

creatures of the night

let's call her neela, those wild blue eyes

sapphire gazing

while you point a white torch

in the general direction of...

wilderness, nature, where we came from

where we are not going back again.

the leopards live

in thick bushes

hiding

from prying human eye

a mother with two cubs

perhaps there's a male somewhere

chasing hares for supper.

snakes with venom

not as harmful as humans who lurk behind, who say those things –

that you are wild at night

you are a strange one

born for other climes

& now with settler wisdom

peering from a machan

so deep into the future

for what is not there.

we are all stone chipped, organic, home grown

tasty as locally brewed

yet somewhere

there is the feeling

all is not lost

just when a spotted one

leaps into the darkness

where things spring from.