

"Heaven"

(By When Hell Freezes Over)

By Robin B Lipinski

Cherubim.
Seraphim.
Little winged wonders with clouds at their feet.

"Try hard young man. Be good and die well. One day you'll go to heaven, be bad, Hell is where you'll see."

Do this.

Do that.

Say, "Thanks."

Say, "Please."

All this courtesy, this niceness, politeness...Battering ram my thoughts of sleaze.
Pleasure.

Desire.

Stimulate the endorphins; stoke the fire of pleasure, flames burning bright.

Now we're talking!

Heaven is growing dimmer in my sight.

Gluttony.

Pride.

OK, it will do, but I much prefer wanton, lust, carnal, and other words I can't repeat.

When a man is young and creative, spying female of the same, what else but thoughts of passions to tingle with possibilities?

Sigh, back now to the world.

Back to reality.

Back to saying, "Please, thank you, you're welcome."

Back to growing older with age.

Youth is for tempting the angels, teasing the demons in hell, doing whatever you please.

Old age is for contemplation, forgiveness, regrets, and redemption.

Which is why I will never age.

Sixteen, my age for ages.

Sixteen, forever I shall be.

At least it is nice to dream.

The End