**ANEW**

If I Might Unstring.

My Psychic Violin.

What Plays Dirge Of Would Could.

De Way Back When.

Un Sing.

The Mournful Songs.

Of Done. Or Did Not Do.

Un Break.

My Poor Broken Heart.

What Cracked. Shattered.

When I Lost You.

You Said. No Mas.

Done Over Good By.

It Hurt Too.

Much To Even Speak.

Laugh. Cry.

You. Tore Our World Apart.

Our Moon Turned Misty Blue.

Then I Might. Not Pine Cry.

Walk The Floor All Night.

From Dusk To Morning Light.

I Might Get Over Heart Ache

De Lose De Vous.

But Now N'er E'er I May Pray..

Turn Back The Hands Of Time.

Un Flow Sad Sands Of Hour Glass.

N'er Dare Believe I Once More Make Thee Mine.

I Thine.

Alack Alas.

Say Pray What Am I To Do.

Our Love Done Over Through.

But Treasure What We Were.

We Had. We Knew.

Pure Love What Still Lives Within Mind. Spirit. Heart.

At Each Thought Of Thee.

Restarts.

Conceived. Perceived.

Vibrant. Reborn. Birthed.

Alive. Anew.

Say Then I Need Not Bid Thee Gone. Adieu.

For Each Nouveau Thought.

Of Us.

Within My Mind.

Of Quietude.

Still Finds.

Us Melded. Mixed.

Mingled. Merged.

Fused.

As One From Two.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 2/7/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dusk.*

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