**LOST CHANCE TRAGEDY**

I Wandered In Moi Psychic Wilderness.

For Neigh Seven Tens Of Years.

Then Say Perchance.

By Happenstance.

My Fogged Vision Of La Vie Cleared.

Felicity.

Of My Self Nous Atman Pneuma Soon Appeared.

As I Beheld Verity.

Of My Soul Visage.

Within My Spirit Mirror.

Where Once I Perceived.

A Blameless Unparalled Face.

Creature Of Unblemished Taste.

Suffused Avec Certain Pure Perfect Faith.

With Creed Without Repoach.

I Note Now Within Dark Pool Of Reality.

Behold.

Scraps. Leavings.

Of Moi Fruits Of Time And Space.

With Foregone Trappings Of My Soul.

What Pray Say May Soon To Be My Legacy.

As Flame Of Life Fades. Wanes. To Feeble Coals. Flickers. Dies. Grows Cold.

Alas Not All I Did.

Streams Forded.

Mountains Climbed.

Alms Gifted.

Swift Races I Did Run.

Gestures. Alms Of Charity.

Acts Of Fortitude.

But Rather Wraiths.

Of Would Could Should.

Old Ghosts Of Might Have Been.

Of My Fellow Men.

Unheralded. Un Repented.

Arrows. Slings. Stones.

Cuts Blows Sins.

In Heedless Anger.

Hurled. Cast. Thrown.

Apologies. N'er Tendered.

Quarter Still Not Afforded. Granted. Spoken.

Un Offered.

Alas. Unknown.

Gifts I N'er Did Give.

Tasks I Did Not Do.

Moments Still Left To Live. Words Whispered False. Untrue.

Failure To Speak The Truth. Deeds Of Human Empathy Undone.

Songs Of Grace Unsung.

Soul Bells Of Being.

Yet Not Rung.

Remorse. Regret.

For What N'er Was.

With Void Of What.

Will Not Be.

Say. Sad. Mournful. Sorrow.

La Vie Base Mendacity.

De Lost Chance Tragedy.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/20/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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