**HEMMINGWAY**

Say Pappa What Did You Think. Feel. See.

As That Double Charge Of Number Fours Embraced Thy Brain.

The Fickle Fate Perchance Perceived.

Of Thy Illusive Place In History.

Or Perhaps It Was The Angst. Agony. Pain.

To Know The Years Fears Tears Sauce Of The Grape And Rye.

Fruit Of Wounded Bird Machines .

Downed On Dark Continents Plain.

With Cruel Hippocratic Prod. Probe. Touch.

To Brain.

Had Willed Thy Bard Gifts And Will To Die.

No More To See. Write. Scribe.

Of Thy Thought What Flys.

To Raw Reality.

And Back Again.

Harken To Dirge Of Thy Mournful Lament.

At Witching Hour.

Of Thy Jaded Faded Powers.

Fall Prey To Black Spiral.

Swept Down Hole Of Melancholia . Over.

Helpless. Deep.

Dark. Descent.

Hand.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 03/20/14.*

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