

7-15-2006

I, Wolf

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Recommended Citation

Henderson, Berrien C. (2006) "*I, Wolf*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2006: Iss. 28, Article 7.

Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2006/iss28/7>

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I, Wolf

eyes saw everything that happened in the world. And he had already made a fool of himself, first addressing her as 'Lord,' and then criticizing her for not doing anything to save Verrgard. He did not even particularly want to accept her aid, but under that accusing gaze, he felt defeated, a puny human with no chance of getting through

these mountains on his own. Before Vornmar came, he had felt almost heroic—a hero about to go to a noble death that could be recounted in song, if there were any left to sing it. Now he felt like a child again, as he trudged resolutely on, following the ridge as the eagle had directed.

I, WOLF

by Berrien C. Henderson

I am the runner of the wood,
Courser of moonlight, soft and true.
Stars sing to me,
And my dance is a swift passing in the night.

Raven and Owl I call friend,
And Roebuck and Doe I call feast.
I am hunter--
The blood of my prey is praise
To the bountiful lands.

I am pack-son and lone one,
Who is both known to many
And a ghost at times to his own.

The night is mine--
Where shadow and dark
Are my brethren,
Starlight my sister,
Moon my mistress.

Gray as the earth is my pelt.
Golden as the sun are my eyes, amberfire.
White, cold as moonlight and starshine are
my fangs.
Haunted from the depths of Time,
My howl rings across the hills.

Man has been my brother and my hunter,
But I am not his to tame.
I am Nature's child.
I am the joy of the wild set free,
Free as the winds I race.

For I am the runner of the wood,
Courser of moonlight, soft and true.
Stars sing to me,
And my dance is a swift passing in the night.

I, Wolf