

Wheel of Fun

By Robin Lipinski

Flesh screaming, bouncing up-and-down,
Penetrating,
Those holes filled with sound.

Shield your children's eyes from harm,
While happy uniformed men sound their own alarm,
And Hollywood actors smile.

Last Rites administered to common sense,
Spun in circles as they hit beneath the pants,
Broken metal,
Broken minds,
Broken hearts.

But there is one who knows it all,
He's not smiling.

The End