



The Car is a Cheetah

Fangs clenched with rage,
Snarling, growling, impatient,
The urban cheetah paws the concrete jungle floor,
Skidding as it turns a corner.

Suddenly it stops, its claws dug into the floor.

Out of nowhere it pounces forward,

Making a mighty leap,

Growling as it paces every animal,

His eyes bulging in the darkness,

Leaving his prints and smoky breath,

As he ventures into the desert.

By Scarlett