

Peace

By Sequoia Hill-Henry

Hawks fly through the sky,

majestic and strong,

they plummet like a stone upon their prey.

Fish flash under the waves,

all shining scales and speed.

Otters back float and somersault through the water.

Horses canter through the meadow.

Weasels race to see who can catch the first mouse.

I lie on the forest floor,

surrounded by the peace and excitement of nature.