

# Anthology of hannahcahill

Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## summary

Lioness

## Lioness

I am a lioness.  
He, my opponent,  
A gazelle.  
I observe him,  
Catch his mistakes,  
Seek out his flaws.  
I wait,  
Bide my time.  
When the moment is right,  
I will strike.

It comes for me  
Like a missile seeking its target.  
My muscles ripple  
As I bring my hand to my face,  
Blocking the blow.  
I feel it land,  
And it stings,  
My arm tingles,  
The nerves cry out for help.

But the voice in my mind is louder.  
"You are fierce," it tells me,  
"Unstoppable."  
It drowns out each protest,  
Each objection of my aching limbs.  
My vision is red.  
I taste my fury,  
My need for victory  
Is pungent in my mouth.

Now it's my turn.  
I wind up.  
I pounce.  
Left hook,  
Right cross.  
Two points.

I stand victorious.  
I am a lioness.  
I have captured my prey.