



Drawing: Cécile Wadlow

## The Mad Wolf

Janet Pehr

Howling through the night the dogs  
were his only companions.  
The moon hung there staring,  
and waiting.  
He felt the weight of its infinite pull  
upon his brain.  
His marked soul had no chance.  
He howled with the dogs.  
His tears turned into ivory fangs  
as they fell from his jaw, agape.  
His hair flew toward the magnet-moon,  
the cool air of the night  
electrified by the heat  
of his unrelenting anguish.

