

## Sunk On Ambition

By Robin Lipinski

As a child dreaming of toys coming during Christmas,  
Turning to other things with age.  
A part of growing.

Sex does strange twists to perspectives,  
Raising new points to ponder,  
I find it all very strange.

Nowadays, fantasy rings my bell,  
Tolling out in a new direction,  
In my case,  
The sea.

To dive and find treasure,  
Gold, coral encrusted silver, jewels...  
What fun!

Rubbing the keel of the recently exposed Egyptian ship,  
I viewed something special.  
Another diver exploring, and through her mask,  
She smiled at me.

The End