**OLD GHOSTS OF THREE AM**

Postman Of Melancolia.

Rings Again At Three Am.

Black Clouds Blot Out Sunrise.

Once More Morass

Of Remorse. Regret.

Self Reproach. Begins.

Dolor. Rue. Sorrow.

So Begets.

Despair. De Morrow.

Joy. Of Being.

So Set To Die.

From Out The Mournful Night.

From Slumber. Vale. I Rise.

Know. Stygian Dearth.

Of Healing Light.

My Very Being Cries.

Quiddity Sad Death.

For Deeds Done. Undone.

Races Run. Un. Run.

Old Ghosts Of Might Have Been.

Arrows. Slings. Stones.

Fate Blows. Still To Come.

I So Be Moan.

Longing.

For Days Of When.

My World Was Young.

I Wake. To Pure Angst.

Ah Then.

Gaze Into Spirit Mirror.

Face. Fears. Tears.

At Day Break Of Sun.

At What I Have Become.

A Husk. Mere Shell.

Of All I Was.

Say. Pray. Tell.

Why. I Cry.

Perchance. Because.

I Sold My Soul.

My Very Birthright.

Quintessence.

De. Moi. I Of I.

For Specious Gold .

Hollow Fame. Acclaim.

Of Worlds Empty Porridge Bowl.

So Out The Night.

I Awake. Arise.

Forsake The Light.

No Mas.

To Soar. Sail. Fly.

Cross Etherial Euphoric.

Hope. Brightened. Skies.

Confront. At Nouveau. Morn.

N'er But This.

Deep. Abyss.

Dark Blue Forlorn.

Consigned To Lost Chance Fated Bourne.

Music Of La Vie Dies.

Done. Over. Starts.

My Blood Runs.

Algid. Gelid. Cold.

I Face Raw Visage.

Of Self. Mind. Heart.

Aged. Faded. Foregone.

Withered. Wasted.

Old.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 3/10/16.*

*Rabbit Creek At Sunrise.*

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