

You see it, you see it all,
 Cloud Mover, did you give everyone
 a place to hide, or is this body
 my hidey-hole, are the trees here
 to give me only shade or cover when it rains,
 when my work under the sun
 is done, am I meant to cuddle
 with those bushy squirrels?
 This is me, ruffling my tail, / chirping
 something similar to praise
 Wherever, ~~it is you gave me to hide~~
 I know you look, Leaf Watcher,
 I know how you can see me every time
 I lay ~~down~~ names on your
 creations. My lips move like I'm tired,
 like a yawn when I say it, say it,
 Smooth Whisperer, "lion."
 In the lions' den, I saw them,
 and you must, your starry eyes,
 see them too, bundled up together,
 lapping cave water, like a puddle of bright
 morning gold. See how they cuddle those
 young ones, see how those littler lions
 like to hide when they're playing? ~~Lord of All.~~
 See me in the groves all day, doing
 all you have said it is my duty to do,
 trying all the while to brush fur
 out of my skin, my muscle, ~~Lord~~,^{Lover}

(hiding/
 not
 hiding)
 I'm just
 playing



not like the lions', but capable of so much strain.