

THE FOREST'S GLEAM

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I see the forest for its gleam,
Light, as it is catching on the tips of the leaves.

A squirrel passes by
Quickly and
Swiftly,
Just as the eagle soars up above,
Long and confident.
It takes pride in its beauty,
And stride in its flair.
Each feather glints under the light, and each action of the eagle
Rattles the air.
Slicing the winds and the skies,
Precise.

A mysterious man walks under the eagle
Under the squirrel
And under the leaves.
His chin is tucked, and his eyes set downward.

He tries to avoid the gleam,
But it doesn't miss him.
No, not at all.
The slivers of rays hit his scrubby head,
And brings warmth to the spot where it had once been cold.

The rays spread out and about, albeit in thinner streaks,
To below his ear and into his nose.
Warmth slowly entershis body,
Looping this way and that way,
Until finally it settles down
Snuggling into his skins
And bones.

Warmth, once again,
Finds its way in.
Just as it always has,
And just as
It always will.