

# Rich Man's Disease

By Robin Lipinski

Opulent surroundings, filled with truffles, stuffed geese, other delicacies fit for a king.  
Wine flowed, staining chin and garments.  
Laughter as women frolicked, swaying hips to music, teasing those who noticed.  
Ripping lobster in half to suck sweet meat followed by oysters on the half with smoked salmon.

Feasting through a night, the week, months of years he was fed, pleased at the spread,  
Growing rotund, or if you prefer, pleasantly plump,  
Never lacking in feed, friend ,or family, of course by now his hair had fallen.

It was now time for the comeuppance; piper was to be paid as the court jesters laugh fades.  
Awaking in his chambers screaming from the pain, a throbbing sensation rooted in his feet.  
Shiny red and bulging, the joints were coated in uric acid.

While he lay in pain, surrounded by his wealth, outside was a common beggar,  
A man of the street,  
Tending a cardboard fire to chill his lean stature,  
Wondering why a man of fortune should cry out.

Outside the world showed hunger,  
Those striving to exist,  
Never to know the rich man's inside pleasure,  
Of gout.

The End