**Castaway**

*April 10, 2014*

Nero Played His Violin.

Narcissistic Serenade .

To Sack And Pyre Of Rome.

Ah Then.

He Smiled. A Quiet Smile.

Most Enthralling Day.

Alas. Too Late To Bow And Pray.

Josephine Held Court.

As She Was Wont To Do.

With Pomp And Circumstance.

Laughed At Courtiers News.

Of Breadless Starving Hoards Of Populace Of France.

Poor Citizens Of Poverty.

What Silent Touch Of Mors Await.

Smiled And Said.

No Bread. Hungry. Starving. Impoverished.

Let The Dears Eat Cake.

Lee And Pickett Sent.

Their Waves Of Men.

To Take The Hill At Gettysburg.

A Charge Of Certain Death.

As Saber. Cannon. Grapeshot.

Cut Them Down. Then.

As Dying Moans Screams Wails.

Of 1000s Morten Spirits Heard.

In Puzzled Sorrow And Wonderment.

Took Toll.

Asked. Why Did We Fail.

For What They Died.

Why Are.

There No Soldiers Left.

Now Our Love Rome Is Sacked And Burned.

My Hunger For Thee Starved.

My Love Charge Denied.

Alas I Be Shot Through With Your No.

Cast Off. Turned Out. Spurned.

Heart Broken. Skewered.

With Thy Rapier Of Cold Steel.

Cutlass Of Over. No.

My Very Soul.

Slashed. Cut. Sliced. Carved.

Thee Simply Chortle. Laugh. Walk Away.

Play Not A Note Of Sympathy.

Nor Offer One Crumb Of Cake.

Nor Count Slaughter Of Battlefield Of Our Love.

At End Of Love Blood Letting Day.

Our Dead Love.

Means No More To Thee.

Than One More Foolish Cast Off Mate.

Mere Sad Derelict Castaway.

On Thy. Fickle Love Sea Of Fate.

Mere Flotsam In Thy Wake.