**The End**

*May 30, 2013*

Looks like its time to toss the Towel in.

Take the count on Us.

No chance we'll make it back again.

To days of Wine and Roses when.

We tasted love and trust.

We knew it was real.

Watched in awe.

Feel it all begin.

Now all is over. Gone.

We are finished.

Fini. Bust.

Nothing else to do but tell myself I no longer need nor love nor cherish You.

Nothing else to hope say or try.

No reason left to care or cry.

Just ignore the hurt and pain and try to move along.

No more do I live in your heart.

Occupy your soul and mind.

You've moved along and over starts.

I face the demons of my fears.

You've left me with the fading Suns Moons and Years.

Though I still hold you dear.

You still live in mine. Alas no more Our Flowers of LaMour.

To bud and sprout and bloom. At three am I rise from silent empty bed.

Your voice scent touch spirit dance in my head.

I pace the cold uncaring floor.

I face these dim and empty rooms.

Windows what mock no glimpse of your beauty form nor face.

Reflections of my loneliness.

Alas my forlorn and troubled State Such cruel and wretched Fate.

The walls close in and then.

I feel the Candle in the Wind.

Still call. Perhaps a spark.

Of Us still flickers and lingers in the Dark.

Perhaps. Perhaps.

I tell my foolish Mind.

Perhaps. Perchance.

Break of new day.

Dawns light. You may.

You might. Still be mine.

Perchance a brand new start.