**Time of No**

*Rabbit Creek- December 30, 2014*

It Is Time.

To Take Thy No.

Spurn. For An Answer.

It Is Time To Just Pick Up And Go.

Know Thee Give No Heed.

Note. Of Lost Love Scribed.

In Dark Rolls Of My Soul.

With Quill Of Rejection.

In Ink Of Heartbreak.

So Wrote.

Or Give Creed.

To My Sad Eros Plea.

Earnest Love Prayer.

Let My Heart Hear Thee Say Nay. No.

Our Love Clock Has Struck Over Done.

Love Sands In Our Glass Have Run.

It Is So.

Night Calls Sad Set Of Loves Sun.

Cold Winds Of Vanquished Amour.

Doth Buffet. Gale. Blow.

For I Saw Thee.

So Struck I. By. Thy Moon.

Thy Rare Visage. Form.

Rare Perfect Eyes. Hair.

What Bless. Frame Thy Sweet Face.

As Bright Rays Of Sun At High Noon.

Cast An Aura Of Thee Of Most Unparalleled Beauty.

Grace. Unsurpassed In All Vast Realm Of Time And Space.

But Alack. Alas. Loves Dawn Has Passed.

Amours Cock. Has Crowed.

Trundled On. For Us.

Be End Of Loves Day.

Nothing. No Mas To Say.

Love Over. Finished. Done.

Dead. Mort. Lifeless.

Long Gone.