

# Farewell Shattered Tea Cup

By Robin Lipinski

Sitting on the mantel, the picture spoke of youth.  
A married couple living in sin even when you came in.  
Fixated on paying bills at least the ones they did,  
Snorting coke, changing diapers,  
What a joke.  
Party is over while another begins,  
You learned your numbers,  
Dialing 911,  
"Hello, I killed my parents,"

Please, stay on the phone.  
Another world will be there shortly,  
And you're how old?

Clicking off you went to the cupboard,  
Finding a stash of broken promises,  
When your stool of stability crashed.

Falling before you were born,  
You still fell,  
Cutting your life short while a knock on opportunity said,  
"Hello."

The End