

Human: Tribute To Jim Meskimen

By Robin Lipinski

Feel here, my heart, can you feel my passion?

A simple touch,

A kiss,

A physical expression.

Barter and make,

Work and sleep,

Laugh and cry,

Live and die,

All while the stars circle the sky,

That's our world we keep.

We all have our talents; mine is to watch.

We all have our secrets; mine rests in my heart.

We all have life, a light, shining to show others we're here,

And some have an extension of fingers,

Not written language,

Nor war, or other mundane earthly things,

Rather art of expression.

It started on caves in our early days,

And spread as our knowledge grew,

Past stone, goat hides, and paper,

Until digital, laser, and electrons became a part.

It takes much talent to master,

The art of trying them all,

To put down for others, a view, a passion, an expression,

Or if you prefer, a living dream.

In this arena of expression,

Jim Meskimen is representing humanities heart.

The End