Title: Bright Eyez Subtitle: Poetry

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The smell of a camp fire; In a van they had for hire, Was how they traveled. Everywhere they went; Their money almost spent, Not as far as meant, They used their better judgement. Then on a dark night, In a forest of pine; They saw some eyes looking, To see just who be. They cautiously went in too soon; Out came a racoon! To say "hello", Yet they were too yellow. So it stayed for a drink, Or perhaps just to think. Then gave them a wink, To say "what do you think?" Yet too slow to reply, Then they were away; Never to say, What they saw that day.