

## To Much Stress

By Robin B Lipinski

Too much stress.  
Too much temptation.  
Too much to just stay alive.  
Or is it?  
You decide.

A baby turtle, only minutes old, struggles to gain the sea,  
Yet in a second, becomes bird feed.

A baby whale, only days old, struggles to grow,  
Yet in an hour, becomes Orca feed.

A baby tree, only years old, struggles to reach the sky,  
Yet in a moment, becomes fodder for fire.

A baby human cuddled and loved, struggles to grow old,  
Yet for some, they never succeed.

Worry,  
Stress,  
Bicker, anger, and sadness,  
And what does it do?  
Nothing but destroys us.

This world of ours, in other words, our world,  
Can do whatever it please,  
Yet it cannot truly destroy us.

Why?

How come?

Because no matter how hard,  
No matter our fate,  
No one can touch our soul unless we decide.

They can destroy our body,  
But not what's inside.

So live life to your fullest,  
Make this world a better place,

And even if it all blows up,  
At least we tried.

The End