

Janet Jenkins - Give us Sweet Peace. A Tiger's Plea

Poetry in motion, but wanted for potions;
we're a dying breed and I fear it's too late.
The evil ones came, they trapped my brother;
their only thought was exterminate!

Our body parts have special powers;
they're wanted for healing, or so I am told.
I stalk through the jungle in search of a meal,
while poachers are prowling
and waiting to steal:
my whiskers, for toothache,
my brain, for spots,
my bile, for convulsions,
my testes, for nodes,
my teeth, for rabies,
sores and charms.
The list is endless my caring friends,
it's time to speak out;
support our cause.

Stop these bullies; give us sweet peace.
Fight for our beauty; protect our land.
Help us to cope in a challenging world.
Please give us a future;
it's all in your hands.