**A Dying Tune**

*January 5, 2015*

Looks like Life is plum done long gone finished over over.

My tick and tock about to stop.

I have drank all the rare fine wine.

Been Loved. Loved.

Up my share.

Melded fused merged mingled twined.

Eaten all the clover.

I am living on double double overtime

My role no longer rocks.

I turned but just A moment dear.

Ago It seems but yesterday.

Now life has fled across the years my tower of sand be swept away.

By cold howling winds Cruel N'er ceasing waves of could and would

Currents ebb surge flow of tides of might have been.

What cast ashore ashoal a ground marooned my ship of should.

Say memories of angst remorse regret take me back to when.

My lotus tree was in the Bud.

My Rose was in the Bloom.

Alas I wail moan call.

Rail now at looming sky above.

Why did all My leaves have to fall.

Why did the music Fade and die.

It all be gone so soon.

Say why must now such fool I Of I.

Behold confront such borne of emptiness.

My Nous through portals step must leave behind.

Bear my breast to Stygian Rays of all lost light of Hope and Chance.

Mere fragile Shell a wasted husk of nothing left. l.

Gaze Cry at Wane of dark over done blue moon.

Waltz away to sad refrain of mournful long gone done over dying tune.