Trumpeter (1990) ISSN: 0832-6193 WOLF WISDOM

Jean Pearson Trumpeter The wolves caught and ate my timid spirit. Sank their teeth deep into my weakness. I stood before them naked, free of thought. Never before could I accept the law like this: Eat and be eaten! The wolves and the wind cleaned my bones of grief. Then one opened the dark core of her eyes and drew me in. And one leaned like a old dog friend against my thigh as I caressed him. I felt his breath and heartbeat in my own breast. Now, when they lift their song upon the night, the whole round world takes hold of me and, trembling, dances.

## Citation Format