LAMENT OF MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Who Might Talley My Thoughts What Hath.

Turned To Might Have Been.

Count Countless Steps Along The Path.

What Guides Me To

Self Looking Glass.

Where Alack. Alas.

I Gaze Back At Days Of When.

Life Force. First Sprung. Among.

La Vie Birds Of Spring.

As Love Thrushes Sung.

Amour Bells Rung.

With Grand. Peal. Ring.

Of Heights To Come.

Avec Pure Trust And Grace.

Two Melded Merged

Fused As One.

Yet. In Cusp. Wheel Turn.

Of Time. Space. Fate.

Maintneau. I Wander In Dank Misty.

Dark Blue Moon Woods.

Of Unrequited Love.

Beset By Wraiths Of Would Could Should.

Cry Out Again.

In Angst. Woe. Pain.

To Heartless Sky Above.

Lament Mourn Remorse Regret.

By No Non Nay Beget.

Of All That Never Was.

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/20/16.

Rabbit Creek.

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