Self I loath to glance.

Alas the Spector what doth await.

What now I not dare cede to Life Game of Chance.

Nor whims of Fickle Fate.

For Puppet I my own Strings hold.

Be I master of my realm of all I see wish do am.

By my own will my tale be told.

I think and thus I am.

So Ashes of Spark Flame of Love.

Now dark dead gone cold.

Say I so died for want of I.

Locked in my cage with bars so hammered forged with fear of

Open mind breast and window bared to another's gaze within my Spirit Chamber. Garden of my Soul.