**A Tiger in the Zoo**

He stalks in his vivid stripes

The few steps of his cage,

On pad of velvet quiet,

In his quit rage.

He should be lurking in shadow,

Sliding through long grass

Never the water hole

Where plump deer pass.

He should be snarling around houses

At the jungle’s edge,

Baring his white fangs, his claws,

Terrorising the village!

But he’s locked in a concrete cell,

His strength behind bars,

Stalking the length of his cage,

Ignoring visitors.

He hears the last voice at night,

The patrolling cars,

And stares with his brilliant eyes

At the brilliant stars.

LESLIE NORIS