

Warm Blooded Instrument

By Robin B Lipinski

Puffing bass of discontent,
 Beaten drums of war,
 Trumpets sounding to bury the dead,
 Most just want to pretend.

Car horn blaring,
 Salesman lies...

Realtor singing praises,
 While your equity dies.

)

Octave high women deafen men,
 Moaning lust of men soil their wives.

(

Soprano children's voices,
 Needing Ritalin for quiet,
 While barking dogs need something though they don't know why.

)

Tambourine bankers banking on trust,
 Taking your money and dance.

(

Political square dance,
 Religious choir,
 Ethnic squeal,
 Environmental crescendo as tree's burn,
 Global warming,
 Pollution,
 Spam,
 Sex,
 Hate,
 Love...

)

(Quiet, mute the social music of words.)

It starts now,
 This silent melody,
 All peace and mellow.
 As words follow,
 My life.

Smile and possess tranquility,
You then lead as they too,
Follow.

The End