He sprints through the sky,

Leathery wings and tiny dots for eyes.

He sleeps in the day and awakes at night

Waiting for his prey.

His teeth as sharp as a knife

Munching his crunchy meal,

King of the night

His cave is his lair.

But never met this creature

At twilight or midnight

Without my heart pounding

And frozen at the soul.

Ffion E