

The Wolf is a Traveler

My mind is a treehouse,
The upstairs window open—
Out swoop
Eagles, hawks, and ravens,
Falling dead geraniums,
Bits of wood,
And spotted wolves—
Who after falling
Prowl around the tree,
Yellow eyes glinting.

The wolf is a traveler,
They say.
I awaken,
Feet scuffling
The dirt road.
Dust rises
Behind me
And smoke escapes
From the ruins.

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