

Woodstock Souvenir

Jack googled my name
we'd shared trek to Yasgur's farm
long memory lane

his aging Plymouth
our ride to historic heights
powered by good weed

trampled fence kicked off
three days of mud and music
strewn bodies, stoned minds

peace-and-love symbols
tribe of happy humanists
culture tacking left

we stumbled upon
one of life's sparkling jewels
life's a trip, eh Jack?



Jack in our Woodstock days