

The Woman Who Runs with the Wolves

Step by step,
through the foreign grounds of the forest
she entered deeper into its arms.
She knew what she wanted,
and at an age to make her own decisions,
with a spirit as wild as fire,
she wished to meet the wolves of the forest
regardless of the fears of her townsfolk.

A pack of wolves encircled her
when the pack leader,
most fearsome of them all,
let out a great sigh and took form of a man.
For he had a dual identity;
a spirit of a beast and the spirit of mankind.
He claimed to prefer the spirit of nature,
one free of judgement
less prone to lies and distortion.

He held her in his arms
and then he kissed her
and she succumbed willingly.
For she would become a spirit of the forest,
leaving hypocrisy and lies
in the gated town of her childhood
filled with preconceptions and false beliefs.
She had joined the pack.

The villagers had found her red cloak
filled with blood and hair of a wolf.
They mourned her loss,
cursing to the skies and damning all wolves
but she was not concerned;
she had a new life and a new community
of open minds and open hearts.
She felt she truly belonged.
She was a true spirit of nature.