

Applause

(By If a Tree Fall's In the Woods, Can You Hear It?)

By Robin B Lipinski

Empty room.

Empty space allotted to express meaning.

Empty now...except?

Once a grand hall.

Twirling, swirling ladies in their fine gowns, men at their side well dressed.

Bubbly poured into tinkling glass.

Hors d'oeuvre devoured with much loud munching.

On the stage of life, there is motion.

Activity.

Action.

There is life.

A forum.

A room.

A state, country, world.

There is life.

Applaud now, while you can, it shows you're alive.

Soon, the Sun will shatter, the moon will fail, Earth will dissolve.

In that moment silence will follow.

The final curtain will fall.

The End