

#VII#

The instructions were *explicit*
About the brew perhaps *illicit*—
Running home *fanatically*, I schemed:
 “A sip of this sapphire tea..
...and I’ll have her *fawning* at my feet.
 Now, when and where to meet?”

Suddenly and strangely, the urge to try
 The gooey tonic conquered me
 So I threw its bottom to the sky
 From under an autumn-colored tree
When a *fervid* heat inside began to mystify—
 The rest is no hyperbole

Luckily I arrived to my apartment
 In time to lock the door
But when I turned around and saw my carpet
 It was a *florid* jungle floor
 And my cat a silly doodad—
Hallucinations had *fomented* real bad!

“As soon as sobriety and I mend,”
I declared, roaming the rainforest
 “I will next time spend..
...a few extra bucks on a therapist..
...and not repeat this false reality..
 ...to cause of my *frugality*.”