

**blue wolf**

the howl rises from the forest  
turning the black night blue

\*

I shift my weight  
from heel to toe  
persistent and slow

as if wading  
through a field full of deer

\*

if my breast bone were cracked  
and pried open I swear  
something other than my heart  
and lungs  
would pour out –

perhaps a blue wolf would escape  
and disappear  
into the black ridge  
heavy with trees

\*

I tilt my head, listening

with the concentration of stitching  
a wound closed

from *blue wolf*