LEAVE OF THEE

November 17, 2014

Alas. Should Must I Maintneaux. This Bourne Take My Leave.

Wander In Cold Ethereal Night . To Mounts Hills Sea. Streams Grass Trees. So

Bid Adieu. Perchance No More To Know. Kiss Of Sun. Or Taste Another Breath

At Morning Light. I But Only Grieve. Mourn. Weep. At Leaving You. For You My

Love Be Light Of Life. For One As I. To Pale Very Sun Moon Comets Stars.

What Grace All Trackless Space Beyond The Skies. For I To Live In Harmony.

Grace Of Love. I Lough Must Know. Each Moment. You Exist. Be. Are. No

Moutain Heights. Of Bliss May Compare . Nor Nectar Of Clear Streams. Forrest

Green. Sweet Flowers. Nor Ocean Blue. May Rival Thy Delights. Fruits Of Self.

So Precious Rare. Thy Luscious Lips. Bouquet Of Thy Rojo Hair. Perfume Of

Thee. Green. Blue. Of Thy Limpid Eyes. Amorous Treasures What Lye With

You. So Pray May Within. This Vale Of Love And Tears. This Night Nor Coming

Day . Be Not For When. I Pass. Perish. Die. For Should Of Thee I Be. So By

Wheel Of Fate. Compelled To Take Thy Leave. Alas. No Matter To What

Exhaulted Bourne I Fly. With Thee I Leave. Very Quintessence. Quiddity. Of

Nous. All. All. All I Of I.