

Edge of Wolf

by Tim G. Young

edge of wolf

howls and howls past

sunflowers and skeletons

raging bending rivers

clouded in a shroud of soldiers

tasting weapons in mouth* * *

knick knacks stare from shelf

continue to dance in dark

when humans go away

wolf glances deep in crevice

sun hides frightened tear drops

explosions drifting out of tune

sprouting like mushrooms* * *

mind sets turn on televisions

test patterns like

foot prints in sand

ask no questions until
edge of wolf parks last cigarette
in red fire zone
blood on handles curdles
like no chance in ancient alleys* * *
X marks spot
in curious driveways
across america
silence spreads like rumors
darkness my old friend
coughs hard and fast while
white wolf slices fresh petals
deep in disturbed lakes* * *
motionless memories glide
hiding in turmoil
faster than hell
not to be found
crushing dinosaur bones

until wolf turns back

gripping knowledge by the throat

struggling past pain

sunflowers and skeletons

nowhere to run

* * *

