

Comes the Moment

By Robin B Lipinski

Morrow comes the moment.

Time infinity to now.

Galaxies spinning since a beginning, torn between then and now.

"Look at me, I have articulate fingers, opposing thumb, I am man."

Morrow comes the moment.

Time infinity to now.

Only a minute ago the tree was home.

Only a second ago, Hiroshima fell.

Morrow comes the moment, a time I know so well.

Sleep my chickens, sleep.

Roost above excrement piled deep.

Morrow comes the moment, wolf ruffling feathers, morrow you too will know of what I speak.

The neck, the thigh are bounded, your pain will run deep.

The End