

## Fat Lady Sings

By Robin Lipinski

Often said the show is over, yet over for some it actually begins;  
Stagehands shooting dice now take over,  
While morticians prepare the slab.

Vegas show or death, it's all the same for this world.  
A world filled with life...  
Yes,  
And death.  
One moment vibrant and kicking, full of love and joy.  
The next, applause diminished, maggots start to feed.  
Almost sounding like horror, but to a fly buzzing, it's all about the family for them.

Young tree sapling like a young lad running,  
Growing, climbing, only to age, gain wisdom,  
Fading away to nothing,  
Yet leaving something.

A mark,  
A memory,  
A sliver of joy or pain.

So enjoy your feasting and frolicking,  
Your electronic marvels of mindful content,  
A way of your own choosing of delight.  
For soon the lights will dim,  
And life as you know it will end.

The End