**Might Have Been**

*December 17, 2014*

Looks Like My Cache Is Plumb Done Bare.

No Dust In My Poke.

Busted Flush Hand.

Not Even A Low Bottom Pair.

Drew A King On Seventeen.

Box Cars On The Come.

Bottle Empty. No Wine Whisky Vodka Gin Nor Rum.

Dead Flat Broke.

No Tea. Tobacco.

Smoked Up All My Dope.

Gave Up On Acid Junk Coke.

Giving Up On Hope.

End Of My Frayed Knotted Rope.

Not Sure If I Can Cope.

Looks Like It's All She Wrote.

Heart Skipping Beats.

Legs Are Weak.

Can't Get A Decent Breath.

Dog Team Ran Off. Up And Left.

Forget About Bread Potatoes Eggs Beans Rice Meat.

Not Even Boiled Harness.

Old Lard To Eat.

No Wood. No Fire. No Heat.

No Way Out I Guess.

So Rough Inside My Head.

Might As Well Be Dead.

Looking Kindly At Simple Thanatos Grace.

Dark Face Of Death.

Moros Siren Touch.

Looking Calm And Sweet.

Waiting For Old Sun To Set.

Not Sure If It Is Over Yet.

But Looks Like All Black Stuff Is Back.

I Tried To Bury. Kill. Forget.

Tasting Bitter Taste Of Defeat.

Long Hard Row To Hoe.

Pawned My Knife. Broke My Bow.

Powders Damp. Wet.

Hat Boots Socks Coat Gloves Worn Out.

Holes. Bare. Really Just Rags To Wear.

Looks Like I Am Busted. Beat.

Dumpster Diving. Nowhere.

One Can Shelter.

Save Under Bridges.

Cardboard Boxes Newspaper.

Blankets On The Street.

Trash Can Fires.

If Real Lucky.

Buck An Hour.

On Daily Hire.

Trying To Blot Out.

Ignore The Fear.

Old Lost Love Pain Still Here.

Like Always.

Can't Shake Dark Curse.

Should Have.

Could Have.

Remorse. Regrets.

Soul Is Crying.

Nous Is Dying.

No Use In Trying.

Can't Forget.

Cold Dawn Breaks.

Night Lifts.

It All Hits. Starts Again.

Dirge Of If Only. If.

Once More Sounds. Begins.

Mournful Call.

Of All Such Busted Men.

Of Why. I Had It. All Of It.

Lost It All. Why For. The Music Died.

Alas. If I Hadn't Quit.

Still Tried. Back When.

If Only. Maybe. Then.

It Might Have Been.