

# I.Q.

By Robin B Lipinski

Harvard paper showing,  
Doctorate in medicine,  
Knowing the meaning of life.

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Bank account swelling,  
Life of the party blowing,  
Winds of stupidity away.

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Born smart at nine months,  
A genius at ten,  
Beyond measure at forty,  
Nobel prize will be coming my way.

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Mastered aviation,  
Sailing,  
Racecar,  
And more,  
Yet, there must be more to try.

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With experience comes knowledge,  
A head filled with so much,  
Having fun living such a intelligent life,  
Sharing my vision,  
My power,  
With my children,  
My wife,  
My world.

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For so much I know,  
I never knew it really,  
Never tasted the unknown  
Of defeat.

An evening swim at my villa,  
Dragged down by the current,  
Pulled by the tide,  
My last wonderful thought was,  
I'm dead.

The End