

## It's Not Fair!

By Robin B Lipinski

Cradle to grave,  
Mankind's existence,  
Trying to carve his niche.

Picked on in school, others called him a snitch,  
While others called him fatty as his mother loved to feed him,  
The same mother others called a bitch.

All around the world, always wanting,  
Never to give,  
Unless...we have riches to spare,  
That's because we think we're rich.

A good marriage? She strayed and broke my heart.  
A good job? I lost it to China.  
Good health? It was left in the emergency room.  
Good friends? They found others when I became poor.  
Family? Problems of their own.  
God? Good question.

Some blame God in bad times and forget Him in good,  
While Satan just sits and grins with delight,  
Trying to keep us from seeing the True Light,  
But not God, no sir, not God.

Cradle to grave,  
Mankind's existence,  
Trying to carve a niche,  
Yet finding life's not fair!  
Well, I say to them with a grin of my own,  
"So what, who cares. No matter how uncertain or cruel, no matter what the pain, I can see my  
reflection  
In God's eye, and can feel the love from his Heart."

The End