Wolf

snow-misted shadow
of the tundra;
wayfarer and wanderer,
vagabond spirit
of the gypsy soul
and the outlaw wind;
apostle of the cryptic
wise-owled earth;
poet and prophet
of the howling moon

before the chronicle of time
before the advent of sociopathic sanctimony
that patriarchy wrought
and the onslaught of ego
spread, ill-omened, in the land
his clan journeyed
through hundreds of thousands
of millennia, singing

their shaman-moon-healing song
to the night; ancestral
echoes, mystical
primeval harmonies, calming
the frightful forebodings
of the earth

and in the oracle
of their unequivocating
apocalyptic eyes
all the asphalted forest
(petrified by progress)
wept for the steppe-bleached bones
of its brethren; wailing
wind-howling ghosts
of the wild

George Sukol