

Outside

By Robin Lipinski

Car reflective of my failure,
Stubborn in the start,
While my fancy electronic toaster burnt my toast.

On the TV, there is static,
On the sofa lays my broken cell phone,
On the bed the electric blanket shorted, burning wire,
Turning off another breaker beneath.

Outside, there is clamor in the streets,
As people race around,
Mindless in their existence,
Pushing buttons,
Adjusting knobs,
Oblivious to me.

Locking the door and heading to work,
My electronic alarm pad failed to set,
And I tripped over my son's toy robot,
Meeting with cement.

Laying, crying, wondering why this all must happen to me,
I opened my eyes and saw,
A butterfly fluttering, golden and green,
Hovering,
Above my face.

And soon in this wonderful moment,
I heard a bird sing in a tree,
His song was answered by another,
On the other side of me.

Lost in the moment,
I wondered why I had never seen or heard this scene before,
Picking myself up, brushing of the dirt,
My day had changed now as I embraced nature,
Looking at a spider spin its web,
Listening to the rustle of leaves,
Feeling the warmth of the Sun,
I now had my answer.

All this technology had happened to me,
A choice given and taken,
Forgetting where I come from but now that moments passed,
So welcome world,
Here I come,
Together we'll be in peace.

The End