

**Title: Partying in Babylon**

**Subtitle: Poetry**

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To all party goers the moon is high,  
It's time to fly;  
We hear us sigh,  
Don't believe their lie.  
It is our world,  
That we must build.  
Trust in love;  
Do not shove,  
Live in peace,  
To find release.  
Don't be distressed,  
From the stress,  
Of being dressed to impress.  
It only causes ego,  
That we do fight;  
Don't we realize,  
This causes the plight?  
More pressure we've got,  
More fights we get;  
People go getting upset.  
Being intoxicated takes us down;  
Makes people frown.  
Thinking about their past,  
Fitting ourselves into a caste,  
Then at last we strike out;  
Even if we're not a lout,  
Just what alcohol is all about.  
Remember this poem,  
Next time we're out;  
Don't go drinking out the spout,  
That is not what life is for;  
We really are worth more.  
It makes us fall,  
We can't walk tall;  
Slowly it brings us to a crawl.  
Pull ourselves up,  
Don't grab a cup,  
Just for a sip;  
Later we need a kip,

Think from our hips,  
Go causing gyp,  
Because we just flip.  
Don't we get it,  
Or do we forget,  
Oops and again;  
"Never drinking again!"  
Every time,  
Or is it just me,  
Or do we all see?  
Let's learn to adjust,  
We know we must;  
Unless we are all not fussed?  
Let's carry on unjust,  
See where it takes us.  
We don't care,  
We are unaware;  
The date is set,  
Don't forget,  
Even though they may let you,  
It is true,  
There are few.  
Keep pure;  
Don't be a bore;  
Be part of the cure,  
Then the world can ensure,  
It will endure.