

A WOLF'S LIFE

By Abigail Palmer



At first I saw nothing, just a void of ongoing blankness.
My twitching ears and tiny nose guided me to mamma's milk.
I smelled her sweet aroma and nuzzled close to her soft, loving chin.
I heard only her, not anyone else, just her- no kin.

Yawning and stretching, I wake to the fresh scent of dawn,
But this time I see colours and I yap loud with joy!
Peering through the emerald grass, I look for the first time,
At the golden strings of sunlight seeping down and up my fur it climbs.



Mamma returns during the quiet of the night,
Her white-silver fur sparkling like the dancing stars above.
Bright as fire her amber eyes glow red hot embers,
I'm not scared, she's mine, she's mamma, I will always remember.

Many moons passed and I am big and strong.
Standing by my shrinking cave entrance when I hear the thump of paws.
Mamma comes but with her many more like her, like me.
Dadda stands beside her, I know it's him, I feel it from deep inside me.

To become part of my family, the pack that is the centre of my mini world,
You must catch prey. Warm. Plump. And give it in to Dadda.
Dadda gave me prey today. So juicy, rich and tender,
I cannot imagine my short life before I was invited to eat this splendour.

Summer goes by and without it the leaves turn orange and yellow,
I can run, pounce, wag and catch baby rabbits with no help at all!
Baby rabbits are so stupid. They sit all fluffy and don't see you until… Bang!
Mamma says I am the fastest and Dadda says soon I can hunt with the gang.

Many seasons later, beneath the great dark sky,
A little pup emerges from a familiar crack in our mountain.
Her eyes go wide as she sees me standing with my mate, her mother.
I smile inside, knowing I was once like her, when suddenly another pup appears
Her brother.





