

Perseverance

Two Sides of a Glass

From afar, I glared with my obsidian-black eyes.
Willing them to stay away.
Atop the snowless rocks, I stood, my snowy tail still,
Reminding them whose place they're in.
Still, they remain.
Like soulless statues, roughly built.
And I will not budge nor jump,
Til they scurry far away from my home.
Snap!
Behind the glass, I observed its white, flurry exterior.
Willing it to pick a pose.
On concrete ground, I lingered, my phone clutched tightly,
Hoping for a perfect moment to capture.
Still, it stood.
Like a realistic sculpture, finely created.
And it did not budge nor jump.
So I waited and waited in this frigid, empty place.