

# Lion's Breath

*by* Eric Thirolle

Lyrics, rap, spoken word, poetry  
Activating this and that  
Corner of my mind, flipping  
Switches, turning on  
Lights, opening windows  
Pushing stale air from a parking garage.

An intimation, or implication  
Of fresh air coming  
Behind, chasing old  
Dead things ahead of it.

The way the rumbling ground, pawed  
By the hooves of so many antelopes  
Implies the lion behind  
The herd. And even though  
You cannot yet see  
Those rippling muscles, those merciless

Hunter's eyes, the shaking earth,  
The rushing air, are enough  
To fill you with fear  
Of the power that is coming.

