

The Wolves

Their hearts beat louder than thunder.
Their voices, echo through the trees.
Their paws, pound on the wet forest floor.

One of them, as silver as the moon.
The other, as black as the night.
And the last, as blank as snow.

They race to the hill, and lift their mighty voices.
They are the spirits of the forest.
They leave the paw prints in my heart.
They are the Wolves.

Soon their pack grew larger, stronger.
One was creamy white.
And the other was brown as mud.

They dashed to the fields and perked their ears.
Alas, the deer.
They stalked closer and silent.
And they soon came upon their prize.

With no warning nor sound, they attacked.
The prize fell and they lifted their voices to claim the gift.
But their victory was short lived.

They had heard the noises before I.
And when I saw the danger, my heart sank.
In a puff of smoke, they were gone, all but one.

The one who was black as the night, lay on the ground.
The wound was deep, and I could not be helped.
I paid my respects and turned my gaze.
Their upon a hill was where they stood.
One was brown as mud.
One, creamy white.
The other was silver like the moon.
And the last, as blank as snow.

They raised their voices, and brought back the spirit of the dead.
It was done, they vanished.
Finally, I realized, they were me.
They were my friends and family

They were, The Wolves.