

## Becoming Animal

Becoming animal is a wild and slippery thing,  
It's fierce and feral, sly and slithering.  
It crawls and creeps, flies and leaps,  
And keeps one eye open while it sleeps.  
It's foxy, it's catty, with a sting in its tail,  
It's as small as a mouse and as big as a whale.  
It's trusting your instincts while following the herds.  
And learning a language without any words.

Becoming animal is clawing through bramble and briar,  
Like a moth to a flame, it burns with desire,  
It's bushy tailed and eagle eyed,  
A scaredy-cat with lion's pride.  
It's the lone wolf who howls at the moon,  
And knows the dance before even hearing the tune.  
It's wet fur and sharp teeth, it snarls and it groans,  
And screeches out through your blood and our bones.

Becoming animal is monkeying around till the cows come home,  
It's flying the coop into the great unknown,  
It's the black sheep and it crawls through the cracks,  
Drenched in dry sweat it's the beast with two backs,  
It lives in wonder and feeds your hunger,  
And stops the current from dragging you under,  
For becoming animal with all its savagery  
Is becoming one with your true humanity