

Pile Of Ashes

By Robin Lipinski

Steeped in acidic burning air, I watched my world burn.
Born into a world of right, I took my turn.
Parental guidance pointing out the error of their ways.

Drugs, girls, and college, one party most would agree.
But was it always this way?
In days past, there were guilds, apprentice, hard work, and ever the tasks.

Who was I to know everything can, and will most probably, crash.
Here I was, a rich successful man with a diploma in my hand, ready to take on the world.
And the world was ready and waiting,
To show me just that.

Married and secure, I built a mansion, ever so large and grand.
Filled with riches and art, it sure was a great start, yet something was missing.
Not money or cars,
Nor sex or drink,
Whatever it was must not be needed.

At two in morning, it burned.
Maybe it was an ember from my Cuban cigar or maybe it was my wife as she lit up her cigarette,
It is too late to know,
Too late to ask.

I'm alone now,
Buried in guilt,
All that I have married and worked for,
Is nothing but ash.

The End