

Empty Stance

By Robin Lipinski

Mortared mix, combining the strength of knowledge, climbing to the ivory tower he stood.
Tenured safe in what he had endured, wrestling with his pride, his morality, his family, his life.
Leading those hungry, thirsty horses to the fountain, only to hold the reins tight.

In younger years of daydreaming, the school was a playground, a proving ground, a right.
Replaced with alumni, political ambitions, yes, with modern day life.

Today

Opening the blinds, allowing the light in for all to see,
There,
In the front,
Was an empty seat,
Hovered over by him,

That seat was for me.

The End