Misunderstood

Crunch, my paws scrabble on the rough soil.

The scorching sun stabbing at my golden fur.

The blood from my fellow dingoes as red as the earth,

Seeping through my paws.

We are misunderstood, shot at first sight.

A bang! My heart stops,

Blood trickles down my face,

And a curtain of black engulfs me.