

Wolf Brother

Over dunes of opal white, running,
Cunning, flowing through the night,
Snow falls as softened rabbit tufts,
Churning waves of windswept fluff;

Clouds of breath, foaming sea of pines,
Hunger drives us, scent eludes us,
Howling silence drowns the world;
Refreshing splash of euphoric scent,

Turning dash, nostrils flare, we fly
To the lusty fragrance; fresh elk soon,
We feast, first in one moon's life,
With teeth as though gleaming knives;

Each morsel savored and drops so pure,
They swim to a blooming moon;
A shadowed red land dispels the gloom,
Joyous souls rise to sing as one,

To bathe a frozen land of stars;
A roaring blast, pierces like frosted glass,
Signaling the bliss as come to pass,
Brothers scatter while sisters scamper;

Bared fangs and marked souls to protect,
A lone one waits, forgoing the saving breath,
While loved ones flee from hallowed eyes,
Nature's irony as the hunter dies.

Lincoln and the War

Curtains withdrawn to sides, as blood red beams of moonlight,
To show the ghostly grins of young actors frozen in place.
Mind fixed with war; conscious it shall never ebb without trace,
I shall resume fighting to save the country from the wicked blight.

Though the war to which I mean, is not the one in plain of sight,
But is something more evil, reverse of those with angelic grace.
Devils hungry for blood and flesh devour whole the weak quick pace,
Whose rival, alone to protect this nation, is this recluse old wolf, a knight?

The secrets of wolf-ish form are those, which others lack,
Only seeing my lengthy coat and proud hat, never the things of dread,
And though the nights only comfort is light shine of harvest moon,
The last of things on mind, secure in such a cozy theater, an attack;
With a nation heavy upon shoulders of mine, and looming threat of bloodshed,
I failed to notice the creature who pointed a silver bullet ready to spray maroon.

Ode to a Fountain Pen

Trails of tiny rivers,
All of jet or azure,
Flowing and intertwining, creating
What we
See,
Think,
Hear,
Smell,
Sense, and
Touch.

The pen,
The sword of knowledge
And the seeker of truth,
It knows
No bounds,
As old as written time,
Radiant as
Fine aspen braches
That gleam in the rays
Of the sun's golden light.

Oh, slender pen!
With you as the guiding tool,
The world is laid upon
One's fingertips with
Them as the Creator,
Pawns on the chessboard
Of one's choosing,
Life and death held within grasp,
Are you the saint or the swirling force
Of entropy?
No.

The world is yours
With words,
With images,
With the ink blood coursing

Through your veins
Leaving soft thin
Vines of obsidian
Liquid,
To weave like a dancer on the pages
Of time.

Elegance,
Style of the pen,
Quill,
Feather,
Calligraphy,
Wood,
Modern,
Plastic,
The ever immortal tool
Of those who
Seek to be gods,
Granting the wielder
Unyielding power over
Time and space,
Gifting breathless beauty
Or
Destructive hurricanes of malice,
Ever flowing,
As the blood of the
Universe,
All is known,
And everything is a
Mystery.