

THE STILL HEART

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*Deep in the jungle, in the quiet of the day
lay a huntress still as her prey.*

*The crickets chirped and the lion roared
yet she lay still with her arrowed bow.*

*In a distance stood a shadowed figure
watching her hunt the mighty deer.*

*He wondered in the quite of his mind
why his heart fluttered and flied.*

*Could it be the huntress' almighty braid
that slid down her back as if a bloodied mane.*

*Or was it the life he saw in her eyes
passion so pure that Death himself smiled.*

*The huntress let her arrow fly.
Death stood beside her conquered prize.*

*He saw the beauty dance with delight,
joyous for another peaceful night.*

*Sorrow filled his darkened soul,
for a love fate would never hold.*

*Maybe time would bring them close
But until then Death let her go.*

*Deep in the jungle in the quiet of the day
Death stood still as the huntress drifted away.*