

# Only a Snapshot

By Robin Lipinski

Rising to reality like a trout to fly,  
Free as the water splashes,  
Caressing the moment when both the past and present merge.  
Future of what is desired yet knowledge is a curse.

It has been taken from me,  
Shaved smooth to fit society who only is a mockery of truth,  
Only a snapshot of your choice as there is no choice for me.

The sweet smelling lotion only covers the pain,  
Masking what should be,  
Could be,  
Will be,  
Tomorrow.

The End