**Ancient Wraiths of Three AM**

*January 27, 2015*

The Ancient Wraiths Of Three AM Ride In.

Tap On My Nous Window Pane.

Once More Night Dance Of Goblins Ghouls.

Of Memory N'er Well Suppressed Begins.

Torment Of Raw Waking Angst Gambols Agane.

Play Nocturnal Chess Havoc With My Brain.

I Contemplate Old Tragedy.

Occasions When.

I Acquiesced. With a Weak.

Spineless. Immoral. Yes.

I Once More. Said Si Qui.

When Fate Cried Out For Strength.

Of No. Or Demurred To Speak.

Stand Up. Hear.

Driven By Raw Void Of Grace.

Face Of Inner Fear.

Stood Silent. Mute. Dumb. Deaf.

When I Knew I Should Act.

Give Voice. So Whispered.

Spoke. My Self.

To My Atman. Soul.

Now As Phoenix From Ashe Of Would. Could. Should.

Those Long Dead Psychic Ghosts Of Long Ago.

Arise. From Graves Of Self Same Mirage.

Of Never Were. Was. Did.

Did. Not. Afford To I My Just Lot.

Of Verity. With Dark.

Stygian. Visage. Voice Of Self Damned. Cry.

Out To My.

Most Beleaguered I Of I.

I Told You So.

So Must From Sweet Opiate Of Sleep.

I Know. See Keep.

Within Quintessence Of The I.

Such Missives. Messages.

Arrows Slings Rocks Stones Of Truth.

Reality. Of Self.

What From Mystic Bourne Of Nod So Fly.

Will N'er Fade Nor Die.