

There Are No Secrets Anywhere

By Robin Lipinski

20,000 missing Libyan missiles
Oh my, missing pieces,
Scattered to the wind,
Maybe they will end badly carried by terrorist's hands?

So much to fear
So much to understand
Well my stance is different.

Here one day,
Gone the next,
Everyone can relate,
But how do you choose to hate?

by this I mean, are you human?

Racial, sexual, political,
Social, medical, territorial,
Environmental...
'Al' is short for 'all.'

ALL prefer to hate, to stand, to say they know,
Yet standing is so much work.

It is not a missile, bullet, bomb, or book.
Nor is it even a poem,
It is how you stand that shows yourself,
How foolish it is.

There are no secrets,
None,
We know it all.

So while others choose to stand and show,
In my mind and others,
We choose to kneel,
Or if you prefer,
Submit.

The End