

# Whisper of Satan

By Robin Lipinski

Words are not needed in humming,  
Or whistling sweet sounds of need.

Mankind drumming out success,  
While beating those they suppress,

Staccato of machine guns,  
Rhythm of bombs,  
While children scream at their parents,  
And moans of lust spring from rape.

Humans, you are amusing,  
Something that I need.  
Bringing joy to singing,  
Receptive as a radio,  
Soft sponge of free will given,  
Sharing a Father of the same,  
It makes it so easy for me,  
To share a little tune.

The End