

Under A Moonlit Sky

Slechtvalk

A gentle wind, that rustles the leaves, is whispering in my ear
.
A bright moon gazes at me through the forest's canopy, lighting
my path.

Wandering through the forest, I marvel at it's beauty.
All shades of moss covering the grounds on which I softly tread
.
Sometimes I sense a wild animal staring in wonder at my appearan
ce.
And silently, I watch them, wondering if they are aware of what
's coming to them.

But a strange unnatural noise in the distance startles the anim
al
And I see it speeding off.
I softly weep, for I know that the days of comforting silence a
re gone.

Under a moonlit sky, I wander through the forest,
Marveling at it's beauty, the serenity, the natural silence.

The sky is red with the burning fire of the trees, it makes me
weep.
I see some heavily mutilated animals running towards me in pani
c.
I am shocked at the selfishness of the men
Who thought of this destruction of the earth on which I was bor
n and raised.

Under a moonlit sky, I wander through the forest,
A deathly silence around the scorched ghostlike trees.

Even for the creatures of the wild,
There is no escape from the wars which scorch the earth.
Defeat will mean the final death of us all.