

Man On The Other Side of the World

By Robin Lipinski

They tell us many things,
Angry,
Sad,
Happy,
Secure,
To be as they want us to be.

They are wrong those who we call they.
It actually,
Truly,
Positively,
Deals only with me.

Not you or them or they,
Wait,
One moment,
There is she.

Prisoner of my own escape,
Kneeling behind the security of fate,
On bended knee I fell.

Her seductive charm showing amongst the army of roses they sent,
Bending,
Reaching,
She plucked the one,
Me,
With her, the flowery thorn thrust into my heart.

The End