

Ten Poems

(By Sheer Virtue)
By Robin B Lipinski

Salient sounds searching, words used to send them.

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...Houston, we have liftoff."

Ten: Never a prime number yet they must be written, they must be written so as it keeps life in check.

Rockets to space, boxer to mat, is it a beginning or end?

"1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10...You there, pay attention to class and add them."

Ten: Mammal's have ten toes, fingers or claws, why? Because they need them.

Seven deadly sins, add three virtues, take away one tingle, one apprehension, falling behind yet I have 'two' send them.

Knowing this poem is lame, there are hidden reasons why it needs to be written, eventually you'll truly see why.

Take heart as your pulse beats in rhythm, must better than this eleventh poem, this eleventh hour, this eleventh year.

Take heart as you finish this poem. It is ended.

The End.