**ODE OF WHY.**

No Need To Read My Soul Reviews.

Pine For Life Curtain Call.

Say Search Press Run Esse Evening News.

Devine Where Tea Leaves Of My La Vie Fall.

As Gaze From Out My Spirit Mirror.

Avec Anxious Atman Eyes.

De My Clairvoyant I Of I.

Paints Portrait Of Remorse Regret Self Fear.

Within. Moi Voice Of Infant Cries.

Alas. Alack. As I Look Back.

On Shades. Spooks. Wraiths.

Of Might Have Been.

Old Shunned Friends

Of Would Could Should.

Empty Algid Gelid Black.

Wasted Days Of When.

My Sprouted Flowers Of Being. Budded. Bloomed.,

To Only Soon. So Soon.

Wane. Wither. Fade. Die.

As I Behold.

Stygian Visage.

Sod Roofed Cold.

Dank Lightless Narrow Room.

Couch. Shroud.

Of Root. Worm.

Done. Over. Fini.

Draws Neigh.

Handwriting On My Pneuma Wall.

Be So Plain Again.

Be So Cruelly Scribed.

With Brush. Pen.

Of Ne'er E 'er To Be.

Paint. Ink. Of Inequity.

In Ledger Of Lost Fruits

Of Möbius Entropy.

As La Vie Music Falters.

Life Flame Flickers.

One Thought.

Question. Query.

In. Out. My Cloistered. Crypt. Vault.

Of Soul Flies By.

One Simple Word.

Why.

PHILLIP PAUL. 11/19/16.

Rabbit Creek At Two AM.

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