

## Why Pretend?

By Robin B Lipinski

(Inspired by Mark Edgemon's challenge to write a poem based on Helen J. Dixon's poem, "Dreams and Nightmares".)

A racecar driver spinning down the track,  
Hopeful for victory yet losing track of their course they crash,  
Disaster of their own making while fan's pretend they are sad.

A doctor sewing up the heart, fingers fumble from recent drinking,  
Killing one who should have already been dead,  
Disaster of their own making while relatives pretend they are mad.

A world filled with so-called life, actually cogs in a vast array of machinery,  
Driven by wrath, greed, sloth, pride, lust, envy, gluttony,  
Disaster of their own making while humanity pretends they are good.

A galaxy, universe: God,  
Knowing this story before it was ever told,  
Of own making, knows the rules to the game,  
Holding the key to keeping the cogs spinning,  
The game proceeding,  
Life.

You've been dead before you even read this,  
A cog covered in rust,  
Living a nightmare existence to prove to the rest that you fit.

Covered in cosmic grease,  
Overseen by demons and the Beast,  
God will insert His key of his own making when His time is right.

With an explosion, the machine will be broken,  
The Beast and the demons will be torn apart,  
While the nightmare will end,  
And the real dream will start.

The End