

Y the Tiger

A sheep, herded, comforted in its numbers.
Staying it safe, staying it soft
in a simple life.

Living cherry red and shallow

A mouse, scurried
Runs from the deep and hides from the
hunt. basking in the shadow of inattention
Avoiding the struggle of dissension.

Living cherry red in wallow

A tiger, striped
fed by fight

Rough paws, bladed
Old wars, faded
Strong jaws, daggered
Deep scars, jagged

leaving behind the everyday cattle
by living a life of constant battle

long ago lost that **cherry red hue**
Now lives its life a deep, midnight
blue

So when you ask

wh **Y** the tiger,
[baby] the tiger is **Y** ou

it's an unfair life watching the cherry red graze
but there is a new depth, in each breath
as the tiger lives its maze

Every clean breath in, an act of bravery
Every exhale out, the wake of victory

because now

Y ou'll fight harder
ou'll scream louder
our life's deeper
ou'll shine brighter
ou're the tiger

Rough paws

Strong jaws

Old wars

Deep scars

