

Empty

By Robin Lipinski

Ha Ha Ha, laughter, life of the party.
Coital libation to mark this festive occasion.
Snorting coke for dessert.

Driving home as fast as it's namesake, Jaguar,
The wheeled beast climbed a tree,
Crashing,
Burning,
Paralyzing me.

Where are my friends now,
While I lay in a coma,
Thoughts of this worlds away?

There is no God,
No Jesus,
No Buddha,
Only myself and my money...
Well, ok...
There is the machine keeping me alive by my bed,
Going, "Beep, beep, beep."

The End