

Knowledge

By Robin B Lipinski

Blank page staring at you,
Table bare except for pen and what you already know.

"What happened to him?"
Not really a question as you already know,
Seeing me lay cold,
Dead upon the floor.

You know to call for help,
Yet knowing there is nothing you can do.

Sirens,
Coming in the distance, you dare close the book,
Chancing to see the title of my book,
You wonder why it is blank.

I have left it so,
As you can never understand it,
Even if you tried,
You could never know.

For even in death,
I know.

The End