

The steamy air blows through the trees.

The trees.

They act as nature's umbrella,

They shield the creatures below.

And they grow.

They're always growing.

The one ahead of me has grown the most.

I start climbing.

The antbird dives out of the air.

It snaps at the marching ants below it.

The bird is having a feast.

The ants, resolute on their journey, are hardly aware.

You can't tell the small bird from a savage beast.

I take out my knife.

The predator here is fierce.

Watch out!

Even if you do not see it,

It will see you with its snout.

The famed jaguar; beautiful, elegant, and brutal.

It's always hunting.

If you are prey, resistance is futile.

As I go up, I see two fierce creatures.

They attack in different ways.

The boa, its colors greens and grays.

It crushes you.

The poison frogs.

Do not touch.

Their poison is much.

The monkeys swing around.

They make quite a sound.

They are the rainforest's chatterboxes.

Singing their chorus.

Birds are abundant here.

Macaws and toucans appear.

The macaw with colorful feathers

The toucan with a colorful beak.

The latter is unique.

As I climb the last branch,

I remember our rainforests are at risk.

They are reduced; cut to the stump.

For paper and timber.

It makes you sad, not jump.

We need to protect the forest,

Find another way.

Take a stand for their survival today!