**Perhaps**

*Rabbit Creek- May 14, 2014*

I Strutted. Gobbled Like A Turkey.

Quacked. Quacked.

Like A Duck.

Life Is Awfully Murky. Way Down On My Luck.

Trundled As A Tortoise.

Languished. Dandied. As A Hare.

Gamboled As A Porpoise. Never Really Dared.

To Look Into The Looking Glass.

Peer Down The Rabbit Hole.

Life Flew By. Alas. Alas.

What Happened To My Soul.

Perchance That Bowl Of Porridge.

I Would. Could. Should. Have Set Aside.

Perhaps That Taste Of Forbidden Fruit. Was When My Heart Began To Cry.

Pray May That Be When. Where.

My Nous Learned To Lie.

My Spirit Began To Die.

Ah Still With Deep Remorse. Regret.

I Contemplate. What Life. Now Begets.

With Deepest Angst. Anguish.

A Tear Or So.

Most Melancholy Sigh.

Ask My Poor Troubled Atman. Why?