



7th ANNUAL
POEM
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Why
Does
The endless
Gray expanse of mist, like a
Wolf whose
Howl pierces the fog, appear
At
Dusk with the moon in tow? Still
He stalks his prey. Still, he
Is
Awaiting
His
Mother's son, who will never
Return to the crystal river, where your
Mother's ashes are fresh with
His blood, and where i am
Awaiting the setting of the second son, and where you are, and he
Is
He-- the one who brings the dusk.
At whose arrival the owl will
Holy your names and the
Wolf will o'ersee the
Gray of
The future.
Does this tell you
Why you were meant to live alone?

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