

Another Life

By Robin B Lipinski

I walked to school,
They rode a bike.

Acne and scars were my teenage life,
While they lettered in sports and drank beer.

As a young man of twenty, I blushed at the girls,
While they smiled at frat boys while I worked.

Marriage to a Swedish girl, Margarita, a Greek pearl,
Simple in ambition we shared,
To grow old and have children,
Build a home,
Enjoy life.

Time passed for us as we watched,
Unable to bear children,
Working hard in the military,
Logging,
Farming,
And more,
While watching others grow rich with their children,
Their life.

Old now in age,
Still struggling with wage,
Our flesh grows wrinkled and thin,
Yet there now is a glimmer of hope.

Those others have spoiled children,
Pouting for more,
While their parents are getting divorced.
Ex-husbands driving sports cars
While the ex wife shops hard,
The glass window of riches is shattered for them,
While my wife and I,
Stuck to each other,
And God.

It is easy now,

To look to the past,
To see all the riches I've had,
The trials,
Tribulations,
And fleshly scars.

To realize, as I hold her hand,
Watching the simple sunset to the West,
Surrounded by our dogs,
How truly blessed we are.

And that my friend,
Is called life.

The End