**DOOM OF SELF CHAGRIN**

If One Mere Looks Back.

Dwells On Bygone Days Of When.

What Was. Was Not.

Through Angst Tinted Glass.

Of Might Have Been.

Fraught With Remorse.

For What Ones Deeds Did. N'er E'er Wrought.

With Eyes Of Would Could Should.

Cries Tears Of Perchance Had Done. Not Done.

Falls On Ones Penitence Sharpened Lance.

Sighs Fruitless Sighs

Pour Maybe Another Path.

Bemoans Life's Cost. Mourns Races Lost.

Not Run.

Songs Sung. Unsung.

Speech Said. Unsaid.

Loves Loved. Unloved. Hopes Hoped.

Long Dead.

Dwells On T'was Possible Ghosts Goblins Ghouls From Out The Past.

One Merely Whispers In Siren Wishfulness Wind.

Of Baseless Fret Regret.

Builds Time Tides Fragile Castles Of Sifting Sand.

For Pang. Ruefulness.

Self Reproach. Ruth. Lament.

N'er E'er Beget.

For Any Woman. Man.

A Flower What N'er Sprouted Budded Bloomed.

In Distant Hours.

To Now Hath.

Then So Flowered.

Mere Choke Chill Kill.

Thy Now. To Be.

Spirit Floret Alms.

De Atman Pneuma Garden Of Being.

Consigned By Guilt’s Raw Cruel Hand

Of Might Have Been Mendacity.

Fatal Woe Compunction Qualm Quicksand.

Avec Endless Forlorn.

To Stygian Desolate Bleak Bourne.

Woebegone Helpless Lost Land.

De Eternal Cloying Gloom.

Of Would Could Should Have.

Mortal Soul Blow What Looms.

Tragic.

Nouveau Nous.

Flowerets. Blossoms.

Self Chagrin Wilted Doom.

*PHILLIP PAUL 1/5/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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