

Oops!

By Robin Lipinski

Only months old and I began walking,
Along with talking, crying, laughing and exploring,
Finding dried gum under the table,
And stumbling into trouble and fun.

Firming steps of youth lead me into some situations,
I'm positive for those adults around me,
It was not fun.

Passing quickly into an older age,
I tripped and fell in love,
Finding in societies mud,
An education, pain, and joy,
And my life has hardly begun.

I ran through each situation like a sprinter,
Chasing rainbows and dreams,
Sometime skinning my knees,
But yes, still having fun.

I'm old now,
Moving a little slower,
Yet moving none-the-less,
Growing more and more feeble,
Maybe I should sit and rest?

And just as I feel it is over,
Gasping, holding onto breath,
I glimpse a golden flower,
Hovering over a red flame,
And that is when the legs of my soul took over.

With a speed I never knew I possessed,
I ran towards the light,
Surprised I was not,
As eternity greeted my eyes.

And in my last earthly thought,
I was still having fun and learning,
And felt the Love from His eyes.

The End