

The Journey

*Men were talking;
some were laughing
in mockery.
We paid them no heed.
We were trotting,
sometimes leaping,
always moving
to arrive without delay.
Food was plenty on the way:
leaves of every sort and flavor,
dew refreshed to drink each day.
Alone we followed the lead.*

*Men were talking
and still laughing,
though strange beasts
still journeyed past.
Others stayed
and munched on grass.
Of my family and kind,
only I and my mate would find
the haven shared with goats and pigs,
and lions and bears,
and more
that were there.*

*Men were talking,
but no shameful laughing
rang inside the holy ark.
A window kept
away the dark,
and Someone
shut the door.
Our world
would be no more.*

*Then the pounding,
rushing, crushing
waters swirling, mounting waved—*

*destroyed all else,
and all us saved.*