

In snow or grass, or rock and glass, but flight:
A cloud we place beneath to shield our eyes.
We haven't wings, nor can we sing, but fight:
In desp'rate fog we fear to view our lies.

Our fur– it clings, and oft we feel fangs' sting;
Above! Divine and pure– to what? The trees?
We hear the ring, our own steps duly sing;
And claim to be some foam atop the seas.

But waves crash not because of you or me,
And birdsong plays not for our lowly ear.
The rain's more fearsome than we'll ever be,
And to the dust we'll quickly disappear.

Angelic we are not, piano key:
Just beasts. Just beasts is all we'll ever be.