

Yepper, Das Da Way It Be

By Robin Lipinski

Sorrowful glances melted nothing,
Only misted the pane.

Revealing what was once alive,
Playing,
Writing his message for a snowman to see.

Eating cake in his remembrance,
Wake,
No more,
Will he.

(Ah, too bad for him. that's a shitty poem, or shite for those whose vocabulary is particular.)

Smoking gun held high,
Shells littering the floor,
Yet one more chance for the teller.

Writing a quick poem in the spirit of the moment,
Showing her the reason why,
'Put the money in the bag now,
Honey.
Or die!'

(Yeah, that's better, now go wrangle some demons)

The End