The Tiger

As the tiger strolls through the forests,

He brushes past the trees,

Soft paws on the twigs,

As the tiger strolls through the forests.

As the tiger sees his prey,

He furrows his amber brow,

Hides his emerald eyes,

As the tiger sees his prey.

As the tiger stalks his prey,

He crouches low to the ground,

Face near the grass,

As the tiger stalks his prey.

As the tiger chases his prey,

He runs into the wind,

Striped fur ruffling,

As the tiger chases his prey.

As the tiger kills his prey,

He roars into the morning mist,

Acknowledging his power,

As the tiger kills his prey.

As the tiger strolls through the forests,

He pushes past the trees,

Soft paws on the twigs,

As the tiger strolls through the forests.