

Cougar

Inside me are mountains,
Rough and tough, divided,
To cliffs, large gorges...

I am told:
“Write poem!”

Am afraid,
Delicate?
Rhyme?
Meter?

Leave my shoes, go barefoot,
Hit the roads, am shirt-less,
In my mind encounter,
Ezra Pond, and Taher,
Both are sad, in cages,
Built by mean governments!

Meet the laws,
Written codes,
With cipher:
“Favor dogs,
Hate cougars!”

“Raise chicken and cattle,
Kill bear, moose, free birds,
Plough land, flatten...”

Loving Shams, Socrates,
“Hell with life, live to be,
Down to earth, a nothing,”
I am firm, and solid...

When so, all the beings
Are friends, family,
From cat, dog, tree,
To lion, whale, and fish,
To rivers and the seas,
And of course, the cougar,
On what base man kills them?