

# The Wolf

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AGE 10

GORE, SOUTHLAND, NEW ZEALAND

The moon goes down to rest,  
And everything is still.  
The night wind is at rest,  
And nothing does thrill.

Four faded footsteps,  
In the dark.  
Two clouded eyes,  
A single bark.

A figure makes its way,  
Through the forest dense.  
Leaving behind,  
All of past tense.

A fiery howl is swept through the air,  
Challenging all other wolves,  
If they dare.

With no reply, the wolf lays down to sleep.  
Silently,  
Slowly,  
Counting sheep.