

## Oily Words

By Robin B Lipinski

Congratulations on your recent work,  
We really read and like it,  
What's next?

There is no answer.  
There is only work.  
To labor,  
Strive and sweat,  
Mix the hue of words,

Eating a sandwich,  
Drinking juice,  
To fuel the engine of words,  
It happened.

"Caught tween pages of never, never ending, flowing streams of energy emitting vacuum  
combing delicate...STOP!"

Breathing softy to regain sanity, blinking slowly to gather strength, blanking out the canvas  
squirming, it starts.

Slowly, and with trepidation, the first word,

M-a-r-l-a, (looking left and right, seeing the coast is clear, it is now OK to write)

Marla and Mark, or M&M's of unmeltable literary candy,  
Written this writing on a scrap of spare mind,  
Releasing the color of words upon your mind,  
To mix and curdle an emotion of self,  
Showing the picture of appreciation,  
Of thanks,  
From and of itself,  
My life.

The End