

The wounded animal

Venturing alone

Beautiful and strong

Its path straight

No left no right

The proud animal

Settled, determined, tall

There – a cry, a moan

A tumbled throne

An animal just like me

Trying to move, to flee

The beautiful and strong

Why did you stroll along?

Coincidence? Curiosity?

Destiny? Animosity?

There is no defense

Just trust, no fence -  
Don't let me alone  
Next to my tumbled throne.

F Sz 5 Feb 2006 Chevry