

My Time

By Robin Lipinski

Sleepless days to ponder at night.
Awake forever it seems.
Today, I lost a friend, tonight striking vengeance against nature, tomorrow it will all seem like a dream.

In only a day, it started.
In only a day twisted words were used by you, by me.
Is it only a dream?

Disenchanted, seeing your mask parted from who you really think you are.
Looking at you while you look into a mirror, I don't see me. What is it you see?

Could it be? No, I doubt it.
Or how about...No, it is the same.
Well, if...Forget it and leave. We don't want, don't like you, you're a pox, a poetic disease.

I said in the beginning, "It begins here, it begins for the moment. A new torrent of words to see."
You like fried onions frying?
Drug addicts trying?
Drunks crying?
Me?

No, I did not think so, as even I have my doubts.
It begins here, it begins for the moment. A new torrent of words to see.
Yet only a day with minutes till tomorrow, it is my time tonight.
As for tomorrow, we shall see.

The End