

Spinning Vibes

By Robin Lipinski

Wound up record of vinyl, spinning vibes no one will hear, or are they faking it?
Ok,
Let's spin.

Polls show pols are numerical idiots, grinning to get their name in the news,
Striving for what, to be president of a local tea club playing chest with interns?
God save the Queen, now that is one corgi loving lady who...oh, excuse the Irish in me,
Save the last drop for me.

Look at her wishful stare,
Healthy,
Tasty,
No plump thighs of chicken has passed her lips,
Only sweet watercress and endless desire of what could be,
Washed down with that first kiss,
The coming moment when love first agrees.

The End