

The Death Of A Wolf Pup

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This is a sad poem...Well it is supposed to be....It is about the death of a small wolf pup after the rest of her pack is slaughtered and she is the only survivor...It actually sent my mother into tears...O_o;

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

Alone, afraid, hungry, cold,
A whelp walked through the woods.
Her feet ached,
Her belly panged.
The life of an orphaned pup.

Her mother gone,
Her pack gone too,
All slaughtered by the heartless men,
They came with spears, guns and axes,
Wolven blood washed over the ground.

She crawled into a hole at the base of a tree.
Her white pelt soaked by the falling rain,
She let out a whimper and curled up tight.
She closed her sun-kissed eyes.
Falling into slumber.

She awoke in the morn,
To the sounds of birds,
The scurrying of little woodland creatures
Her vision focused and she left the hole,
Squinting her eyes at the sudden sunlight.

She continued on her journey,
Her journey out to nowhere,
She meandered through the foliage.
Looking for anything to eat,
Her ears perked scanning for any sounds.

A mouse quickly scurried across her path,
She quickly began the pursuit,
She ran after the mouse hunger coursing through her.
Suddenly her legs buckled,
Her energy entirely drained.

Though she just awoke,
Fatigue overcame her again,
She fell over onto her side,
Her eyes closing again,
She lay there silent and waiting for the end

She her vision sank into darkness,
Her mind now blank,
Her breathing slowed,
Her heart did too,
She lost her life that day.