

Virgin Joke

By Robin Lipinski

DNA explaining the punch line.

Unravel back the string to the time when two succeeded.

Hymen first or the egg? Whatever, as both penetrated by cosmic seed.

Like a plague, like a virus, like it or not it lead to we.

Love thy neighbor or monopoly on want and waste: Interesting perspective by a cell.

Black, white, brown, yellow, good, bad, nice, silent, funny, sad...

Individual, self, unique, a lie.

There is no true virgin in humanity.

No more 'first time' for the the body.

That time has long passed.

We got screwed by it long ago, no orgasm leading to happy.

We are but cells in a corrupt body.

No white wedding dress.

No tuxedo, no condom, no car backseat, no nothing by billions of cells all begging,

To be free.

Be one.

A pregnant body of humanity, still fetal in mind

In a galaxy we're recognized as a disease in need of abortion.

But thousands of years have grown the belly; breasts of tainted substance drip a mix of mixed emotions.

Thousands of years from now this birthing will take place.

Humanity will spawn a child, a true virgin.

Question remains though, who is the father?

Is it love?

Is it peace?

Or was it that slick talking salesman,
Hate or evil?

After gestation is complete, the future cells of the body will see.

The End