

Winter Night Spirit

The winter night spirit comes with history,
A pair of knowing eyes, and mystery.

Branches below bellow in admiration
For no one to hear. Amidst the darkened
Air in the solitude of another.
Waiting in pursuit to trap,
Wild and firm, smooth in their haunt.

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Above in anticipation, frozen
In the clamour. Stalking the night
Sky, with self-assurance,
Watching their prey,
Protracted and noiseless, swift in the seize.

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