

The Best Medicine

By Robin B Lipinski

"Yes, it is my mess," said Robin to his ornery old friend.

"Why do you write such things, have you forgotten to take your medicine?"

"Writing is my medicine. It spills the pent passions of my brain."

"Have you ever thought of maybe just taking up fishing instead of writing? At least that activity feeds the body as well as the brain."

"For you, I will write a poem of fishing, fresh from the pond of random thoughts tormenting my mind. In this style I achieve the same end."

Fishing

Sharpened hook, sharp and to the point, sink deep into your consciousness.

Sharply dressed, you're all the fashion, standing there drinking your gin.

Money is no longer your problem. Food and drink are plenty. Friends, there is no end.

Collecting women of grandeur, large plump signs of health, reeking of feminine laughter, yet is this truly wealth?

You with your diamonds, your gold, silver, and land. Are you truly happy? Is this what you planned?

With sickness, you have your doctor. With health, you have your castle. With sex, well, you understand.

Yes, you have it all. Title, crown, and the ultimate pride of being called 'man'.

Giddy with success, you fail to see the beggar sitting in squalor, clothes dirty, and what a smell.

Sitting on the sidewalk, sitting with a smile.

"Pardon me sir, can you spare a dollar?" spoken about all currencies since time began.

Annoying fly buzzing, you flicked the sound from your ear, walking your golden path grinning, following your plan.

Unnoticed, a young boy put a small coin into the beggars can.

Smile of youth met smile of the beggar, only was he a beggar?

This man on the sidewalk, smelly and poor, this man was fishing for something pure.

Sometimes the real catch is not large, fat, and healthy, rather it is innocent and small.

The young child skipped off laughing to grab the father's hand.

What this man found fishing was what he truly knows to exist, the true heart of goodness, the soul of a real 'man'.

It is the example of this small catch, which enables this blue planet, to continue to exist.

The End