

Julia Ecklar

"Golden Eyes"

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A shadow in the bright bazaar; a glimpse of eyes where
none should shine,
A glimpse of eyes translucent gold, and slitted against
the sun.

This the clue and this the sign that sets him on his
quarry's line,
But she has seen him in a dream, and now she's on the
run.

Faster than a thought she flees, and seeks the jungle's
sheltering trees,
But he is steady on the track, and half a breath behind.
She tastes his scent upon the breeze, and, looking past
her shoulder, sees
He treads upon her shadow. She fears the hunter's
mind.

So now she summons all her wit, and every trick she
knows to hide,
To make him lose the twisting track, to throw him off
her trail
In woman form, in leopard hide, fording, leaping side
to side,
She doubles back along her track - and sees her efforts
fail.

He stands before her, dark and grim. Her terror now
she can't suppress.
He blocks the only pathway out, and will not let her by.
Her gold flanks heaving in distress, half woman and
half leopardess
To either side, nowhere to hide; it's time to fight or die.

But what is this? To her amaze, the man has thrown his
gun away,
And quietly, he draws near her now, a smile upon his
face.
Before she thinks to run or stay, his body blurs like
softened clay...
Before her eyes, to her surprise - a leopard in his place.

The hunter they have sought in vain, and now the talk
of the bazaar
Is of the canny leopard pair, a sight none will forget
Who once has seen them near or far, in sunlight or
where shadows are,
As side by side they hunt and hide. No one has caught
them yet

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