**VISAGE OF FUTILITY.**

I Dreamed A Dream Of What I Was.

Mused Of What I Might Have Been.

Asked My I Of I.

Say Why. Oh Why.

Pray Tell Me Why.

My Being Must Fade. Whither. Die.

It Whispered.

Because Of Just Because.

Of This.

Bye Gone Ne'er E'er Dawns Again.

From Out The Mist.

To My Minds Eye.

What Lough Did Soon Appear.

But Phantasm Of Such Days Gone By.

Visage In My Sprit Mirror.

Old Friends Of Remorse Regret.

What Chortled At My Vapid Misplaced Glee.

Avec False Companions Of Joy Happiness.

Twin Jesters Of Truth. Verity. Felicity. Lies. Mendacity.

As I Awoke. To Know. Behold.

Next Moments.

Cusps. Of La Vie.

Möbius Shapes Shifts Of My Soul.

De Future. Maintneau. Past.

From Out The Cosmic Looking Glass.

Of Dance Of Entropy.

Laughed Their Haunting Laughs.

With Twisted Smiles Of Ne'er E'er Again.

Such State Of Grace Of I To See.

In Union Of Ne'er Ceasing Futility.

Face Of Myself.

Gazed So Mournfully.

In Self Same Sympathy.

Lugubrious. Forlorn. Doleful.

With Piercing Stare.

Of Rank Self Futility.

De Would Could Should.

All What I Might Have Achieved.

But Ne'er E'er Will Be.

Peered Out With Eyes Of Shame.

At My Life Path Morbidity. For All Eternity.

Straight Back At Me.

PHILLIP PAUL. 11/15/16.

Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.

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