**Lament of Age**

*December 26, 2014*

For Swift Flown Years Of Fears Tears.

Cold Angst Remorse Regret.

I Told My Beleaguered Nous.

Ah Fall Not Ye Yet. To Deep Dark Despair.

Where. Lyes.

Living Crypt. Tomb. Urn.

Of Black Wretched Cares.

Life's Slings Arrows Sticks Stones Rare Perils.

Doth Beget. Prepare Thee To Pass.

While Still Amongst Vast.

Uncharted Realm Of Time And Space.

Immersed In Youths Matchless Grace.

Dye Young. Alas. Now I.

Four Score. Ten. Cycles Round The Sun.

Still My Own Soul Light Of Sol Not Yet So Faded.

Set. Pray Say. What Hath.

This Mystic Being Of Esse Become. Say.

Does It Matter More Or Less.

Where When Bell Of Over Doth Peal.

Toll. My Passing In Ink Of Past Be Writ.

With Pen Of No Mas. So Noted.

In Over Script Inscribed.

Amongst Departed Rolls.

Of Once Was Velvet Scroll.

Say May A Fool As I So Deign To Guess.

If Such As I. Be Cursed Or Blessed.

That Purloined Heart Still Beats.

Fog Bound Mind Still Sparks.

I Still Draw Labored Breath.

For Vale Of Such Woe And Tears Charges Each Day.

Dear Tariff Of Pain Torment Agony Distress.

To Spirit Account Of Soul.

Crafted In Blood Sweat Tears What From Out Thy Atman Weeps.

Flows. Say Doth Such Thus. May. Perhaps. Perchance. So Decree. Ordain.

Within This Sea Of Psychic Pain.

So True The Ancient Verse. Only Blessed.

Good. Dye Young.

While What Their Still Virgin I Of I.

Endures. Survives. Say To New Bourne.

Bliss. Realm Of Grace. So Fly.

While Mortals As Thee. I.

Cursed To Languish Amongst Cage Cell Dungeon

Tower Stone Self Hewn Walls Of Prison Earth.

Be Chained To Rack Of Silent Eroded Eros Death Of Quiddity.

So Cursed. By Lack Of Path From Out The Mist.

Portal From Out This Dance Of Nay Never No.

Lough. Passed. Squandered. Missed.

Linger Too Long On Life's Cruel Stage. So Then. Await.

More Cheers. Kudos. Pause.

For Such Always So Due.

Anointed Sounds. Ah Woe. Know.

But The Silence.

Stygian Dearth Of All Applause.

As Then. Thy Voice Within.

Of Self Harmony. Breaks. Bear Whispers. Fades.

To Sad Lament Of Age. As Flame.

Coals. Of La Vie. Grow Cold.

In Poignant Mist.

Of Ones Self Looking Glass.

Stark. Dark. Grey Visage Now Appears.

So Revealed. So Told.

One Trundles On.

Alone.

Grown Old.