

# Tasting Another Moment

By Robin Lipinski

Basking in the sun,  
Young and carefree,  
Tasting life with both hands, both feet,  
Never turning back until your mission was complete.

Tasting another moment,  
Bitter,  
Wet,  
Foul,  
You spit it out,  
Wiping your hands of mud.

This is how we learn -experiencing our moments-  
And even now,  
Older and hopefully wiser,  
Yet still tasting mud.

To remember one such time,  
Look in the pile for your first poem or written poetic moment,  
And smile as you did when young.

The End