

Animal Poem

April 4, 2009

I saw you as a lion when no more on the plains
existed,

I was transfixed, yet only for a moment
you were really there - after all
-in between the trees and branches

Ghosts do not drink cool waters
of the forests- which are no more wild -
your roar let fear untamed out across the open air-
attain a single chord and sound unheard tones
resound-

sustain your might, your roaring fire, retain its flickering
as if you, lion, are generating the far off stars-
for we are cutting losses for what they really are...
the nameless now is named, tree by tree and leaf by
leaf

Remain unchanged, unaltered, as I remember, would
be deception,
We have lost those valleys, rivers waterfalls and green
Knotted twisted ferociously engaged and intertwined

Come to the fore, my lion, were the forest meets the
waters
where the sunlight dances and plays the solstices and
equinoxes

-Where are you, lion, now? Have you lost your battle?
I saw you as a lion when no more on the plains
existed-