**Dead Flowers of Might Have Been**

*May 9, 2015*

Pray Listen To Angst. Ache.

Whisper Of Thy Heart.

What Minster To Private Parlor Of Thy Mind.

Silent Speaks Of Thy Beings Wants Needs Self Works Of Art.

Wherein Thy Soul Thee Find.

What Treasured Fruits Of La Vie.

Be Offered Up On Fickle Fleeting Tree.

Of Moment. Mainteneaux.

What Might Be Savored Say By Thee.

By Cusp Of Now Bestowed.

Pray. Pause Not. Not Hesitate.

Cosmic Clock Gives Quarter To No Femme Nor Man.

Beware Pipers Toll. Tides.

Of E'er Shifting Ides Of Fates.

Pick. Pluck. Integrate.

In Mind. Body. Heart. Nous.

All Such Alms Of Time. Space.

While So Offered. While Thee Can.

For True Tragedy. Comes Not.

From Acts Nor Deeds.

Thoughts. Words. Amour.

Of Women. Men.

But Rather Paths Not Taken.

Trails Untrod. Truths Un Said.

Un Sprouted Seeds.

Dead Flowers Of Might Have Been.

Forfeit Of. Thy Blessings Of Self. Love.

What Will Never Come Again.