

The Wolf at the Door  
by Carol Cross

Did you not see me  
As I walked across your shadow  
Did you not look into  
My crystal blue eyes  
And see there eternity  
Fore I am indeed you  
And our shadows merge  
And we dance away  
Long hours into the night  
Howling at the borealis  
Did you not know me  
As you would your daughter  
As you would your mother  
Did you not see in mine  
The face of your lover  
Indeed there are times  
When we live within our  
Shadowed selves and run  
Wild in the night, and howl  
This wild thing that haunts us still