

off before causing each other serious injury. They would never exercise violence against women, or children, or animals, because this is not an equal context; there could be no joy or honor in it.

Our son is named Wolf. Kim and I each knew at the moment of conception that Wolf would be his name. We probably chose the name, though, for different if complimenting reasons. Kim thought of the beauty and

nobility of wolves. What I thought came to me in a dream: I walked to the edge of a brook in deep woods, looked up, and saw a wolf looking back at me. I looked down at our reflections in the water. There, on the bottom of the brook, was a rusted musket.

Together, with Kim's help, the Wolf and I will seek a new path for men and wolves, a path where we can be brave and strong without harming one another.

State of the Ark

a right noble species we are,
lookit how far we've come:
a seed at first, like a dorsal
or scale scuttled
by that life come crawling
out of the seething sea,
out of the swamp-spawned foam.

lookit how far we've come out of the foam:
outpaced the apes in record time, we did
(energized state-of-the-Ark, oy!)
with our toolbox magic,
stentorian histrionics and kamikaze
voodoo kultur:

seers, shamans, diviners,
priest-kings & warrior-kings,
landlords & warlords,
censors & senators,
czars & commissars,
orators, merchants,
diplomats, statesmen ... the lot,
with their armies
of publicists and promoters,
apologists and scribes,

perfecting, always, the grand illusion,
the sleight of hand, the prestige
of our species: *El Animale Grande*.

and lookit all we've won:
with clay and straw and wood and stone
and brick and mortar
we built our Babels and Babylons,
our tall towers
tethered to our infinite vanity,
to our god-impressing adulation
of our own gilded likeness,

arrayed in our satorial shrouds,
to preen
prouder than any corpse,
to construct,
along with our soaring spires,
our asphalt cemeteries,
an opiate cloud, raining death,
and the fallout
of rosewater lies.

George Sukol