**Leave of Thee**

*November 17, 2015*

Alas. Should Must I Manteaux.

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 Exalted Bourne I Fly.

With Thee I Leave.

Very Quintessence. Quiddity.

Of Nous.

All. All. All I Of I.