

Sands of War

By Robin Lipinski

Waking to the sun rising over the red sands of war,
Looking off in the distance, there was peace,
Walking lovers, hand in hand,
While last nights city lights still flickered,
Casting shadows over still waters.

Caught in turmoil,
Like a fish gasping for life,
It was to be another day like all others,
Trapped here on Mars.

The End