**Dichotomy of Love and Hate**

*August 12, 2014*

I Never Knew A Man.

I Cared Or Dared To Hate.

Some One. Somehow.

I Could Not. Love.

For All Men Drift.

With Fickle Tides Of Fate.

Dance. With Strings

Of Sheer Gossamer.

Of Puppeteer Above.

I Never Met A Man.

I Did Not Like.

For Friend And Foe Be One.

Such Rare Dichotomy.

What One Sees. Thinks. Perceives.

What Hold With Mirage

Of Care And Strife.

From Dawn To Set Of Sun.

A Thousand Thousand.

Thoughts What Sound.

Within Thy Heart And Mind.

Mirror Flashes Of Thy Self Visage.

What Gambol. Abound.

Most Pleasant. Most Unkind.

Say Do Thy Rush. Waves.

Of Love Swoon.

Be For Virtues Of One

Thy Doth Behold.

Or Pray Thee Embrace

Wants. Wishes.

Of Thy Own Private Rooms.

Where Lye. Live.

Thy Hopes For What Might Be Fell.

Graces. Deeds.Thoughts.

Of. Earth Bound

Clay Vessel Of Thy Soul.

Say Who Devine. Tell.

Say Rage What Feasts On Carrion.

Of Should. Should Not.

Is. Might Have Been.

Say Be Mere Taste.

Of Myopic Shrouded Reality.

Illusion Of What Thy Art. Exists.

In Thy Own Cloistered Chambers.

Of Thy Nous.

What Slumber Deep Within.

Does One Suppose.

Love. Hate. Of Those.

One Meets In This Vale Of Tears.

Joy. Woe. Ecstasy.

Be No More Than Beings Note.

Of What Thy Art. Were. To Come.

What Thy Wish Or Fear

Such States Of Self.

Were. Are. To Be.