

Mountain Lion

Their luxurious fur roughened by the
enormous mountains, they prowl the vast
mountains isolated from the ground below.

They prowl like walking on a cloud and then Strike!
And catch their long awaited prey, and then eat,
feeling triumphant and victorious.

As the sun sets like a vibrant veil and the
moon rises like a bright orb, the hunt for prey rises
and falls like the sun,
and the hunt for prey has just begun.

With their gray garment, garnished fur,
they bathe in the sun, in the desert sun
to rest for the day.

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