

Now For the Morning Tripe (Goes Good With Eggs)

By Robin Lipinski

Swimming sounds flowing past the drum,
Beating a rhythm,
Carrying sounds of water splashing on all sides.

Falling rain announcing autumn,
Masking the water falling inside,
Steam covered windows hiding what should be revealed.

Wheel chair bound,
Prisoner in another world,
Tears fell from my eyes.

Listening to the young lady splashing,
Waving goodbye,
Sinking,
Drowning.

The End