

The Storm

With the lion's paws clenched with rage,

It lets out a thunderous roar,

Followed by a violent volt.

Its torch like eyes scanning the open,

Ready to mark its territory,

To discourage unwanted intruders.

Mutely, it cunningly creeps up on its prey,

Then POUNCE!

The rustling of the leaves drives it left, right and centre,

And sends it doing the loop-the-loop around every tree,

In the pitch black, as though it was covered with a black silky cloth.

By Enya

