

#VIII#

*Garrulous* from a ditch somewhere  
Remember talking to myself a lot  
Sending all my friends a text and yet  
*Gregarious* I'm generally not  
Even sent one to the One  
Telling her she's hot

She "lol"'d and then said,  
"Are you ready for today?"  
I brushed leaves off my head, then flipped!  
The drug's *guile*, deceit and trickery  
Had made me *gullible*, overlooking:  
It was the morning of the GRE