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I am Wolf, Autumn Moon

Lycanthropy is no damn fun,
I tell you wild and true.

I hate to see
that smog-oranged moon
rise,
pregnant with insanity.

Untethered dogs,
ashamed
to their crippled canine souls
with what they've become
enemies of the wild species,
come to kill the wolf
and its lingering,
impossible smells of humankind.
"Kill the wolf kill the wolf,
kill the wild wild wolf,"
yap hysterically
into shredding teeth to death.

Don't you know
I hate the crazy legends of violence?
All I wanted to do
was run for the wild mountains
cornered, fight to live, a time, a time,
live yet a little time,
my own humankind still calling
live through this night
till moonset.

Dead dogs strewn in streetlight
Moon rides white,
high above electric wires
strung across the sky.
I taste putrid dog blood
flesh and fur
tangled in my teeth
when all I wanted to do was run

run for the wild mountain.

A long way behind me,
a long way behind,
bright city spins and toils
beneath the gravid moon.
I leave burning electric lights
a long way behind me,
step into flowing, moonlit river
wash away dog blood,
dog fur, dog fat, in river's current
Oh, to wash away
impossibly lingering smells,
that the wild species
don't think of me as monster
would not think me monster.

I run beneath the moon
soft, silver, golden moonlight
falls through forest trees
forest soaks up gold and silver moonlight
I run through moonlight
on pine duff and grasses,
soil and mosses,
scatter fallen leaves
for celebration of wild autumn
in my mountains
celebrations scatter around me.
wild dances, running wolf
smell of trees
scattering leaves
wild smell of autumn grasses
fall toward winter sleep
seeds expectant on soil
smell of soil
water and mosses
the earth, the earth,
the pregnant earth.

Voices call me
voices call me
and insist and insist.
"You must think I'm crazy,
return? return?"

Not on my wild roving soul.”

But oh my Lord,
the moon sets
the sun rises
once more I'm just a wild poet
on a wild roving mountain
naked as yon steller's jay
who screams at me,
“Where in the name of anything
blue and holy did YOU come from?”

Me too, me too, my brave,
brilliantly blue friend
I'm gonna keep wondering that
as I walk tender footed
shivering cold,
self consciously naked
back toward
where I don't even want to go,
Singing, “Lycanthropy is no damn fun,
I tell you wild and true

I hate to see
that smog-oranged moon
rise,
pregnant
with insanity.”