

Or Is It?

By Robin Lipinski

Night demons played me like a fiddle,
Acid dreams dripping torment on what could be,
Showing visions of what it is to want,
Inspiring,
Bringing meaning,
Choice,
Getting into the sweat of learning,
Tying it together with a knot of confidence,
And then...
There came the light,
Knowing though,
It still is fun.

The End