**A WILTED ROSE**.

My Love Be Like The Gentle Rose.

What Sprouts. Buds. Blossoms. Blooms.

Yet Still May Wane Wither As One Knows.

From Flowering Bliss Of June.

Summers Fickle Siren Kiss.

Autumns Hint Of Winter

Cold.

Till Alas. Love Bond.

Falters. Cleaves. Splits.

As With.

Harsh North Winds.

Cruel Algid Gelid Embrace.

Of Frost.

Toil Of The Years.

Lays Waste Precious Love Rose.

For Love Be But For Youth Of Spring.

As Summer Amour Fades To Eros Drifting Leaves Of Fall.

With Hoary Touch Of Age.

One Hears Mournful Lost Love Bells Ring.

Sad Lonesome Love Over Call.

As With Rose Blush De Beauty.

Now Be But Mere Memory.

So Too Of Alms De Venus. Aphrodite.

Love State Of Grace.

Precious Soul Meld Merge Fuse Embrace.

With Set Of Winters Sun.

Morph. Become.

Dead Love Flowers Of No Mas.

Love Flame Snuffed.

To Mere Ash.

Not. N'er E'er Agane.

To Be.

Chilled. Killed.

Avec Such Loss Of Thee.

Lost Love Tears Of Winter Rain.

All.

Love Husks What Lie Sadly.

With Purest Tragedy

Mort. Wilted. Wasted.

In Their Place.

Pour Toto De.

Endless Time

Boundless Space.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 1/10/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At The Witching Hour.*

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