

# Took A Turn

By Robin Lipinski

Forward or back,  
Up'  
Down,  
Linear in thinking as parameters shown glare data irrefutable to even open yet closed to debate.

a,b,c,d,e,f...  
Full of fallacy forsaking foolish fantasy...

g,h,i, j, k...  
Knowledge knowing...

l,m,n,o,p...  
Poor people pulling opinions...

q,r,s,t,u...  
United under...

v,w,x,y...  
Yes, why?  
Always in fashion this question.  
To peak your interest, there is no z.

What?  
Are you sane?  
Did you take your medicine?  
This poem causes me pain.

It is needed, this 'it' the culmination making up crap,  
Necessary/batter/ingredient

Get ready  
Here it is.  
The mind is now ready for clues.

You have lived this life before, not as you did, do, nor plan.  
Life sentence given for past lives sins.  
Not even conscious of the trouble you're in.

Think about it, what do you do?  
Have you any real clue?  
Well, here's one for you.

In Oct 1885, it should never have happened,  
What that man did to me.  
But what I did was just a continuation of the pain.

Jump to X1011, see, you don't know what I mean, stuck in your cell of pretend.  
Jumped back to today to tell you there is no time travel, fantasy, or madness,  
Not even in your state of pretend.

Prisoner of knowledge, that's what I am.  
Stuck again, again, and again.

You're lucky, or are you?  
Dream back and you may see forward,  
Look up and you may see down,  
But I'm doubtful,  
Yes doubtful,  
Thus proving the trouble I'm in.

The End