

Word Nazi's
(By You Know What I'm Talking About)
By Robin B Lipinski

Chain tied to the ball of the Bic pen.
Keyboard letters worn thin.
Carpal tunnel, no syndrome physical yet the mind, your mind, my mind, knows the pain.

"I'm sorry," you hear written, driving more cyber daggers deeper inside.
"Try again later," time after time.
"Join our writers club, you will surely win," for profit, for them? Or is it personal gain.

I have the solution, the answer, the joy of a sick mind.
Acid.
Fire.
Stretch the body on rack of pain.
Not enough?
Try knives, spears, splinters under the nails, try hard for revenge.

Body cooling, blood dry, limbs dangle loosely, Oh! I feel such joy inside!
To spy such a scene, it is wonderful pleasure to see the word Nazi feel a writer's pain.
Only brief is the moment, there are too many of them.
They keep on coming, breeding, multiplying by a factor of ten.

Such is the fact of the modern day world.
There is no escaping them.
Only through my writing can I show the true face of what I call 'them'.

Sigh.
Moment is broken, gone is the joy.
Back now to writing, to slavery, to submit yet again to their whim.

But twinkle of star, twinkle of eye, twinkle followed by grin.
I look forward to doing battle once more with the evil word Nazi.
Eventually, the writer will win.

The End