

The Wolves of Night Time Wrinkle Their Noses at the Thought of Running Towards the Sun, But Do it Any Ways

by Rabbit Angstrom

Jesus was a cancer survivor and possibly a super nova.

He ran with the Wolves of night time, with the women of the paleolithic era and hunted for meat when the blood didn't drip to their feet and create veritable red shoes like Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz.

I am no longer in a position to wear red shoes.

But this doesn't matter any longer, for the wolves of night time will run towards the sun with me, barren in their longing of meat and of bloodied feet, cancer scares and surviving fear of unknown shapes of tumor-darkness.

