

## The Fight

Rumbling in the ground, roar of machines.

I watch as birds flee from trees.

They fall to the ground one by one the only alternative I have is to run.

Friends and family sprint away,

But are suddenly captured at the scene.

Cries could be heard of pain and sorrow, but were drowned out by

The wails of the forest herself.

As though hearing her plead the sky suddenly turned grey.

Swirling dark clouds that looked like a predator stalking their prey.

A roll of thunder snapped through our ears

Followed by a blinding light that ripped through the air.

Time seemed to stop as chaos erupted.

The smell of smoke began to arise, the image of wild fires

Danced in front of my eyes.

I stared at the flames memorized by the colors

That reminded me of a sunset.

One that I fear, my family and I would never see again if we don't escape.

Is this the end?

Will my kind be erased into oblivion?

No.

With a sudden burst of adrenaline, we fought back.

Clawing and pulling the bounds of our capture snapped.

Stand together stand strong.

Like the trees we must stand firm.

Our blood boiled, our hearts raced we were rooted to the becoming one

With the forest.

This was our base, why did we have to give it up?  
Growling our bodies became fluent like ripples in water.  
Yet our orange fur was no longer soft, was now standing  
On end, in blinding red anger.  
The black stripes becoming our allies as they helped us disappear into  
The night.  
One by one the intruders fell. Many others manage  
To escape with their tails between their legs.  
Slowly it became quiet the only sound was  
Of the sweet pitter patter rain, as the silhouette of our shadows died  
Out with the flames of our fears.  
We released a mighty roar of victory,  
But victory is so bitter sweet.  
We lost many and our home is damaged.  
But we prevailed.  
We fought back.  
We are the tiger species, and this is our story against the  
Fight of extinction.

Tiona Mouton

