**AIRPORT BLUES**

Sitting In The Airport.

Fifteen Hours On The Road.

Missed Connection.

Four Hour Layover.

Lonely. All Alone.

Tried To Reach Out.

Email. Txt. Phone.

No Answer. No Reply.

No One Home.

Alas. Alack.

No One Even Calls Me Back.

No One. Seems To Care.

Not Sure If Anyone Even

Takes Note.

Or Even Knows.

Looks Like No One Loves Me Any More.

I Am An Orphan Of Lamour.

Contemplating. Life.

Angst. Woe . Fears.

What Was. Was Not.

Would. Could. Should. Way Back When.

Cross The Years.

Old Ghosts Of Might Have Been.

Trying To Hold Back The Tears.

Listening To My Heart. Mind. Spirit. Cry.

Tragic Murmurs Of My Soul.

Maybe I Will Just Lay Down And Die.

Or Maybe Try To Cope.

Hold On To My Last Chance Hope.

Embrace. Treasure.

My Psychic Wealth.

I Can Still Love Myself . Give It One More Try.

Cause Life Has Not Yet.

Passed Me By.

I Still Have My I Of I.

Not Yet Run Out Of Atman Nous Pneuma Rope.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/25/16.*

*Atlanta Airport.*

*Copyright. C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*