**HARD HEART ATTACK BLUES.**

I Got Those Hard Heart Attack Blues.

Don't Know What To Do.

Looks Like Looming Dark Cold Dead Black Fact.

Rickety Rack.

It's A Heart Attack.

Poor Worn Heart

May Stop.

N'er E'er Again To Start. No Longer Beat.

Can't Catch My Breath.

On The Verge Of Death.

Looks Like Not Much Time Left.

How Can This Happen To Me.

Old Ticker Has.

Tick Tocked. Tick Tocked.

Like A Faithful Clock.

Five Thousand Times An Hour.

One Hundred Thousand Plus Per Day.

Over Forty Million Per Year.

Despite My Shameless Misuse. Abuse.

Kept Beating On.

N'er E'er To Wane Fail Fade.

For Well Over Six Decades.

Accompanied By Loyal Lungs What N'er Tire.

Say Pray. Expand. Fill Contract. Expel. Expire.

1000. 24,000. O'er 8,000,000.

Gifts Of Air.

Such Symbiotic Life Giving Pairs.

Beyond Mortal Compare.

In Tandem Harmony.

Grant O2 To Blood.

Blood Flow To Body.

Mind.

Such Staff Of Life.

To Fragile One As Me.

Yet Now I Find Old Friend.

Thee.

Want To Take Thy Leave.

Indeed My I Of I.

No More To Be.

Say Pray All I May Say.

Por Favor.

Please.

Hear My Fervent Plea.

Accept My Remorse Regret.

Heart Felt Apologies.

Forgive My Myopic Abject Vain Foolish Selfish Ungrateful Fatal Neglect.

Don't Stop.

Don't Quit.

Don't Die.

Not Yet. Not Yet.

N'er E'er Be Still.

Until I Thee No Longer Need.

Indeed.

Pray Say That Thee May Still Beat.

At Least For Four More Decades.

That I May Still Draw Breath.

Cheat Death.

Live. Think. Be.

Pray Old Friend.

Grant Me Quarter.

Space. Faith.

Again. Again.

Grant Precious

Alms Of La Vie.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/27/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dusk.*

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