

Wolves

by J. R. Gerow

There are wolves living in the attic.
We did not know, for many years,
living our little lives beneath them,
hushedly, gazing out of windows.
Their presence became our deeper pulse,
a constant dream which we could not articulate,
clicking across the ceiling like
an entire climate under which
we conducted our separate affairs.

One night, rising from my chair,
I climbed the stairs to meet him,
waiting at the door—
where we stood measuring each other:
with a shudder, and click—

Fed him my finger.
Walked back downstairs.
Continued to write through the night.