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Tripping

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BARBER

Tripping

I saw the moon and it saw me.

Its golden orb cast shadows in my soul.

Reflections of my mind may be

AS soggy cereal in a bowl.

I told the stream just how I felt

As it ran merrily on by.

Its coldness made my heart to melt

Much like a child caught in a lie.

The sun peaked out from clouds beyond.

My head stopped spinning slowly round.

I saw the moon, the sun, a pond,

Each one distinct and earthward bound.

And now the haze, I feel the pain,

And seek the friendship of Mary Jane.
