**SONG FOR LISA.**

If All Worlds Jewels Treasure Silver Gold.

Rare Prizes Of Le Monde.

All Alms De Fate One Might Imagine. Behold.

Were Spread Before My Yearning Heart Soul Feet.

This Fleeting Day. Say None Nay.

I Covet Seek.

Than Those Of Lisa.

Say None Might Compare.

Than Touch Scent Kiss Amour Embrace Of Thee.

Thy Eyes Lips Bosom Skin Arms Legs Waves Of Thy Hair.

For Siren Song Of Fortune Power Victory.

Mirage Of Mendacity.

That Compels Ones Fall To Tragedy.

Leads Mere To Rocks Reefs Shoals Of Cold Loneliness.

While Pray Say Thee Surrender.

Yield To Me.

In Loves Sweet Meld Merge Fuse Caress.

Ah Lisa That Thee.

Might Grant To I Thy Self.

Such Gifts Surpass All Worldly Wealth.

All Succulent Sustenance Ardor Aphrodite Treats.

My Life Sublime. At Peace.

Full. Complete.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 3/24/17.*

*Anchorage At The Witching Hour.*

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