**BOOK OF LIFE.**

While Browsing Through My Book Of Life.

I Chanced. Upon A Verse.

Of Woe. Angst. Pain.

Lost Love. Heart Ache. Strife.

Deep Turn From Bad To Worse.

My Very. Being. Soul.

Pursued. Imbued. Beset. By Dark. Remorse.

Regret.

Tormented. Tortured. Cursed.

My Candle Flame Of Self

Quenched. Snuffed.

Lamp Of Being Tamped. Damped.

Turned Algid. Gelid. Cold.

But Pray. Say. Old Tales.

Of Fickle. Ides Of Fate.

What Once Did Cross My Trail.

With Such Cruel Stygian Aftermath.

Now From Out The Night In New Light

Of Spirits Sun.

Say. Pray. Fail.

To Read As More

Than Myth Of Concern.

Nor Serve But As Old Ashes.

Of A Former Misbegotten Turn.

What Fill A Long Forgotten Urn.

What Maintneau Dissipate.

With All. My Life Hath.

Now So Morphed. Become.

No More Than La Vies.

Ironic Twist Of Entropy.

A Distant Jesters Laugh.

For Now Is Now.

Is. Is.

To Be. To Be.

With All Verity. Felicity.

Of What I Am.

I Have. I Can.

What Say Care I

For Old Slings Arrows Rocks Stones

Once Hurled.

Kismet Taunts.

So Launched.

So Cast.

Flags Of What Was Not. So Cruelly Flown.

With Heartless.

Malice. Unfurled.

Wounds Cuts Scars.

Of Meaningless.

Old Ghosts. Goblins.

Spooks. Wraiths.

Mistakes.

Of Distant Past.

Rather I Embrace.

Nouveau Cusp Of Time. Space.

Call Of My Futures Path.

What N'er E'er Will Perhaps.

Be For Me So Dark. Dim. Black.

So Fraught With Such

Woe Angst Pain.

Agane.

What Holds Reads

Of Promise. Pledge.

Of Rare Chronicles

To Be Yet So Scribed.

In Moi So Blessed

Book Of Life.

To N'er E'er Be Surpassed.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 8/21/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Midnight.*

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