

Are We There Yet?

By Robin B Lipinski

Trembling leaves of the ancient tree,
Hiding one who cast the first stone,
Starting his domain.

Seeking shelter in caves,
Painting conflict,
The hunt,
Announcing mankind's ways.

Roman Centurion tunic blood red,
Senate robe white with deceit,
Both mixing in self-interest to make gray.

So much to say,
Too much to hear,
It progressed to what we now are,
A planet filled with greed and war,
To a monkey,
Our humanity,
We're strange.

The End