

The Water Flows

By Robin Lipinski

Water flowing, flowing slowly, slowly by, by my friend.

When does it ever

End?

Dialogue tonight, tonight with a friend,

Dammed in thought though filled with holes,

The water flowed, flowing.

"Put young children in a social vacuum, they choose self, evil..."

No, they choose, choose choice,

Our dialogue

Frozen.

Water flowing, flowing slowly, slowly I realize,

Was, it

I

Who

Made the wrong

Choice?

The End