

In a Moment  
Zachary Tan

When that cat stalked its prey,  
Like the northern lynx with  
Tensed muscles, and a blinding  
White coat removing it from  
This world, only reappearing when  
That snowshoe hare slackened its guard,  
To warmly embrace its neck with  
Pristine fangs, and shake out the last dregs of life  
Like a chef running out of condiments,  
Only to devour it's meal with  
Rudimentary haste, afraid,  
Why did it hesitate?