**Mirage of Amour**

*Dawn at Rabbit Creek- August 27, 2015*

Our Love Train.

Has Left The Station.

Our Amour Ship.

Has Sailed.

Left Me Alone. Forlorn.

On Empty Platform. Dock.

Another Hollow Broken Shell.

Another Tragic Lost Love Tale.

Another Wasted Lost Love Craft.

Aground On Lost Love Rocks.

Marooned With Empty Sails.

My Heart.

By Thy Dagger Of Good Bye.

Pierced. Lanced. Impaled.

Cracked. Shattered. Torn Apart.

Ah Once We Soared

To Passion Heights.

Twined. Bonded. Conjoined.

In Rare Delight.

Bequeathed To Each.

Exquisite Alms. Treasures.

Of The Night.

Immersed In Lovers Arms.

Mix. Rare Embrace.

Of Love And Trust.

Yet Now We Know

That Tragic Cusp.

In Time. Space.

Of Over. Done. Fini.

End. Of I. Thee.

As One.

Death Of Life Of We.

Our Triumph. Joy.

Of Fused Quiddity.

Dead. Mort. Turned To Dust.

So All Remains.

Is Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing Left.

Save. Corpse. Bones.

Of Our True Loves Tragic Death.

I Sit. In Abject Despair.

Dark Sorrow.

Cruel Misery.

Lost Love Poverty.

Of All Joy. Hope. Bereft.

Try. To Ponder. Why.

Cry.

To My Self.

Pourquoi.

Thee Deigned It So.

Thee Had To Go.

Walked Out.

Said No Mas. Nay.

Done. Over.

Never More. Finished.

No.

Console.

My Self With Memories.

Of When. Back Then.

Cling.

To Fantasy.

Of Might Have Been.

Mirage.

It Still.

May Be Thus. Be So.

Our World Of Love

Once More Begins.

Nouveau.

We Lye.

In Splendor.

Mingled. Melded. Merged.

In Love Again.