**F. SCOTT.**

Heading East To Princeton Town.

St. Paul At My Back.

Some What A Back Water Great Lakes Clown.

Princeton Would Not Cut Me Any Slack.

No One At The Eating Clubs.

Cared A Whit For Me.

No Debutant Would Cede Me Love.

Know Only My Own Sad Lonely Company.

So It Is In Ivy League.

Sans Money Breeding Pedigree.

But Say Silent Sword Of The Pen.

I Wield As Bards Of Old Again.

What Paints Rich False Persona Empty Spirit Clay Feet.

With Ink Of Raw Clarity.

Rare Gift Of Verity To See.

Grants This Timid School Boy Sure Revenge.

Stark Visage In.

No Clothes Looking Glass.

Mirror Of Portrait De Felicity.

What Doth Reflect.

Blue Blood.

Hollow Husks.

Be Piper Toll Wrought Sweet.

Blew Out Of Princeton Town.

New York. Paris. L. A. Vast Renown.

To Heights Of Glory Bound.

Immortality.

But Say Alas.

Still Played The Clown.

My Being So Soon So Gone.

Fini. Over. Done.

Moved On.

N'er E'er To Last.

With Hollow Curse Of Fame.

Bottles What I So Tried.

But Could Not.

N'er E'er Drink Empty Dry.

Were Sure Pure Death Of Me.

With Zelda Shared Name Of No Shame.

Til Alas. Alack.

It All Swept Past.

Mere Four Tens And Four.

Terre Orb Cycles Round Old Sol.

I Bartered For Foolish Fleeting Frolic.

Empty Pottage Bowl.

Precious Quintessence Of My Soul.

Lost All Of All Amour.

My Very I Of I.

Waned Withed

Faded Died.

Moi Fate Wheel Turned.

Dark. Cold. Gelid. Black.

Zelda Burned.

I Tasted.

Grape Spawned Heart Attack.

It All Alas Slipped By.

I Knew The Truth Of La Vies Lies.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 6/12/17.*

*For Scott And Zelda.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dusk.*

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