

A close-up photograph of a jaguar's head and upper body. The jaguar is resting its head on a large, dark, textured rock. In the background, a waterfall cascades down, creating a misty spray. The jaguar's coat is a rich orange with black spots. The overall scene is moody and atmospheric.

2025 Capybara Calendar
The River's Stillness

Welcome to 2025

The River's Stillness

A Capybara Poem

When the forest set ablaze,
And red tongues licked the sky,
The creatures ran in frantic waves,
Hearts thundering, breath awry.

But by the river's quiet bend,
Where reeds and lilies sway,
A *capybara* stood at peace,
And fear was kept at bay.

The *sparrow* fluttered, wings too weak,
Its song a whispered plea—
The *capybara* knelt beside,
A perch of quiet ease.

The *jaguar* paced, its golden eyes
Lost deep in thought, in dread—
The *capybara* met its gaze,
No words, but still it read.

The *turtle* trapped beneath the ash,
Its shell weighed down with dust—
The *capybara* nudged it free,
With neither force nor fuss.

The timid *fawn*, the weary *boar*,
The restless *fox* at dawn—
Each found a place beside the one
Who simply carried on.

And when the blaze had passed at last,
The ground still warm, yet new,
The *capybara* waded deep
Where *lotus flowers* grew.

It did not speak, it did not praise,
It only walked its way—
A life of calm, a *river's* course,
A lesson left to stay.

The *monkey* trembled, branch to branch,
Its tail too tight to free—
The *capybara* stood below,
A bridge of steady ease.

The old *owl* watched with weary eyes,
Its wisdom dim, yet deep—
The *capybara* listened long,
And let the silence speak.

The *firefly* flickered, lost in dusk,
Its glow too faint to guide—
The *capybara* shared the stars,
Reflected in the tide.

The panicked *hare* fled shadowed fears,
Its pulse a frantic drum—
The *capybara* simply breathed,
And stillness softly won.



When the forest set ablaze,
And red tongues licked the sky,
The creatures ran in frantic waves,
Hearts thundering, breath awry.

January

2025

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

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A large capybara with dense brown fur is sitting on a grassy bank next to a body of water. Its head is above the water, and it appears to be resting or sleeping. Several ducks are swimming in the water nearby. In the background, there are trees and foliage. A white rectangular box contains the poem.

But by the river's quiet bend,
Where reeds and lilies sway,
A *capybara* stood at peace,
And fear was kept at bay.

February

2025

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

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The sparrow fluttered, wings too weak,
Its song a whispered plea—
The capybara knelt beside,
A perch of quiet ease.



March

2025

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

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A close-up photograph of a jaguar lying on a mossy rock in a dense jungle. The jaguar's golden eyes are looking directly at a capybara that is sitting nearby. Sunlight filters through the trees in the background.

The *jaguar* paced, its golden eyes
Lost deep in thought, in dread—
The *capybara* met its gaze,
No words, but still it read.

April

2025

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The *turtle* trapped beneath the ash,
Its shell weighed down with dust—
The *capybara* nudged it free,
With neither force nor fuss.



May

2025

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WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

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The timid *fawn*, the weary *boar*,
The restless *fox* at dawn—
Each found a place beside the one
Who simply carried on.



June

2025

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

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A capybara is shown wading in a pond filled with pink lotus flowers and green lily pads. In the background, a massive forest fire rages through tall trees, casting a hazy, golden glow over the scene.

And when the blaze had passed at last,
The ground still warm, yet new,
The *capybara* waded deep
Where *lotus flowers* grew.

July

2025

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A close-up photograph of a jaguar and a capybara resting on a large, textured rock. The jaguar, with its characteristic orange and black spots, is positioned on the left, looking towards the right. Its body is partially submerged in water. To its right, a capybara with dense brown fur is also resting, facing towards the right. The background is blurred, showing the cascading water of a waterfall.

**It did not speak, it did not praise,
It only walked its way—
A life of calm, a river's course,
A lesson left to stay.**

August

2025

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

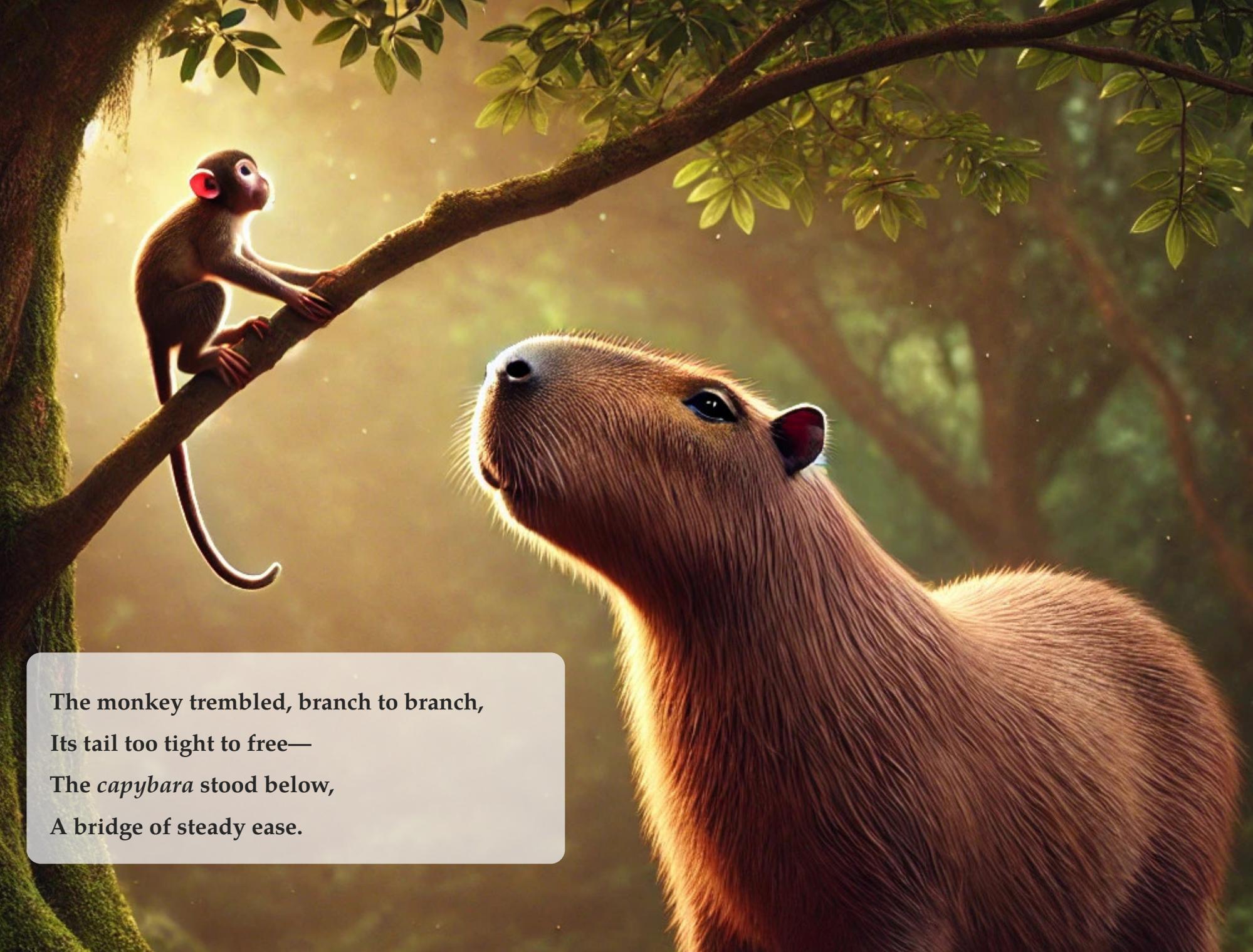
THURSDAY

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A photograph of a monkey climbing a tree branch and a capybara standing below. The monkey is perched on a thick, mossy branch, its body angled away from the viewer. The capybara is in the foreground, its head turned slightly to the left, looking up at the monkey. The background is a dense green forest with sunlight filtering through the leaves.

The monkey trembled, branch to branch,
Its tail too tight to free—
The *capybara* stood below,
A bridge of steady ease.

September

2025

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The old *owl* watched with weary eyes,
Its wisdom dim, yet deep—
The *capybara* listened long,
And let the silence speak.



October

2025

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

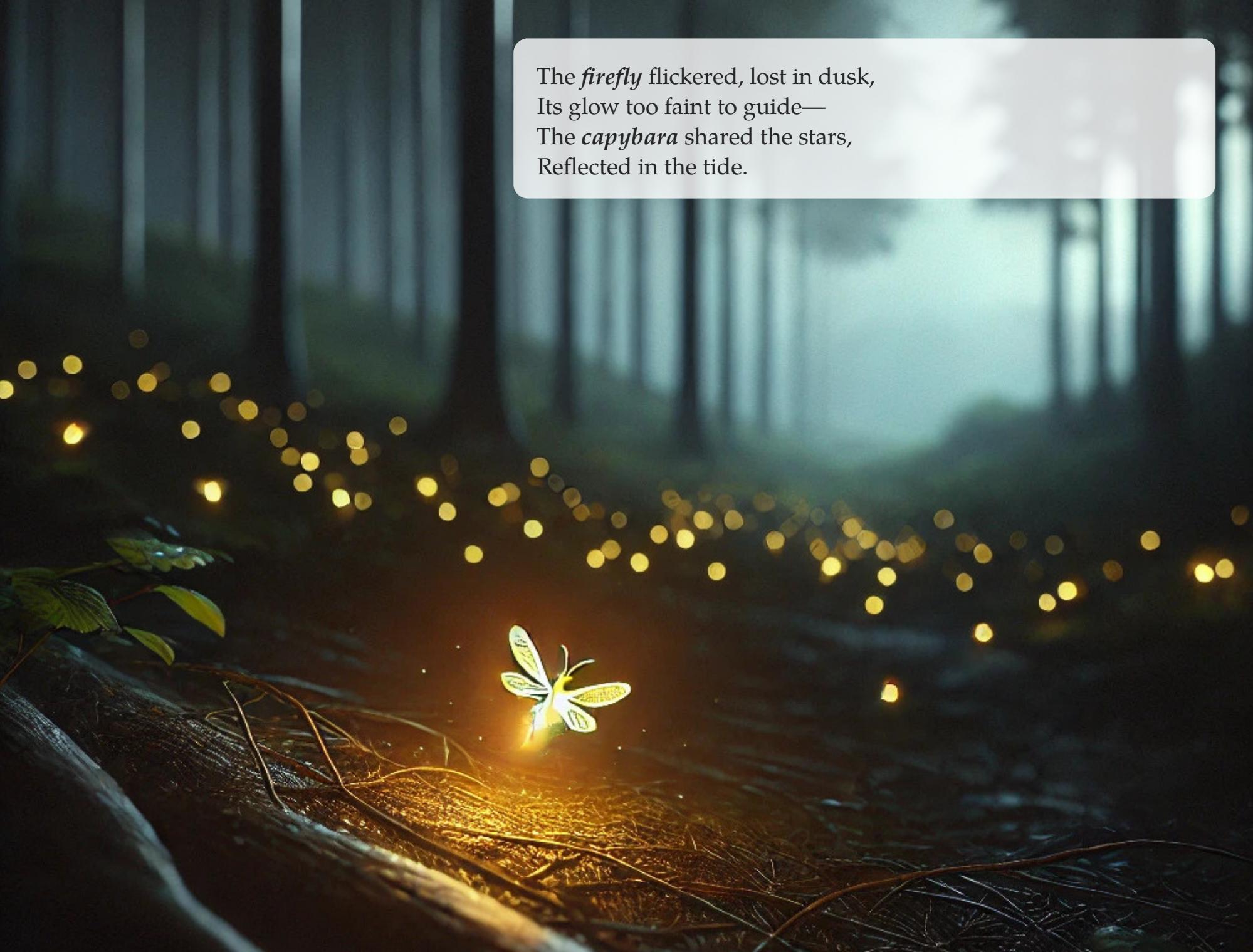
THURSDAY

FRIDAY

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The *firefly* flickered, lost in dusk,
Its glow too faint to guide—
The *capybara* shared the stars,
Reflected in the tide.

November

2025

MONDAY

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WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

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The night lay soft on silver waves,
The air was cool and deep—
The *capybara* closed its eyes,
And drifted into sleep.

December

2025

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

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