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Pulse

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Pulse

Anelia Shaheed

A whistle on a distant branch
A beetle's cry and graceful dance.
All who look upon the windy night
Are subject to the forest's vibrant life.
A chestnut snoring in slumber,
A mushroom loving another.

The watchful eyes of a famished enemy
Glisten in the moonlight sky.
They see sights, once never known
They hear sounds of alien life forms
These graceful beasts prowl on the carpeted
floor
But they all still know that man is right at
their back door.
So, they hide and they wait.
Listen to what others know.

Yet perhaps the one that tells the story of life
the best
Who can describe it in as little as a flap itself
The pulsating beat, the heart and soul
Of life in these woods that have yet to unfold.
A moth, which knows more than the eyes can
see
Who hears and feels with both its heart and
antennae.
Many hide their own emotions
Many don't speak of the secrets they know.
But they all are still fluttering
Singing of the pains of the human soul.