

Opportunity

By Robin Lipinski

Knocking on the door unopened, obstinate in stance.
Why wills the door not open?
You know,
You try,
Yet still the frame to the door remains latched.

Spending your whole life trying to find meaning,
Grasping at straws and luck,
Only to view a hallway,
Glowing bright with lights of man.

Finally, you could take no more, as you turned and walked away.
Unnoticed behind you, the door silently swung open.
If only you had surrendered your emotions,
You might have still had a chance.

The End