**POTTAGE BOWL OF SOUL.**

Walking Down Sad Road Of Might Have Been.

Neath Clouds Of Would Could Should.

Pining For Days Of When.

I N'er Wandered In.

These Deep Dense Stygian.

Blue Woods.

Of Dark Recess De What Was Not.

Cold Void Of No Mas To Be.

Raw Happenstance Of Wretched Lot.

Waned Wasted Dregs De Entropy.

Now All Hope Be Done Over Dead.

No More Moi Nous Sun To Shine.

Wraiths Haunts Ghosts Of Remorse Regret.

Dance In My Head.

Woe Angst Cob Webs.

Beget By Deeds Done Undone.

Capture My Tormented Mind.

For Say Alas. As Life Fled Past.

I Turned Down That Hollow Path.

What Called With Mirage Of Love Power Wealth To Seek Find.

Bartered My Self.

For Pottage Bowl

Of Beings Death.

Chased False Rainbows. Left My Soul.

Empty. Bereft. Behind.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 2/26/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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