

# **Wolves and Craft**

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*A howl for the wont of a twilight sunset*

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# 1 - A wolf Embracing the day

Ron Koppelberger[br]

App 375 Words[br]

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## A wolf embracing the day[br]

Christian Forge had traveled from loves embrace to breaths of dry desolation, desert sands to mushroom strewn forests in bloom, from cinder block abodes to straw and stick foundations. He had loved, laughed and sang praises to heaven as well as cursing the demons that lay just beyond the twilight horizon.[br]

Christian disturbed the ease of calm harbors and gentle asylum, preferring the danger in adventure and exploration. The shack was buried by the palm fronds and briar scrub surrounding it. He had managed the tangle of weeds[br]

And the soft squish of swampy morass for the undressed wont of expectation, a secret will, a mistress in fanged trust, overwhelming, never sated with the human condition. [br]

He had entered the tumble with a cautious desire. The herbs and juju the swamp witch had arranged on the patch of dry dirt floor had enticed his passions. He had touched the wolf-like figurine and flinched, a sharp edge tore his fingertip and the soil drank in his blood, hungry, sanguine and in need, in magic allure. Homeward bound, he thought as he devoured the sacred meal of herbs and wolf-thyme. Just a touch of crimson, coppery, salty and sleek as the tear drizzled into the mystic brew. He made a face at the taste, bitter in test, the blood a flavored liquor, a foothold on what was human.[br]

Soon after, he collapsed and dreamed of wild freedoms and carnal delights. The sleep of wolfs and babes. Near evening-tide he awoke to the rhythm of his breath, his even forceful exhalations in wolf bred, magnified sense. His paws flexed and he growled, the evidence of his rebuke lay in tattered[br] Torn clothing and vesture. He was refined in the enveloping allure of wolf suspiration and he wanted, in tense posture. He wanted the hunt; a whip-o-will sounded and the keenness of his soul elevated him to heights of unbridled desire. From human to wolf, from the certain sustenance of civil[br]

Union to primal forests and the grace of wily need. Christian would know the will of wolves because he was on the heal of evolution, The balance between man and wolf.[br]

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## 2 - The builders Prayer

Ron Koppelberger[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

Mismatched Blood[br]

Fury and overfed wraths of beckoning mayhem whiskered the wolfs slumber with the temper of bitter cream, curds in sour blood, the flesh of a dazed chafe and mazy portent. The wolf dreamed and in firebrand agitation, forward unto mismatched blood, a type of fury and unbidden allure in fuzzy goosebumps and ecstasy, all bliss and desire. [br]

He dreamed of her, snarls and growls, howls and grumble-rumble convocations in yellow eyed consent. Fine-spun futures in flame and ash, in cinders and burning accent, he dreamed and in that dream he found release, release unto the elder gods of freedom and hunting passions. He dreamed of his mate, the mismatched blood, the contradiction in fanged arrays of whelp offspring, Good seed, she whispered to the dreaming wolf, Good seed my husband. He saw jet black in twilight shadow and silhouette of an absent sun, black and devouring with an acquired embrace, a gentle surrender to the charcoal fur and clawed ambiance of the female. A dark peck and a wicked pact with the ancient alliance the midnight demons of err. She cooed in his mind and all the substance of ethereal futures revolved around him in delirious celebration, Evermore my love, evermore. The wolf shuddered at the bad blood and the mismatched assurance of scarlet terrors and bloody heedless wont. He fought the urge to yelp in tangled scratches of wire, screaming and oblivious pulling him closer to the edge of desolate abandon. He fought and when he awoke he remembered the mists of what might be, he remembered the chase and the hunt, the divine satisfactions of an angel in alabaster feather and gossamer contrast. He remembered love and the promise of Eden.[br]

Yawning and tasting the cool dawn airs of morning-tide life, he thanked the heavens for the start [br]

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of a new day and the treasure of insight. Straight forward. he thought, Moving in paw sure [br]

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paths toward the divine. He soon forgot the mismatched blood and prayed, otherwise unaware[br]

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of the currents, the fates that guide wolves and man. He strode ahead and into the fable of [br]

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cerulean skies bought by daybreak sunshine.[br]

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Ron Koppelberger[br]

**The Builders Prayer**[br]

He anchored the steel beam into the sacred stone face of the mountain. Faded, worn and bothered by desert sand, washed smooth by warm rains, the giant stone face howled in defiant regard unto the distant twilight horizon. A wolf preserved by the ancient hands of time, the desert said selfish, reclaiming the stone bit by bit.[br]

The builder applauded his ingenuity and determination, his wont for the soul of a dream, to touch the great spirit and take passion with steel girders, pulleys and the rough hewn hands of fate, a set of carved granite steps to heaven and beyond, to the precipice of the wolfs head, by the way of constructed peeks and divine assurance. The first rays of morning sunshine would meet the crisscross construction of steel and stone steps, cut by hammers and chisels, by the force of a mans will to achieve the secret of gods and old castes. In prayer to the purveyor, the builder, the perfect pulpit to the giant wolf, he saw the shadow of the spirit, all and all through dusty sore eyes and bleeding chapped hands. [br]

The builder climbed to the summit, surveying his work and the vast desert plains. He sat near the top between keen stone ears and unseen by giant eyes of wind blown granite. The leather bag fit neatly into the palm of his weather worn hand, the leather softer less worn than his palm, sculpted and tested by sand and stone. The builder pulled the small soapstone holder from the bag and laid it to his right against the sand worn surface of the wolfs head. He took out a tiny cone of incense, lighting it and placing its smoldering candence into the holder. The builder prayed and closing his eyes he found the wont of ancient spirits. The incense drifted in lazy tendrils of mist against the hot air, he exhaled and whispered in smoke, dust and warm acquiescent breaths; the builder whispered his exclamation, his eyes alight by the setting sun, [br]

All for the soul of a dream, the spirit of holy[br]

Enclaves and sacred wilds, a stride to evanescent [br]

Means , ethereal union between then and now,[br]

Here and after, today and tomorrows promise, a[br]

Moment in time told by the agreement between [br]

Man and stone, spirits in passions untold by the [br]

Builder of man.[br]

He slept near the edge of an indigo sky, the ashes of the incense still, cold and used. When he awoke the narrow bridge between what is and what will be had been crossed. The builder wore the wolf, by eyes of bidden knowledge, by gray fury coats laden with the fresh breath of a dawning existence and paw pad passage. He howled to the skies and made his way toward the desert rose and the promise of commune between desert and new borne desert dwellers.[br]

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