

## BOBCAT

There's a savored, lonely road  
where oak and grass hunch about their tricklet,  
that one early matin, the coyotes' complement  
at exhaust gait, gave surprised eye to meet.

*Lynx Rufus* mowing on to plate  
neglected appetite – dear God, anything!  
had that last chance scruff and bone about,  
embarrassed skin, thin of emaciation.

And there was the whimper,  
before last breath ails gone;  
that stretch-heard groan in less energy come to be,  
and present the ear its bell toll.

Led to my empathy and prayerful hands,  
I asked The Author if She could grant urchin  
better ahead, less trouble behind, more stalks crepuscular;  
further felid he, in a safer more satisfying time!?

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Notes: Crepuscular: of dusk or dawn. Felid: of cats.