

It Could Only Happen to Me

By Robin B Lipinski

Iso-bars converging,
Melding the hot air with the warm sea,
All pointing their anger at me.

Sandy beaches,
Florida Key's,
Retirement surrounded by beautiful ladies.

So much sand and fun,
And fishing from the pier is grand,
It all sounds like a fairy tale,
Till in a torrent of wind, rain, and hail,
He came.

Hurricane Thomas,
There was no doubt,
It was every man, woman, and child,
For themselves.

Heading towards lofty safety,
Holding my pet fish, Sam.
I placed his bowl on an upstairs nightstand,
While hearing a crash, I fell...

Landing in water,
Joining those fish ghosts that I caught in the past,
While leaving Sam alone in his bowl,
Safe,
Dry,
Still swimming.

The End