

Steaming Pile of Reality

By Robin Lipinski

Higher and higher, almost reaching the sky,
Remnants of society cast away to form building blocks for conflict.

Countries begotten in war of ideals,
Always the winner,
Always the loser,
Yet only a title as everyone wins and lose,
Changing one badge for the other without even knowing it.

Today,
Another day as the pile grew higher,
Higher than it ever has been before,
The two came.

Squeezed out as all animals are,
Crying,
Squealing,
Growing,
They met on the battlefield to win and lose.

Climbing with power, reaching their pinnacle, their prime,
They circled with knowledge while scattering lost dreams to their side.

Society had molded them well,
Feeding them the scraps to fatten them in preparation for what must be.

One blow,
Then another,
Until the blurry scene of violence was soon replaced with silence.

Standing alone on the pile, he was king.
Beneath him, was the vanquished challenger,
Limping away to prepare for the day it would be his pile.

Mankind fights to win while the god of irony laughs.
The pile of trash-
Refuse from all those other battles-
This was the victory.
The king-of-the-hill battle over domain leaving no winner or loser,
Tragedy, reigns supreme.

The End