

# Cross

By Robin Lipinski

Can't formulate a meaningful solution, never mind a coherent thought,  
 Though possessing a college education or in other words,  
 Brain-washed.

Conjugate the verb, express the proper noun...  
 Bull! Yes, it sounds proper now.  
 "What are you protesting California?"  
 Asked by one amused,  
 "Uh, I'm communist, socialist, or maybe high, I'll know more tomorrow."

"Get that damn cross off the tower, it's offensive. It's insults me while I suck..."  
 Dick Van Dyke, now there was a comedian, knowing not to cross...  
 Legs of TV news ladies on preview to those with a fetish, cannot show...  
 Union thugs beating those scabs who cross the line.

A world gone mad, crossing the point of no return, yet cross at whatever situation, and, "No", I've not  
 yet lost my mind.  
 I just crossed it with an XXX.

It's OK to talk about who had sex with what,  
 Or lie,  
 Cheat,  
 Steal,  
 Even talk of alien probes up the alimentary canal, or is that topic crossed off your list?

Crossing situations of madness, giving credit to pond scum, while ignoring a cure for cancer,  
 Is humanity becoming undone?

"Separation of Church and State."

I  
 The man in power  
 Say you can't disagree,  
 Yet if you do, I'll sue.  
 Or better yet, I'll write a book...

ENOUGH!  
 STOP!  
 (Silence now as the wind blows the fall leaves)

Only mankind gets upset and cross over so many trivial things,

Wound up like a spring waiting for release,  
Passion of hate or love.

Power, power in all forms, is worse than any disease,  
Even nicotine or other drugs pale,  
When you cross the line with it.

Each and everyone has their own particular beliefs,  
This is the way it should be.  
And when opposing nerves cross, and tempers start to flare,  
Maybe it is best to sit back and smile,  
To think about it first.

For some, a time for prayer, for others, a time for silence.  
To be respectful is better,  
Than to cross fists.

The End