

Robbery

We sit, and we wait.
Gathered around him, our treasure.
A sorry sight! Tarnished treasure.
No polish can return his lustre.
We wait for death to come,
And take from us.
Blindly we hope for the robbery.
Talking about something else,
We distract each other
From the bandit
Who comes to plunder
Our beloved treasure
And we are happy to be robbed.

Dave Hoffman