

## THE PANTHER

*In the Jardin des Plantes, Paris*

His gaze has grown so tired from the bars  
passing, it can't hold anything anymore.  
It is as if there were a thousand bars  
and behind a thousand bars nothing.

The soft gait of powerful supple strides,  
which turns in the smallest of all circles,  
is like a dance of strength around a center  
where an imperious will stands stunned.

Only at times the curtain of the pupils  
silently opens—. Then an image enters,  
passes through the taut stillness of the limbs—  
and in the heart ceases to be.