

# Wolf - Variation 5

*by* Larry Strattner

Shadows of the midnight forest  
love the Wolf.

He seeks you.

His feet float on the world.

Woodland sorcerer,  
heart beating exultation.

Hunting for your beauty,  
to run you to the earth.

His chase is recognition  
by death, of innocence.

Trees hold no meaning for him,  
merely frame his search.

Fathomless, his 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 the quarry live.

He continues, timeless.  
He is the endless circle,  
keeper of the balance,  
husband of the night.

He is shapeless in his power;  
all power shaped by him.

This living world compliments  
seasons of the wolf.

Nurturing heat,  
his jubilant breath,  
warms the slowly softening snow.

From wolf-bared ground,  
out of the mouth of shining fangs,  
a flower is born  
in April.

