

Stolen Dreams

By Robin B Lipinski

To hear the children play;
Giggle,
Laugh,
Dream...

Watching, waiting, scheming, anticipating their screams.

I was never a child, no.
My life a twisted nightmare of lost hope.
Empty of the salt of love,
A beast,
Monster,
Alone.

Time says I'm now a man,
Yet inside I'm still the same.
A molesting monster,
Spreading out my pain.

The End