Title: Bright Eyez

Subtitle: Poetry

Author: wizanda

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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.