**NO BLUES BAD BREAK**

Ice Cleats Slipped.

Another Fall.

Another Tap Touch Call.

Of Mortality.

Fragility.

De Clay Vessel Of The Soul.

Same Old Bad Break

Story Told.

Went Down Hard.

On A Concrete Floor.

Right Leg Collapsed.

Twisted.

Folded Back.

Two Sharp Pops Snaps Cracks.

Looks Like One More.

Hard Luck. Tough Times.

Attack.

One More.

Deux Place Broken Leg.

Fibula. Tibula.

Lost Count. Score.

Of Past.

Plates Screws Pins

Braces Crutches Casts.

Sprains. Cuts. Slashes. Stitches. Scalds. Burns. Scars.

Now Broke Both Legs.

Tore Both Quads.

Two Drilled Knee Caps.

Rough Tough Injury Path.

But I Know What To Do.

No Use Singing Hard Luck Bad Break Blues.

Not Much Choice.

But To Hang On.

Not Give In.

Try To Heal Again.

Not Moan Whine Cry.

Lay Down And Die.

Just Get Back Up.

Laugh.

Face Fates Brutal Facts.

One More.

Round Of Hard Times Fact.

Things May Look Cloudy Dim Grim Dark Black.

But I Aim To Get Up

On My Life Horse Again.

Dig My Spurs In.

Don't Aim To Cut.

This Bad Break

Hard Luck

Fickle Fate Setback.

Any Quarter.

Room. Nor Slack.

Just Toughen Up.

Shake It Off.

Suck It Up.

Ignore.

The Pain. Hurt.

Get Off The Floor.

Out Of The Dirt.

So Pull The Gate.

I Am Still On For Eight.

Just Like Every Bad Break Hard Luck Rough Fate.

Hit Before.

I Am Mounted. Cinched. Still Rough Tough Strong Inside.

Ready To Shake Rattle.

Cling. Clamp. On.

Buck. Jump. Spur. Ride.

I Am On New Hope Counter Attack.

Just Gonna Work My Way On Back.

Uno Mas On The Rebound.

Return. Recovery. Rising. Revival.

No Holds Barred.

Right On.

Comeback Track.

PHILLIP PAUL. 12/22/16.

Rabbit Creek At Dusk.

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