

a parable

by M. F. Sullivan

jaws blossoming with drool,
a captured wolf slinks low
across the crowded land
for that most tender lamb
to catch it by surprise.

before the beast descends
its leash snaps tight to leave
ravenous Luperca
with but a lingering taste

till mutton starts to crave
the chance to be consumed
and gambols straight into
a happy, hungry maw.

