

The Endangered

The extinct, they fly
The rare, they walk
The captured, they dream
The endangered, they talk

Talk through their souls
as free as they're made
many different bodies
They need our help, our aid

One hunted in Africa
Doesn't make them any stronger
One killed in Japan
We shall have them no longer

Scarce we may say?
For them, I am afraid
The beauty, as we watch them march
Together in heaven, they'll parade

The endangered, they talk,
They need our help, our aid
We shall have them no longer,
For together in heaven, they'll parade.

By Taylor McCloskey