

Forest Knight

By Jeff Young

The darkest shadows swallow light
With icy talons gripping tight
Nothing stirs upon the floor
As if the forest lives no more

Amid the sky the faintest breeze
Kicks up movement from the trees
Higher yet the clouds give way
And moonlight turns the woods to day

Beneath a growing groaning dance
Of oak and pine in a wind romance
A beast steps forth with haunting grace
With steps so light, it leaves no trace

He swiftly runs the woodland ground
Then bounds up top a stony mound
Now bathed in hues of silver light
The wolf stands tall to greet the night

With mirrored eyes, he scans the deep
Takes in his world in one fell sweep
His gaze soon turns up to the moon
As he conjures up his ancestral tune

The cry is echoed throughout the trees
And carried far upon the breeze
Is he searching for just anyone?
To know he is not the only one?

Soon enough he hears them all
As many wolves return the call
One last howl soars through the air
As he tells them all he will soon be there

The wind picks up and the trees groan more
As the wolf bounds back to the forest floor
The clouds now gather and mute the light
As he slips back off into the night.