

## Affinity to Stardust

She lay panting in the long grass.  
Her breath mists the evening air,  
as daylight squints into dusk,  
and fireflies strike their tinders,  
guiding the last rays of sun  
to nestle through the trees,  
and find a bed for the night

A single wind turbine stands silent  
on top of the hill, arms wide, much like  
a cross on another hill a long time ago.  
A stream runs down to the woods,  
Every splash and ripple,  
a melody of wind and wilderness.

Early rising stars rub sleep  
from their eyes and shuffle into position.  
Moles snout blind for worms up for air.  
The first bat squawks, testing its sonar.  
Owls preen their feathers ready to hunt,  
while the woodland loam shivers  
at the hint of a night-frost to come.

She has come far.  
The sounds of horns,  
hooves, jaws, long behind.  
Relief she has led  
the blood-frenzy  
away from her babies.

A mother's dilemma,  
of survival or sacrifice,  
weighs heavy as she looks up to see  
a shooting star cut a tear in the sky,  
before making its escape  
from unseen cosmic predators  
through the torn fabric of night.

Padding cautious, her senses  
accept the safety of shadows,  
where she can sleep,  
wrapped in the curl of her brush;  
dream of the cubs and of her affinity  
to a speck of stardust, hoping  
it, too, has found rest this night.