**RIVER OF SELF REPROACH**

How Blue Can My Moon Wane.

How Cold My Heart Winds Blow.

How Deep Dark Pool Of Woe And Pain.

From River Of Self Reproach.

What Pours From Out My Soul.

As Ghosts Spooks Haunts Wraiths.

Lost Mirage Of Might Have Been.

Black Twists Turns Of Fickle Fate.

Alms Precious Treasure Of Being To N'er E'er Be Known Again.

Be Lost To Morass

Of Would Could Should.

Alack Alas. As I Look Back.

I Wander In Those Stygian Woods.

Where Lies Naught.

But Blue Remorse. Regret.

For Deeds Done Undone.

As Each Moment Beat Breath. Begets.

Naught But Sad Tragic.

Blue Moon Days Nights.

To Come.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 3/16/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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