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A Visitor

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A Visitor

Lying on my cot
with only another ten year old companion.
With a gentle poof
darkness envelopes us
the tent seems to close in around us
in the distance
I hear the gentle call of the wild
crooning to my weary eyes,
then,
all of a sudden,
I jump up.
I was awakened
by a ever so gentle roaring,
a roaring in the distance,
coming closer,
the closer it comes
the less friendly
it sounds.
The only thing between us
and the undisputed king of the Mara,
a simple nylon tent.
Trying to cope with my own fears
and that of a ten year old,
the only sound we make
is that of our teeth.

(cont'd., no new stanza)

Shouts
in a native tongue.
the only word I was able to comprehend,
simba,
the natives keep shouting,
simba,
then the gun,
that awful gun
one simple shot,
silence.

by Connie Byington