

## Times, They Are a Changing

By Robin Lipinski

Red necked political suicide by those who embrace a way tied to guns, whiskey, women and country attitude.

Religious groups clamoring on who's God is what

Tight assed latte slurping yuppies clinging to technology like they still suck on their mother and fathers tit.

And that's just a start.

How about those isolated psycho pathetic losers planning to blow up their plan?

And the sexually confused folks talking if sheep or dogs are better than gerbils.

Are you starting to understand?

Even pygmy folk in New Guinea love the idea of spandex and spoons.

Why, I even heard of people paying hard earned money on e-Bay for Britney Spears gum.

Are we insane?

Well I know I am.

But now for the subject which burns.

Poems, poetry, poet's, changing too.

"Whilst falling ever deeper, mocking soul my demon weeps." Now what kind of crap is that? To some it brings joy, while others cringe.

Ergo not my path,

Ever searching truth,

Finding crimson

Oh. My. Gosh. Said by some while other relate with what they read

Poetry changes, as does attitude. You can talk about puppies. You can talk about cats. You can talk about what kind of morning crap you had. It does not matter what the poem is about, with the exception it matters to YOU.

Now, getting back on track.

Times, they are a changing, for me and for you.

Rule books are torn in half.

We really are a primitive species when you think about it. Men wearing beaver hats in the past?

While women wore girdles? Yet today we laugh when we see people with high-water pants.

That's the great thing about poetry; it speaks what's currently in your heart. It does not matter how, what, or why you say what you say as it is your truth.

As for Shakespeare and others in our past, what respect do you use? In only a few years, the attitude will change.

For example, if "Brutus, thou art noble, yet I see thy..." was alive and going to school, some people would kick his ass.

For me, I love it all as that is what freedom can bring.

The End