**JESTERS SMILE**

Alas Tragic Seed Of What Was Not.

Has Sprouted In My Brain.

Mold Spore Of Might Have Been.

Awakes From Slumber Deep Within.

My Heart To Morph. Rise.

Touch My Soul Esse Again.

Worms Of Would Could Should.

Gnaw At My Fragile Spirit Fruit.

Wintry Gale Sleet Hail.

Of Remorse. Regret.

Buffet. Blow. Through

My I Of I.

The Piper Plays His Mournful Toll Song.

Of Life Due Tribute.

On Reapers Fateful

Angst Woe Flute.

As Never Did. Done.

Nor Care. Try. Begets.

Sad Sigh Of Why Why Why.

My Myopic Lassitude.

Let Life. Wane. Fade.

Drift By.

Such Trice Passed Cusps.

To Ne'er E'er Come Agane.

Maintneau. My Done Over Blue Moon Doth Rise.

My Poor Lost Nous Eyes.

Cry.

Tears Of Wasted Mort Lost Years.

What Fall Algid Gelid Cold As Winter Rain.

As I Peer Into My Spirit Mirror.

At All That Remains.

At Empty Shell.

All What Be Left.

Peers Back Avec.

Nothing But Mere

Cruel.

Dark Visage.

Jesters Hollow Smile Of Death.

PHILLIP PAUL. 11/6/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dawn.

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