

# It's Time

(By In Your Place)  
By Robin B Lipinski

Robin, what gives you the right to say; your drivel no better than a million other writers who actually get paid.

You, with your words.

You, with your mental games.

You should be ashamed.

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Ha, what do you know, you critic, you coward, sniveling beneath social molding, self-imposed intellectual haze.

You, with your words.

You, with your mental games.

You should be the one ashamed.

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There, you prove my point, trying to point out the error of my ways.

To you I give a gypsy curse, one to take you to an early grave.

Tou sin tako na lin, tou sin tako hey.

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Oh...it, it, it burns.

Please! Stop, take it away.

OK, Please...it burns, you, you win.

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Tou sin tako no lin, tou sin tako hey.

To you I give the curse with pleasure.

To you, I have the power.

What say you now? You pathetic player.

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What's that? I can't hear you.

I guess I truly win.

Now take your sorry ass away.

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The End