

# The Falcon

Apon a branch a falcon aflight,  
Silently watching its prey take flight,  
Diving forward into a tussle and a fight,  
the victorious falcon takes its first bite.

All things live and all things die,  
but only a few are free to fly.  
The falcon soars and lets out a cry,  
as it sweeps towards its prey passing by.

Quicker than a speeding car,  
fastest of all by far.  
Soaring over the cacti and sandbars,  
fastest of all by far.

Filled with glee  
Never needing to flee  
the glorious falcon  
is totally free.

- Laszlo



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Laszlo Thomas