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.