

King of the Night

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Poem about the evil in a werewolf, and the beauty in a wolf.

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My breath was quick and fast,
My legs starting to cramp,
I could hear it behind me,
Running like a madman.

Its howl sent shivers down my spine,
Its growl could be heard a mile away.
Its claws throwing the dirt behind him,
His teeth snapping in fury.

I hid in an old tree trunk,
Which smelled of musty mold.
The wind blew on my face,
Making me shiver in fear.

It found my scent once again,
Hungry for my flesh.
Not chasing me,
But hunting me.

When it finally found me,
I stared into its eyes.
Its hazel soulless eyes,
I saw nothing but pure evil.

It clawed at me,
It clawed at me until I bled.
The pain was intense,
But he would not get me without a fight!

I kicked and squirmed,
Hoping for it to release me.
I punched its muzzle,
Making it squeal and let me go.

I made my way around him,
Looking for a place to hide.
I tackled me down to the ground,
My face in the slimy mud.

He bit into my flesh,
Making me scream in pain.

Then suddenly he let me go,
He ran from me as if I was a pelage.

I looked and saw a shadow,
A shadow of a king.
He was the one,
The one that made all things evil flee.

The Wolf King,
A king among kings.
He was more powerful than any other,
More strength than a thousand werewolves combined.

He stood on all fours,
But somehow seemed to stand taller all.
His eyes icy blue,
That made you drowned in there beauty.

His color white as the snow,
Which seemed to shine like a light.
He had came out of nowhere,
Out of the night itself.

He stared at me for what seemed like hours,
Then he howled at the glowing moon.
The howl was more beautiful than a song of the most extravagant bird,
It made me feel calm.
Then he took one last look at me,
Nodded.
The left me alone,
And disappeared into the mysterious night.