

A Wolf's Foresight

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He moves toward the garden

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Ron Koppelberger

A Wolf's Foresight

Rationed in burdens of reflection and omission, the secret of cleaving taboo stood in half-light whispers of vision. A dawn of rare breed, it was a velocity of ragged union. The sun he thought, the sun. Thrilled, absolute in spears of glory and hope, the sun. It was an engulfing allegiance and the divinity of fate. He flexed his chapped hands seeing, seeing the long nails and the growth of fur covering his hands, his paws, his body. Contracted by the skeletons of misery and the faith of crowns that bespoke of allure, allure to the realm of saffron gold and ancient old gardens of naked passion, angel extremes. He saw a circle of bloodied stones in a dream and a gathering of secret fracture. A fracture in the gloss of humanity, a common aberration, men in delirium, unsatisfied with the gift of wheat, of saffron and splendor, men of doubtless conviction, nevertheless sin and hell following the revelation of their purpose. He saw them in his dreams and nightmares in evening twilight hunts and by the glow of the full moon. They waited for the third coming of heaven more appropriate to their calling, their task and the advent of their damnation.

The stones and the secret contained by the depths of soil and its guard, the stones guarded by waves of wheat, a saffron spell, a nurturing patience.

Falling to his hands, changing, he loped toward the endless eternal wheat.