Raajih's waterhole

The broken story of a broken species
One of the last survivors,
Parents killed, nowhere to go.....
Alone, sad, ailing, lost, in the everlasting desert.
I remember,
Remember the times,
We would always go down to the waterhole....
When I had a family.
I still go there,
Only to find a dried up ditch,
Only purpose is to bring back memories...
Memories of the poachers.
My parents, long gone,
They were meant to live to up to 40 years...
Human society seems to say otherwise now.
Watching,
Watching my friends die in front of me...
The only thing I have left,
Is my waterhole.
Only last year,  
About 1000 of us were killed, as my friend told me,  
My old friend...
In about ten years me and my friends won't be us anymore...
We'll die out,
So I can join my parents.
We never hurt their families,
Why do they have to do this to us....
Why
I wish,
Wish I had a chance to start over...
So I can see my family,
just one more time.