**Lament of Why**

*Goose Creek- August 28, 2015*

I First Beheld The Golden Moon.

When My Hungry Eyes Knew

Royal Gift Of You.

But Then. Alas So Soon.

So Soon.

Thee Fled.

Our Time Of Amour.

Done. Over. Through.

The Fickle Moon.

Turned Misty Blue.

Bright Stars What Twinkled

At Rare Sight.

Of Thy Unsurpassed Visage.

No Mas. Grace.

My Dark Lonely Sky.

As To Void Of Lost Love I Cry.

Face Black Ache.

Of Gelid Night.

Mourn For Love What Was.

Ponder What. Say Why.

Thee Left. Walked Out.

Said. Fini.

Not To Be.

Never. Ever.

Always No.

Thee Had To Go.

Look Back To All.

What Might Have Been.

Cry Alas. Why It Must Be So.

Perchance If My I Of I.

N'er Suffered. Self Absorbed

Blinded Eyes.

I Had Heeded.

Would. Could. Should.

Of Thy Love Needs.

Indeed.

We Still Meld Fuse Merge.

As One.

Entwined In Pure Amour.

Our Love. E'er Lasting.

Eternal. Ever More.