**SOUL RENTED ROOM**

I Knocked A Most Voracious Knock.

Upon Spirit Barred Door.

Of My Grand Old House Of Life.

Where My Quintessence Lived Before.

It Seemed No One Was

Home.

Save Lost Love Pain Woe Failure Angst Remorse Regret Strife.

With In Mere Unwelome O'er Stayed Guests.

Of Pneuma Wails Sighs Cries Most Dreadful Moans.

For Hollow Husks Of Might Have Been.

Empty Shells Of Would Could Should.

Old Faded Remnants Of Days Of When.

I Wandered In Rich Fertile Woods.

Danced In To Be Glenn.

Amongst Bright Sunlit Hours.

As Showers Of Grace Hope Faith.

Boundless Energy.

Spawned Sprouted Budded Bloomed

Rare Ripe So Countless La Vie Flowers.

Till Alas Alack I Drew Back.

Through Dark Portal

Of My Soul Nous Spirit Cave.

To Lie.

Lifeless.

Shallow.

A Fallow.

As My

Esse Died.

With Such Companions.

Who So Belied.

The Fruits Of Fate.

Moi Destiny.

My Precious I Of I.

My Treasured My Of My. My Priceless Me Of Me.

Who As So It So Goes.

Maintenant.

Now Haunt My Atman Abode.

As I Did Not. Do Naught.

What I Would Could Should.

Nor What One Aught.

Have In.

These Days Of Haste Waste.

Sloth.

Passed On Might Have Been.

Now Mere Watch Count Wasted Nights Forfeit Days.

As All Doth Drift Away.

Await Looming.

Cold Dank.

Soul Rented Room.

Of My Beings Cold Lightless Grave.

PHILLIP PAUL.

12/13/16:

Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.

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