**Should Have**

*February 14, 2015*

Should Have Stood Pat On Life’s Seventeen.

But I Drew Another Card Of Love.

Busted. Jilted. Over Scene.

Hit Post At Amours In Between.

Blue Moon Up Above.

Looks Like Another Rebroken Broken Heart.

Tragic Hit Of Soul.

Time Once More.

The Heart Ache Aches.

Teardrops. Start.

Bed. Atman. Empty. Cold.

Gambled With My Spirit. Lost.

Threw Good Love Money After Bad.

Love Poke Flat. Broke.

Plumb Out Of All Love Cash.

Once More. Tormented. Tossed. Aside.

As Old Discarded Trash.

Tossed In All My Pride.

Gave Her All I Had. All My All.

Went For Inside Straight Of Must.

Busted Eros Flush.

Nous Blown Off.

Up And Died.

Nothing Going. Nothing Left.

All There Are. Are Lonesome Cries.

Of All Hope Of Love Bereft.

Mere Husk. Wasted Chaff.

Burned Out Empty Shell.

Still Wake At Morn.

Breathe. Heart Beats. Walk. Talk.

But No Feeling. Numb.

Save Angst. Sorrow. Pain.

Threw Snake Eyes On The Come.

Set My Point At Hard Nine Of Romance.

Never Had A Chance.

Tears Fall Like Winter Rain.

Soul. Gelid. Algid.

Winds Of No Mas Blow.

Haunting Whisper Of Her No. Over.

Washed Out. Turned Out. Worn Out.

Ancient. Old.

Bound By Chains. Bars.

Of Self. Imprisoned In Tragic Lost Love Cell.

Walked The Line. Futile.

Now Consigned.

To Waking Aching Living Hell.