

LAINE SCOTT • WHAT TRIALS

A raven's nest,
Hid in a tree,
And there the birds,
Who made it be.

The father sits,
The other flies,
Tries to avoid,
A stranger's eyes.

But here I am,
Looking 'round,
Their secret dwelling,
I have found.

At once, they fight
With inbred hunger.
Their hidden place,
Is safe no longer.

But they don't know,
What fate awaits,
For never I,
Disrupt their gates.

Don't worry so,
Darkened spirits!
But who am I,
To say they'll hear it?

