

## The Passing

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A silence fell along the woodland fence  
The wild ones felt what humans could not sense  
No moon this night, and now no sound as well  
The cricket chirp cessation cast its spell

But now a sound: a rumble far-perceived  
Anticipation heightened, calmness thieved.  
Among the bushes tiny heartbeats race:  
What is this new intruder in their space?

A stroke of light now limns a lowered cloud  
The once-soft distant thundering grows loud  
Now deepened rumble trembles blades of grass  
A rabbit doe stands frozen, eyes of glass

She cannot run; her instincts keep her still  
The menace flashes bright beyond the hill  
A raccoon now decides to take his leave;  
The forest beckons, offering reprieve.

But rabbit, stilled, unable to give room  
Casts double shadows from impending doom  
Her eyes reflect a pair of moving suns  
She strains to dash for safety in her runs

Thus blinding light with crashing roar arrives  
But death has missed her; rabbit doe survives.  
A blast of air assaults her tender ears  
A rush of heat augments instinctual fears

Paralysis releases, although late  
The doe speeds far from her close brush with fate.  
The driver, knowing not her wake of fright,  
Drives on; her classic hotrod splits the night.