**LAMENT OF WHY FORE.**

Why Fore Must I So Pine For What Was Not.

Mourn For Might Have Been.

Soul Wail For Void.

Of Would Could Should.

Long For Alms De Tragic Tale.

Of Bye Gone Days Of When.

My Rose Was In Pure Glory Bloom.

Self Being In Full Flower.

Sunrise Rays Of Life’s Nouveau Day.

Shown Well Before High Noon.

Not Yet Touch Of Dusk.

Natheless. Nous Wrath Impending Haunt.

Ne'er Tolled The Witching Hour.

All Manner Of Rare Elves Fairies Of Love.

Danced. Pranced.

In My Amour Glenn.

Green Fields Of Self

Flourished.

Abound Around.

Blue Skies Of I Of I Above.

Alas. Alack. Say Then.

Life Turned Its Back.

La Vie Waned.

Grey. Gelid. Algid.

Cold. Dark. Black.

As All Faded.

Drifted. Away.

Now All That Be.

For Such Poor Fool.

As Me.

Along This Möbius Path.

Shape Shift. Of Entropy.

Is Bleak Stygian Destiny.

As I Pine For What Was Not.

Behold My Wretched Lot.

Mourn For Might Have Been.

Pray. Say. That It Be So.

I Might Know.

Cusps Of Long Ago.

Which. What.

Will Never Come

Again.

Yet It Not Is. Be Not To Be.

I Thus Must.

So Suffer Such Angst Pain Woe.

Of Remorse. Regret.

For Would Could Should.

My Soul.

Now Spawns. Bears. Begets.

Fore'er Melded Lodged Fused Deep Within.

Sun Sets.

I Trundle On.

Perchance Know No Mas Rise. Dawn.

Done Over Doth Begin.

As Tides Of Fate Ides.

Surge. Roll. Flow. In.

PHILLIP PAUL. 10/30/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dawn.

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