

## Regrowth

The sound of paws thrumming against the ground.  
Wings beating from every direction.  
Twigs snapping, A low growl to a loud screech.  
The whistle of a robin wakes you when the sun has risen.

Beautiful, sleek, red fur of a fox.  
Bright, vibrant, colors sought throughout the forest.  
As you look up, you see a spider weaving the story of its life.

The smell of the wet wind carries numerous stories of these  
creatures' lives.  
Bending around every corner as the stories wind.

So at the last breath, they believed.  
So then the story would go back up the ancient trail and  
regrow with a new life.