

# False Words

By Robin Lipinski

Lye caustic not, too,  
The soul.

Flung with blatant,  
Arrogant thoughts towards what,  
Sky?  
Ground?  
Reason?  
Or was your flight pleasant coasting over slaving shippers of Chinese goods,  
Safe in your cocoon of oxygen, would you like chicken  
Or beef, pleasant?

Landing to lie,  
To lie with false love bought and paid for with words,  
Never tasting the reality everyone else has gorged to obese parameters,  
And then, just when it was safe, to come to where you belong,  
Yes, you're correct,  
No excuses.

The End