

When I'm In Love

By Robin Lipinski

You have a point when you write your name on the snow,
If only for a moment until frozen, you put it away.
Yet in that brief moment of beer ridden bliss, you ponder on what you read, said, and agree.

The form of formal is so, so, so what?
Boring?

Yes, it bore a hole straight to the brain of creative expression while the shifting
Snow covers your name,
Replaced with egotistical, testicular, estrogen laced, blind-faced, blank stares of
Hate...

Ya, for sure, but commercial is the easy way out, just look at Stephen King.
Maybe there are other farmers out there planting new seeds, to feed a hungry city a better way.
In the meantime, maybe we should sip tea and discuss smiley clowns carrying
Bloody hatchets, or ban on rags on the head in France?

The End