

Wild rights: A tribute to wolves

Strange and strong
pulses the wild heart

A voice to the moon
powerful, reverberating, silver
then thin,
her frost spangled face
white, grey, soft... fey,
she waits...
paws quilted... lifted

With eyes like ice - she gazes
through her reflection
into the blackening water,
tracking a trout
she slips down a drift
in a spine-twisting pirouette,
splintering icicles scatter,
disarming the night
the rhythm of a fresh fall

At the furthest border
of a campfire
the briery pelt,
tail... white tipped and turbulent,
rime flecked face,
her gaze - absorbed, rapt ... responsive



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FIGURE 1: Wild rights: A tribute to wolves.

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