**Life is Plum**

*January 3, 2015*

Looks like Life is plum done long gone over over.

My tick and tock about to stop.

I have eaten all the clover.

My role no longer rocks.

I turned but just A moment dear.

It seems but yesterday.

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

By winds and waves of could and would

Currents ebb flow of tides of might have been.

What cast ashore 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.

Now at 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 all lost light of Hope and Chance.

Mere fragile Shell a wasted husk of nothing left l.

Cry at Wane of dark over done blue moon.

Waltz away to sad refrain of

A long gone done over dying tune