

Ignorance

By Robin Lipinski

Glowing with exuberance as the match was struck.
Watching with glee as the flame grew.
Larger.
Bigger.
And then with a bite,
Pain!

Parents said, "Don't play with matches," over and over again.
Yet, while you listened you only pretend.
As this is your life,
Your time,
Your way.

Over and over stuck again and again.
No matter the lesson, you ignored what you chose and chose pain.
Though sometimes pleasure from ill gotten gains.

For example, the time you robbed the store down the street.
It was fun and profitable,
You even enjoyed escaping from the police.

What you knew but thought would never happen,
Was the man you robbed was like you.
Making choices going against a moral stand.

He found you yesterday, enjoying the fruit of your crime,
And when you were confronted you knew...

When the sound of the gunshot was gone,
And the bullet had passed through you,
Your final thought was,
"Society was right, I'm a fool."

The End