**On Kiss of Melancholy**

*February 13, 2014*

When Once More By Design Or Say By Chance.

My Old Friend Melancholy.

Doth Kiss My Brow.

Perhaps From Most Sad Thoughts

Of Lost Romance.

Life Years Past. What.

Four Score. Bring Moi To Now.

What Cruel Tides May Pull Me To The Shore.

Aground On Rocks. Shoals.

What Wait For All. My Mind.

Heart. Soul. Ponder.

Why Fore. Endure Such Woe.

Or Yield To Sirens Call.

By My Own Hand Embrace The Mystic Bourne.

Snuff Out Candle.

Quench Coals What Still Flicker.

Glow. Or Await From Such Dark Night. Spirits Light.

At Break Of Morne.

By Grace Of I So Will It So.

For Clouds Of Melancholy.

What Dance On Winds Of Fate. Love. Age.

In Boundless Time And Space.

Be Lined With Silver. Gold.

Of Thy Being.

Mine Such From Cold Darkness. Enfold.

Thy Worth With Certainty.

Treasure. In Thy Self.

Simple Faith.