

A tribute to my pack

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Right guys. This is for you in hopes of what we can become

1. Poem. I think.

The wolf inside comes out

The soul is made anew.

Freedom of doubt,

It is the real, true you.

There is no need to fear,

In your pack you will never be judged.

And when you are in a bind,

From you they will never ever budge.

My pack is that loyal,

To me they are honest in true.

In return I'll save them from toil,

A guard wolf, ready to aid you.

When I am so alone,

I know they will be there, a shoulder for me to cry on.

With them I am one.

One howl, one call, one undeniable communication.