

## Birds Of The Same Flock

With feathers the same color as fresh snowfall,  
And an innocent heart as pure as pristine gold,  
She is a temptress to the wicked soul.

With simplistic grace and arrogant beauty,  
She is conceited by nature.

One naïve creature in a small pond,  
amongst a flock of ducklings,  
would think herself to be of optimal species.

The same creature in a bountiful lake,  
surrounded by birds of the same flock,  
would think herself to be in a tedious competition to win the heart  
of the hunter.

She has but only one fear.

And that fear alone  
is enough to bestow within herself  
a million doubts.

The hunter is of zealous notion and of irrepressible desire.  
Before him awaits a lake filled with dames of poise and passion.  
All in anticipation of the prize.

He is not new to the hunt and is aware of the game.

He feels that it is his rightful duty  
to caress each creature and to gain trust.

Trust is the precise key to his pursuit.

What he knows not

Is the impression he leaves with each dame.

Confusion and frustration  
being the main components.

If he is not quick and loyal in the hunt

He will end up with only his own company.

—*Brittany Violet Long*