

Spent

By Robin Lipinski

So much too read and feel, tired, I take my eyes out to rest.
Gaping sockets filled with fire barely contained by imagination.

Not to be outdone, my feet are sore. I take them off with their shoes, putting them by the door of
tomorrow.
Knee's now squeal for their justice...

There is no justice just as there is no relief.
Hands are tired from trying to right the world. I sever my wrists, only to find blood has a say.

Eventually, everything I am has been put to rest except for one thing.
The heart.

All that i am has been reduced to beating,
A rhythm of a lost battle growing weaker as the world has replacements.

Soon, even it will grow as cold and callous even a rock could envy,
I am tired yet with no voice or body in this station,
My soul has long ago depart.

The End