



#BeMoreRhino

**Nine Hours Poem
By Phil Brooks**



Nine Hours

Nine hours left,
That's all there is.
Nine short hours,
Until death's kiss!
The clock is ticking,
Seconds slip by.
I try to ignore,
The reapers cry.
I hear him calling,
Who will it be?
Could it be you?
Will it be me?
Minutes are precious,
As the reaper walks.
We are the prey,
And death stalks.
Nine short hours,
Are left to go.
As the poacher comes,
For another rhino!

By Phil Brooks, Helping Rhinos