**Rose of Amour**

*September 23, 2014*

I Hunted For Love And I Found It At Last.

It Lasted Not Even A Sad Fleeting Day.

For I Gave My Up My Essence.

Pledged My All.

Danced To The Sweet Siren Call.

She Just Smiled And Laughed.

Sad Sorry.

I See A More Promising Path.

It Seems I Best Be On My Way.

For True Love Lives With Ones Pine Ache Seeking Wanting.

Lyes With Rare Bird On The Wing.

Soars Not With Captured Prey In The Hand.

But With Pursuit. Hunting. Chase.

Fantasy Of What Each Conquest Will Bring.

Bright Apple Above On Tree Branch Most Delightful.

Ah One Lusts For The High Hanging Grapes.

But Shaken. Grasped.

Such Fruit Falls To The Earth.

Moment Of Truth Most Insightful.

Old News. Most Bland Texture And Taste.

Yet Still One Must Seek The Grand Union.

To Meld. Merge. Mingle. Fuse. Join. Bond. Twine.

For The Rose Of Amour. Buds. Blooms. Flowers.

Then Fades All Too Soon.

Brief Cusp In Ether Of Dark Space.

Wraith Of Loves Grace.

Mystic Mirage Of Time.

Say Let Thy Love Embrace.

Will O Wisp.

Of What Thee Soul Atman Pneuma May Hunger.

Need. Covet. Touch. Savor. Kiss.

Grail Of Love Bliss.

Ne'er Fade Wither Die On The Vine.