

The Prowl

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I am a wolf fan and I had to do a narrative poem for L.A.

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

The Prowl

Watching, waiting, ready to pounce.
Hunger coursing through him.
Ears perked, back arched.
The deer looks around curiously and cautiously.
Strong forelegs carrying him foreword, Mighty jaws snap and plaque-ladenteeth pierce.
The deer lies dead, the wolf satisfied.

He looks upon his accomplishment happily.
He points his muzzle to the sky and a howl rings out.
A call of triumph and a call of invite to his pack.
He reclines upon his back legs and waits.
Tail thumping the earth.

Figures appear on the horizon.
The members of his pack.
They approach and their eyes dance on the corpse.
They sniff the kill as the male gives a nod.

The corpse lay picked clean as the wolves lick their muzzles.
Clearing them of the crimson liquid.
Their eyes sparkle with happiness and gratitude.
The male nods and nudges a near by female in return.
Their muzzles point to the heavens and they let out a cry.

A call of happiness.
A call of rejoicing.
A call of togetherness.
The cry dies out.
Taken by the wind.
Enveloped by the dense fronds and foliage.

They begin to leave, the male remains.
After the pack has left he looks upon the star.
His nose points skyword and another cry rings out.
A song of pride.
The song of the wolf.