

Battle Worn

By Robin B Lipinski

Sons', daughters', hear my words. Battle worn, tired and old, weary from the burden borne.
Your youth of ten thousand years brought forth a momentary smile, replaced with constant
frown; followed with constant tear, yet you still followed.
Battle waged in His honor, waged on the plain of ignorance, your youth bearing.

War is only a concept for your learning.
Peace a truth you cannot yet comprehend.
Touch my scar when you die. Only then will you understand.

Who 'I' am?
You, you who do not understand yourself, how is it possible you reach for the heavens.
You may think you know the answer, yet still, you only pretend.

There is more than just an answer, more than you can understand.
You're not asking the correct question, I understand, yet soon, very soon, you too will taste the
battle.
You too will tire. Your species grow old, weary from the burden borne.
You too will expire, in the end you see me smile.

The End