

Choices

By Robin B Lipinski

Would you like paper or plastic?
Scratching your chin, you choose.
So many choices in life.

Do you remain single or marry,
Or be cruel or kind?

Maybe have it both ways, or maybe you can't decide?

Well, you made it.
Choices galore and here you are again.

Is this a poem or a story?
And why are you going to read it again?

Or maybe you did not make it this far,
Then again, maybe you did?

But that is for you to choose as I'm in the midst of a choice again.

My life is wonderful!
Well, that's not true, or is it?
I know, it's confusing,
But I must choose again.

Sitting here with a rope, wondering if the right knot will end the pain,
To hang myself... Yet would it?

Or to use the rope as a source of hope,
Hands holding strong.

Wait a minute or another ten years, I really don't care,
In the meantime I hear a chord of music,
It reminds me I'm hungry again.

The End