

**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.