

## Cold Winter Eyes

I am a Leopard with cold, winter eyes,  
That glisten in moonlight.  
I am a malicious stalker,  
Who prowls in the darkness of the ancient trees,  
That cover the Indian terrain.

Black holes of elegance print over my golden fur  
That shimmers in the sparkle of twilight,  
Hear my heart pound against my broad, proud chest,  
See my free spirit lying beside me, like a child with its  
mother.

A raging storm is waiting somewhere deep inside me,  
I pounce from tree to tree,  
The land shivers when it suddenly hears me  
Gain strength from my powerful growl,  
As quick as a flash of lightning, I hurry back to my  
defenceless cubs.

I am the beautiful beast of the night,  
Sometimes you can hear me here and there,  
But my sneaky sleek paws are silence,  
I come in every direction; you'll never guess,  
My poor cubs are protected by a vicious beast,  
I trigger my cautious prey, then I strike,  
My teeth are daggers as they tear my prey apart,  
I am a Leopard once young enough to play,  
Now old enough to be a proud warrior.

***Eve Chaggar- Goode  
Leopard Class***