Bear Bear

Vast acres filled with trees,
Small dirt pathways,
And signposts.
A semblance of community
Through the woodland birds,
And the microcosm
That gave the modern-day Roger Williams
A run for his money.

Trudging forward,
There’s something in the distance.
Dark fur,
A ferocious growl,
Small saw-blades for fingers.

There’s that inclination to run,
But then there would be
Other people to deal with.
Yet other animals have mouths to feed,
And there’s no heaven
In the game of survival.

The something becomes a behemoth.
Arms extended and claws sharpened,
They swiftly encircle
An excessive,
Trembling,
Rush of adrenalin.

The blades never sink in,
Nor did the growling hunger
Consume the feeble demeanor.

Beyond the black olive marbles,
There was a warmth
Running through the fingers.
The fur,
A silk coat.

The sun seeps through the leaves,
Bathing the fierce façade.
The prey looks at the predator
And smiles.