

You Have Not Killed Us Yet

by Josephine Schirling

The forest is still,
this wondrous night
Yet a wolfish hum is in the air.

Suddenly, there is a cry
tearing through the tranquil dark,
“You have not killed us yet!” yells the blonde Mr. Rat.

With a pop and
a smack of the lips,
The blonde Mr. Rat was all black.

A moment of silence,
a tense serenity
Midnight grows stronger again

Suddenly there is a screech,
tearing through the peaceful dark
“You have not killed us yet!” yells the grey Mrs. Owl

With a pop and
a click of the beak,
The grey Mrs. Owl was all black.

Soon enough, the once
quiet forest hosted the cries
of the creatures that hid from the stars.

The beasts that would feast
on the once vibrant souls
starved in the dead of night.

