

"TaoPhoenix"

By Robin B Lipinski

Communication is temporary until long after we are dead.
What we say today is like dust in the wind until, unless, per chance, our words survive to grow.
Johnny Appleseed spread his seed; tiny trees did grow.
My addiction is plain to see, writing is my release, or at least, what I think is me.
I have discovered, it is not about me, Robin, Lipinski, Tom, Dick, or Jane.
It is about what must be released.
However, I'm but a visitor here. This is not my world. As such, I must adhere to the rules.
If what I write is not pleasing, rather fingernails scratching the blackened wall of antique communication, I shall leave.
Overbearing? Yes.
Conceited? Yes.
Vain? Yes.
Ignorant? Yes.
Liar? Yes.
Strange? Yes.
These are all words to describe me.
From Yahoo, to others, I have written. I have been asked to leave. Others would stone me if they could, I smile.
Aphelion was kind enough to show compassion.
Iian was kind in same.
Even others poured gas on my flaming passion.
Enabler of my tormenting disease.
So, in answer to your question via my long-winded way, this is your forum, your world, you are master, please, do as you please.
As for what I like to do, that is writing, at least until it controls and kills me.
Until then, I will stick to one thread of sanity, thin as it is, until it is broken and I fade away.
For now, this is what I have written today, after all, it is all only a dream...

The End