

Life of Reversal: To E.S. Strout MD

By Robin Lipinski

In a crib, an infant.
Crying to let the world know he is here,
Though parental tiredness already heard.

Whooping cough,
Small pox,
All manners of flu,
Just another part of growing in growing world,
This young boy knew.
He thought but did not know the question yet,
"I wonder if this can be cured?"

In a state holding thousands of lakes,
He grew,
Forming opinions and idea's,
Somewhat boring,
Yearning for what many farm boys need,
The sea.

Such is the pattern when followed,
First a trade of work and then a love of life dedication,
For him,
What would this be?

The Navy, submarines, and blood, sounding like a warrior in the military,
But what he chose was to save lives,
Pathetic for a warrior?
No, it ended with him being a doctor in Pathology.

Life speeded up now; there was much to do.
A wife bonded for 57 years, with four grown children,
Retirement?
Not really as now the good Doctor looked for something new,
To release what is inside,
it was through love for writing that allowed this boiling to release.

For many it is this way, all this life speeds up, only to fly away,
And for Dr. Strout this is true,
There is so much to write,
So much to do.

Instead of seeing him as being 81 years old,
I will view this man through his writing knowing by its passion,
That this young man is actually only 18 with years and an eternal library to go.

The End