

# Crop Circle

(By a Note On Your Refrigerator)  
By Robin B Lipinski

Stonehenge.  
Rocks of time.  
Magnetic pull, they came.

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Humming electric, GE cooling, magnets holding post-it, center of your life.  
Open the door for food while grain of the bread flattens.  
Man or woman feasting, all the while fattening.

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Only at night, opening the door, it's bright.  
They hover only briefly, usually with a smile.  
Reaching out, reaching down, it is a sign.

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It's morning now; note upon the door, "We need milk."  
While in England with the sun shining, magnetic circle showing, a little surprise.  
They came, in the middle of the night, to post a little note.  
"Good morning."

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The End