

# The Clearing

*By John Ludwig Jaegar*

The moon a pallid glow did light  
My path among the stars  
As I traced the constellations  
And the silent flight of Mars  
When I heard a noise to fright  
The bravest of the gods  
I turned with the quickness  
Lent speed from the crackling brush  
Of a creature unknown behind me  
And saw the retreating form  
of a hopping rabbit, as scared  
if not more frightened.