

# Rubbish Immortal

By Robin Lipinski

Quick fixation with a mental twist,  
Sounding like a libation.  
Drink it down quick,  
Forgetting you're sick.  
Why work hard?  
Why not stab another in the back to get ahead?  
Always another to blame,  
A situation cause-and-effect.

Minimum wage or a king's ransom,  
Really no happiness until we get a reality check.  
More of this, more of that, when less is happiness.

Piled high the refuse,  
Cast away like a flat skipping stone across the mundane.

To tweak the tweeter to torrid temptation,  
One hundred years ago, it was not this way.

Quick fixation with a mental twist,  
Turn off the light,  
Lose it all in sleep.

The End