**MARLEYS GHOST OF SELF.**

As I Stone Cold.

Aware. Awake. Awoke.

To Ghost

Algid Gelid Touch.

Dread Clank Of Marley’s Chains.

So To Beings Perception Arose.

From Deep La Vie Waking Slumber

Of Self Satisfaction Bliss.

Of A Most Self-Centered Life.

So Stirred.

At Whisper Of My World Amiss.

I On Wall Of My Soul.

In Candle Light.

Of Now Pure Truth.

Did Alas Behold.

Handwriting Of My Worlds Sad Tragic Emptiness.

So Scrolled. Writ.

Nothing More.

Nothing Less.

As Fidelity Of Moi Shallowness.

So Rife.

With Seeds Of Remorse.

Regret.

Now To My Eyes Of Self Shame.

With Cruel Flames.

Of Nous Angst Pain.

Fears.

So Incurred.

Appeared.

Scribed By Manibus.

Of Would Could Should.

With Pen.

Of Verity Felicity

In Blood Let Ink.

Of Might Have Been.

What Made My Heart. Mind.

My Very Such Blood.

Run Cold.

From Out The Night.

Wafted Dreadful Sight.

Tragic Visage.

Of What I Was Meant To Be.

But Never Was.

Reality.

Of Mere Wraith Husk Shell Of My I Of I.

What By Living A Self Centered Lie.

I To Had Journeyed.

Faded.

Waned Withered Died.

Became.

Because.

I N'er E'er Embraced.

Faith Grace.

Of Empathy. Compassion. Love. Aid.

Tithe Of Self To Fellow Man.

But Rather Waltzed Solo Avec My Own Song.

Consumed Of My Own Needs.

Indeed.

Could Only Deign

To See. Seek.

My Own Promised Land.

Now Alas. Alack.

As I Look Back.

All My Gold Of Self.

My Atman Pneuma Nous Wealth.

By My Own Myopic Self Blinded Mind Heart Hand.

So Wrought.

Hath Come To This.

Hath Gone To Naught. Hath Crumbled To Dust.

Hath Turned To Sand.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/28/16.*

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