**Flowers of Three A.M.**

*April 5, 2015*

When Old Specter Friend Of Three AM Drifts In.

Runs Quiet Velvet Fingers Through Somnolent Spirit Hair.

Whispers Silent Songs Of Past Days Nights When.

Life Was Wont Of Woe Or Care.

One Danced Gay.

Pneuma Wedding Minuet.

Of. Unbounded Love.

Passion Reigned.

Peppers Band Played Wild And Free.

Morrison. Hendrix. Curt Cobain.

In Soul Touched Harmony.

World And We Were Fresh And Young.

No Limits. Remorse. Regret.

Now Voice Of Three AM Whispers.

What Has Become.

Of Thee. World. So Beset.

With Quiet Moans. Angst. Tears. Fears. Black Hope. Of Over. Done.

What Has Become.

Of Youths Gift Of Mystic Power.

The Vision Rises.

As Always.

At Three AM.

At Atmans Self Crafted Witching Hour.

An Empty Glass Of Spilled Champagne.

Bouquet Of Dead Flowers.