**EMPTY CUSP**

'Twas Once A La Vie Cusp.

What Called To I.

Of Sweet And Shining Shore.

Where Life Schemes Dreams.

N'er E'er Faded Died.

Lived For Evermore.

On Wings Of Promise Soared.

Yet Then Scourge Of Might Have Been.

Cold Showers Of Would Could Should.

Turned My Belief In Self.

Back To Fallow Grey.

Alack.

To Void Of Black.

A Living Corpse Of Self Within.

I Wandered In Dark Mournful Woods.

Of What Was Not.

Rank Deeds.

Done.

Grand Deeds.

Undone.

Remorse Regret.

Self Reproach.

Dead Hope.

Vile Flowers.

Of Spirit Doom.

Sprouted Bloomed

From Seeds.

Of Races Not Mere Unwon.

But Pray. Say. Nay.

Ne'er E'er Started..

Yay Say Alas Unrun.

So Doth Ones Fertile

La Vie Cusp.

So Be Rendered To Mere Shell.

Mort Empty Husk.

Where Dwells.

The Psychic Worm Of Death.

So Tolls.

Sounds. Rings. Knells.

Fini. Done Over Bell.

Of Now Thy Soul.

All Such Promises Devoid. Bereft.

Thy Precious Fruits Of Destiny.

Wane. Wither. Fade.

To Dust.

Thee Reach That Shining Shore.

Ne’er E'er.

Pray Say Nay.

Nevermore.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/4/16.

Rabbit Creek At Midnight.

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