

# Leopard Blues

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*She discovers the key to her dreams*

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# 1 - Leopard Blues

Ron Koppelberger[br]

## **Leopard Blues**[br]

She was venturing the romance of dreams in sacred seasons and longing desires of motherhood. Sleekly distinct in leopard assurance and huntress essential, ready by birth and noble alliance to the grassy savannahs she called home, the leopard wished in wont and will, in excited thoughtful bother; she wished for a companion to her desire for motherhood.[br]

She crawled closer to the wild rabbit, a meal in wait, tempered by the grumble in her gut. She poised, he haunches in coiled silhouette to the tall waving grass. In clear distinctions of destiny she leapt, killing the rabbit with merciful efficiency. [br]

As she ate her twilight fare she wondered in wanton devotion to the need, the obsessive push toward fires of birth and survival. [br]

As the evening-tide sky shined scarlet fray and seeping indigo shadow she grew weary, weary thinking of her mate and her children to be. She stretched licking the crimson stain from her paws and whiskers. The night covered the virtue of the day and the leopard slept. She lay sprawled by the edge of wild abandon and passage to desires of freedom, by gentle waves of moonshine and cool airs of advancing sleep. As she slept she dreamed. [br]

The beauty of the nourishing stream gave precious rushing reason, a will to be in the bosom of creation. She lapped at the cool waters and laughed. Quickened in sunshine and slumber, she found the quiet river as a dream within a dream, she saw the wheat endless, eternally flowing. She drank and as she drank from the flow she changed by degrees of blessed metamorphosis.[br]

When the change was complete she looked at her naked reflection, pale emerald eyed and corn silk ravens bonnet. She was long legged soft with fingers and toes instead of paws and claws.[br]

Her mind swam with her birth and the revelation of her old desires. [br]

In the hours before sunup she awoke in discovery and dismay. The blossom was wild and she formed the word with her lips in awkward gasps and new life, AAAAMABILLLLLAAAASSSSSSSS. she said in sibilant whispery gospel, Amabilas! she said again in scarlet heartbeats and flames of birth and seed. Princess Amabilas born in answer to the Leopard blues.[br]

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