

Midwife of the Savannah Lane

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It was sunset; the flaming orb of heat was descending
The land was in clear hues of orange and blood red
Savannah had its share of warmth for the day,
Yet one beast was not satisfied, gazing with sharp eyes
Its will was perspiring heavily, the glorious spots shined,
The gazelle's brute stood there camouflaged in the dry grass
Unhurriedly the ghost took its steps one at a time,
The victim came closer to the vision and scoot –
Running for life was the goal, with surpassing speed
The little creature too ran. Savannah lane stood witness
The spotted expeditious critter had its gift of red
The red smeared over the cheetah's mouth and paws,
Content, it retreated to its humble abode of woods
The cubs were safe, the mother fed the babies
And life continued in the vast lanes of Savannah.

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