

Problems with Raccoons

by Rory Newman

The air was brisk,
And the moon was bright.
We planned to get
Good sleep that night.

The river ran on,
And the fire gave light.
We planned to get
Good sleep that night.

They came soon after,
And trouble they went,
While I was sleeping
In my tent.

They scoured the camp,
With glowing green eyes.
Constantly searching
For their prize.

Awoken from my
Dreamful bliss,
I knew that
Something was amiss.

Having found their
Ambrosial treat,
They deemed it time.
For us to meet.

Some hungry things had
Come that night.
There was no doubt,
I'd had a fright.

So in the night,
By the light of
The moon...

We were pillaged
By a troop of raccoons!