

## **Orang-utan – Orphaned – Jan Hedger**

I felt the fear in her muscles

our bond impenetrable

broken only by a bullet.

'Run my baby, run'.

She shook me free,

from her dying breath.

'It is too late for me now

you are the future, run!'

So I ran and could not bear

to look back at her stillness.

I ran into some new arms

arms of caring, of gentleness

arms of non-hostility

arms of hope, of humanity

arms of survival

and not extinction,

beyond redemption.