

## THE WOLF-DREAM

## To My Brother

He thought, in sleep, he'd walked  
Far from the friendly, gabled roofs  
Through barren winter's lovelorn realm,  
A sinner in a starlit land,  
Into a night-cold wood.

And there he wandered, a boy  
That had not looked six times upon the spring,  
And trod the primrose path,  
Clad in naught but moonlight's frail substance,  
With a will not glad  
That rankled, festered,  
Feared to see what night would bring.

He walked, and walked  
Through this untidy, haggish clime  
Until he thought he could  
No more endure  
The icy callous on his bitter flesh;  
A couded, hungry feeling that  
Perhaps the wind wailed not for him,  
That muchly meant a world of vacant sleep,  
The torment of a soul so full of godless grief  
That adders' tongues, cut out  
And crushed into the ground  
Would seem to it as sweet  
As spring's first fragrant sprout.

Did he not now burn,  
With youth's untempered ardor,  
For the swathe he'd fled in haste,  
Or could a puling mammothrept  
Think not of more than cradlesong,  
Or summer's tender hues?

But on, within a moonlit grove he passed,  
Ambivalent, confused,  
Past inky tarns and cruelly sloping screes,  
Until at length his longing eyes  
Perceived a glade,  
Wherein, he thought, to rest.

But as he gazed into the thoughtless mire  
A ragged, weathered tree grew groping  
From the reeking mud,  
The leafless limbs of which  
Reached upward in  
A mournful supplication to the winter sky.

His fragile heartbeat lept apace,  
For on each of three bleached, unfeeling boughs  
There sat a whitish wolf,  
Eyes aflame, in quelled bloodthirst,  
They glared, he weened, as motionless  
As waxen images of men,  
Or cataleptic death.  
Their clenched bright ivories  
Annulled the stars' attempts at gleaming.

Then he cried,  
But not for tears;  
For blood, and fear of blood,  
Black moments in the cradle,  
The food of dearest doom,  
A timeless taper  
Snuffed to lightless doubt  
By hands too cruel to prune the wicks;  
Cried until the fetid stench of putrid flesh, untouched,  
Crept to his sorry nostrils,  
And prayed for lifelessness  
That doused the fury flame.

The hoary beasts moved not a dust grain's width,  
But sat in stifled solitude  
With eyes a strained, vermilion red  
That only passion brings,  
As his poor ravished youth  
Lay writhing on the ice.

And he looked back  
With an impavid glance,  
Effaced the chalky shroud of midnight  
From his beaten brow,  
And turned his face into the storm.

JEFF ANDERSON

## MOUNTAIN THREE

from russet cornfields harvested  
in autumn half-light rise  
frail dusk mists soon to softly hold  
pale glimmerings of moon

the wood thrush all  
have made their evening song  
comes silence  
of clear water trilling  
over broken stone  
come sound  
of snow at dawn

the sun has almost gone  
beyond the mountains  
sloped with quiet forests  
I have lost the time  
to walk among  
I am also leaving.

MARIA LATTIMORE

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## AFTERWORDS

two children  
hand in hand have run  
perch now upon the rock  
down by the shore  
to watch the setting of the summer sun

their laughter lingers  
mingled with the evensong  
of thrush upon the hill  
in hushed soft windy shadows  
spread swiftly with the night  
and chill damp dew  
through last oblique warm glow of light

against the amber  
seas of many dusks  
though wind-sand waves have worn  
its ruggedness and wrought much change  
the heart of the great rock  
stands strong and high

MARIA LATTIMORE

## PENDING THE RETURN

Pending the return  
Of the snow,  
I'll leave the lily  
Forest floor  
And travel through  
A maze of stifled growth;  
Arrested anthesis,  
Made bitter cold  
By whisperings of frozen fate.

Step but lightly on  
A bloodless piece of earth.  
Tread haughty ice  
Into the ground.

Wander till my eyes  
Will weep no more.  
Change sombre plasma  
To a youthful brown.

And then at forest's edge  
A lusty, sprouting green perceive,  
That only wants for its enfranchisement,  
The sap in my hard heart to be believed.

To leave behind, to its  
Morbific fever,  
That pain-filled jungle.

A proverb make  
Of moving on  
Till scented spring  
Doth hold its sway again.

JEFF ANDERSON