

Cliché

By Robin Lipinski

Eggs over easy, or I'll have another cup of Joe.
Or how about Freddy Kruger making me queasy?

No pain, no gain,
Come on there boy, don't quit, you can do it!
Like hell I can.

Different strokes for different folks,
Oh-my-god, will it ever stop?

Think mink; would you like a piece of pie?
Or it takes two to tango, jiffy-pop goes pop.

What are you thinking when seeing
These ink blots?

Join the mile high club, or we shall never
Feel defeat. Maybe there is a calm before
The storm?

OK, OK, whatever dude,
Or is it some carrot on the end of the stick?

No my good man, it's a game called life...

I'll drink to that.

The End