

We Are All Animals

At first, the words feel strange,
as if they don't belong to us.
We—who build cities, who name the stars,
who count the days in ticking hands—
We are animals?

But listen—
to the whisper of bone against bone,
to the rhythm of blood against skin.
A dog's heart beats like a father's.
A lion's lungs rise and fall like a mother's sigh.
A bird's bones hollow,
light as the dreams that lift a child's feet from the ground.

Cells divide, nerves ignite,
pain flickers in the eyes of a horse
as it does in the eyes of a man.
A body fails, a cancer grows,
a heart weakens, a breath slows—
and whether beast or human, the story is the same.

Yet when the cure is found,
when knowledge is carved from the suffering of another,
It is only we who drink from the well.
A sickness shared, but not the cure.
A lesson learned, but not returned.

Why?

Did we not learn from their bodies?
Did their hearts not teach us how to heal our own?
If we listen to their silence,
shouldn't we offer them words?
If we borrow from their lives,
shouldn't we give something back?

The walls between us are only shadows.
The lines we draw are only dust.

We are not separate.
Not rulers, not masters, not gods.

We are all animals.