**LAMENT DE WOE OF FICKLE FATE FALSE RAINBOW.**

Alas There Be No Treasured Pot Of Gold.

What One Sought As Fates Promise.

Siren Song Fruits Of Fickle False Rainbow.

At End Of Tormented Twisting Road.

From Birth To Death.

For Flame De La Vie.

Hath Waned Flickered Gone Cold.

To Dead Coals Of Life Entropy.

Mere Fragile Husk Shell Left.

De Clay Vessel Of The Soul.

Pottage Bowl.

So Dearly Bartered Bought.

Traded For Nous Atman Pneuma Store De Thy Verity. Felicity.

Pour Mirage Of Power Amour Love Fame.

Be Tasteless.

Empty. Hollow.

Or Say Bitter. Sour. Useless.

Save For Naught.

At End Fini Termini.

Of Thy Beings Path.

As Thy Forfeit De Thy Quintessence Be N'er E'er.

But Grey Pall. Black Bane.

Say Sad Clouds Of Might Have Been.

Pour Out Algid Gelid Storm Sheets Of Would Could Should.

Deluge Of Remorse Regret.

What Fall Like Stark Chill Of Winter Rain.

Such Forlorn Sorrow Begets.

As Ship Of Thy Worth Hath Sailed. Left Shore. Passed.

As Mendacity Path

De Betrayal Of Thy Quiddity.

For Mere Paste Jewels Baubles Fools Gold Of Not To Be.

Yields Only Withered Fruit Dead Flowers.

Mournful Tragic Hours.

Of Dark Depths Of Wasted Haecceity.

Hopeless Woe Angst Psychic Pain.

At Thy Esse Long Gone Done Over True Wealth Of Self.

So Squandered Lost.

To N'er E'er Come Agane.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 3/9/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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