Wolf Moon

by Larry Strattner

Pinned on skies of fire,
Framed in obsidian.
trailing a mantle
of scudding clouds;
a corpulent moon

We stand, looking up,
cold as our grave
may someday be.
Hunger, not mercy,
shall master us all.

Blood in front of us.
Blood between us.
We make love and a child,
is formed, regardless our failings,
our flaws
we both know too well.

This night, in our innate sinfulness,
we may see the rule of teeth.
A beautiful child lies in its bed
The wolf breathes his ancient heat
upon crystalline snow,
birthing wet droplets, descending,
sliding down grass blades to earth,
finding their way to beseeching ground,
relaxing when sustenance appears,
to embrace the seed, opening in turn,
bringing life to a flower.

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Fathomless, his bright eyes
see blood as circumstance.
Stronger than quarry,
quicker than light,
softer than shadow,
He is sure.

His children know his strength
apart from lust of teeth.
In their hearts
hearts of all quarry live.

As Wolf continues, timeless,
separate.
He is the endless circle,
keeper of the balance,
husband of the night.
His feet support his weightlessness.
Shapeless in his power.
All power is shaped by him.

The living worlds compliment
Seasons of the wolf.
Nurturing heat,
his jubilant breath,
warms slowly softening snow.
covering ground beneath him.

His transformation and
sparkling teeth,
Sometimes greet a death,
Or sometimes
as the days beseech
a ravishing flower in April.