

Matt Zane

"I Beg Of You"

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The intoxicating drink of the night blurred our
perceptions,
Nullifying all stress and anticipation of the mind;
We beg of you more.
For at these moments, we are divine and this is simply
a shameless time...
We sat there, wallowing in our purest form, urging
each other to give more.
No one would settle for just the mind while the
gathering was reaching it's prime
Each hoping it would be their time.
I personally achieved mine.
Hours and hours of this recycled action occurred
before darkness fell upon the large cool room.
Most of us lie there content, happy, and filled with a
memory that was still being created.
We must remember;
For tomorrow we would awake and memory would be
the only evidence.
Did last night exist?
Or was it the intoxicating drink, playing one of it's many
tricks?
I beg of you more

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