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Some Winters the Wolves Return

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SOME WINTERS THE WOLVES RETURN

When the pack comes down from the high country
I hear blood stammering in my veins.
I feel the ice melting in forgotten rivers.
They come back to us because we need them.

It is too easy now to think we have gotten away from our four limbs reaching for common ground, too easy to ignore the furred board of a dog’s body thumping against firewood in the back of a pickup.

Planting their gray bodies with steel seeds we protect our few frightened animals from their hunger and ourselves from our own dark needs.

Still, there are times I come upon them alone and the circling hunger moves in a single animal. Standing deep in my human tracks I take aim and fire, falling in the snow as the bullet enters.

The sudden lack of motion the body stumbles into leaves a silence at the end of the path and a part of me moves out from the change turning four-footed to the hills in search of family.