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Payam Aderangi College of DuPage

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The Feline of the Night

Payam Aderangi

I am the hunter adapted.

During the years I've stalked them all.

For them the night the moon provides false hope promises of hindered sight and cooled earth.

The night remains my playground.

Before their demise, the only thing they see hundreds of muscles pulled back then *snap* like a bow, the terrifying yet graceful descent, and even though the night may be full, shadows will always fall and envelope the poor sod who should have just stayed home.

The delicate yet vindictive curve of each sharpened claw and the earth that lies tucked deep inside each one satiates their thirst for life.

I can see their soul leaving through their eyes as they dig deeper and deeper into the midst of the soft and supple flesh.

Fur matted with sweat and a deep ruby hue.

The last breath evaporates...

and once the lifeless ragdoll lie still in the open moon, precisely jagged teeth will be their new home.

The struggle is over.

The only question now is

"where to place my trophy?"