Aging Triceratops

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An aging Triceratops undergoes his final moments on a rainy day in the Cretaceous jungle.

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Aging Triceratops

The gray mist cries tears of water.
They drip through the tangled treetops
And pool on the undergrowth's fronds.
Thunder's grumble bounces through the shadows.
Frogs sing their joy for all the moisture.
But one greater being shares not their elation.

Once the earth shuddered from his stomping.
Now his column legs ache as he lumbers.
Once rainbow gems dazzled on his hide.
Now the colors have faded between the wrinkles.
Once a thick round shield protected his neck.
Now the Tyrants have chomped off its edges.

Once two spears thrust from his brows.
Now the first has dulled and the second splintered.
Once a dagger stabbed up from his snout.
Now its blade has worn from overuse too.
The scars of battle still stripe his face.
But all the rains have doused his past rage.

With a hooked beak he prunes vines and herbs.
Only their flavor soothes his inner pain.
Still his limbs wobble under his weight.
Their bones have grown brittle and the muscles slack.
With a final trumpet that breaks into a croak,
He tips onto his flank and crashes with a thud.

The world blurs and blackens.
His heart stills and silences.
The jungle chorus fades from his ears.
All his thoughts leak from his mind.
The birds and lizards crowd around his corpse.
His loss will feed their lives.

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