

Wilderness House Literary Review 21/1

Kenneth Rose

The Squirrel's Dance

A squirrel dashed along the bending bough,
Through leaves that whispered secrets in the shade,
In ceaseless leaps, he searched from now to now,
In winding paths that fate or folly made.

He skittered up the oak, then to the pine,
A restless creature lost in summer's haze,
With nimble paws he leapt from vine to vine,
Forever caught in woodland's twisting maze.

For love, they say, is such a frantic chase,
A winding route through branches high and low,
And men are squirrels, bound by fleeting grace,
Chasing after hearts they hardly know.

And so too do men, dash from limb to limb,
Until at last they settle with their mate,
While twilight fades, the branches dance and dim,
Their young begin the same unending fate.