

## It's Jest Hell

By Robin B Lipinski

(Inspired by Mark Edgemon's challenge to write a poem based on Ed French's audio comedy piece, "The King of Prussia".)

Mocking laughter from behind the curtain,  
You tremble, as you are alone with your fear,  
Certain of sorrow as you have sinned.

Of course you do not believe in sin, in God, in Satan, it is all only pretend,  
Except for the stain of blood on your hand,  
Staring at you,  
Screaming at you,  
Showing the world the color of your rage,  
You cry, "Why didn't she just stay faithful!"

It's not your fault; doubt was all hers as she lusted for Peter, the endowed artist from the park.  
Your fear takes on the illusion now of anger,  
At her, Peter, the world,  
And if there were a God, why would he let her, I hate him too if only he knew,  
If only he existed.

I'm justified in what I did, after all, I have my pride,  
Dignity,  
Station,  
It is all about me,  
I'm glad she is dead...What's that? Who's there?  
I'll never surrender!

In a blaze of fresh bullets, the police shot him dead.  
For him you would think it over, yet it only begins.

(GRIN!)

I see you there, with your sin,  
I see you bring me pleasure.  
I know you doubted God, as you doubted I existed.  
I now see you see me as I truly am.  
Yes, your kind denies my father, the old doldrums that he is,  
It makes it easier to hide in your mind,  
To tempt you with temptation,  
And seeing you're now in Hell, I'll let you in, on an inside joke.  
You see, what made you made me with the free will to do as we please,

So make yourself comfortable in my palace,  
And if you need anything,  
Anything at all,  
Just ask for Satan.

The End