**WHISPER OF NO.**

How Tight To Tune The Violin.

What Plays Song Of Thy Soul.

Until Strings Stretch Snap Asunder Then.

All Goes Silent. Dark.

Dead Over Cold.

For Spirit May Bear Only That.

Thy Mind Heart May Endure.

Till One More Slender Reed Of Angst Woe.

May Break Thy Quintessence Back.

So. So A Failed Amour.

Say. So It Goes.

With Love And Loss.

Thy Being Knows.

No Greater Blow.

As On Storm Seas.

Of Spurned Love.

One Is Tossed.

Than Where Once Thee.

Afforded To Me. Precious Alms.

De Yes. Si. Oui.

Now Alas Alack.

Thee Shatter Crack.

My Heart.

Tear Our World Apart.

With Thy Most Cruel Certain.

Tragic Whisper.

Of Nay. Non. No.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 7/12/17.*

*Rabbit Creek At Dawn.*

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