

# Dusk Hunter

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*So as you might have guessd if you've been to my website, Dusk Hunter is my internet avatar (for the most part). This is a poem I wrote when the idea of "Dusk Hunter" first came to me, 4 years ago in grade eight.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/robayn/7841/Dusk-Hunter>

**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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# 1 - Untitled

As I feel the mist creep up my legs  
It consumes the warmth in my toes  
it calls to my body  
urging me rest for all eternity.

For a moment I watch it  
Twisting and turning like a snake  
it climbs my firm legs  
in a serpent-like embrace.

As the last bit of mist covers my body  
smothers my muscular build  
closes out the world I have little need of  
I lift my head to the sky.

I howl a welcoming to the moon  
I howl a farewell to the sun  
I howl until I am one with the mist  
until I have become the Dusk Hunter.

"Dusk Hunter" whispers the wind in my ear  
the words are carried through my fur  
through my body as it pumps the adrenaline  
until my hunger passes through my whole body.

I begin my silent hunt  
the mist I waited for covers my presence  
like a blanket over a sleeping child  
I am the unseen.

Every step I make  
every breath I take  
everytime I set my paw into the cold soil  
my lust only grows stronger.

I reach a cliff edge and stop  
I can feel the last rays of sun disappear  
this is my forest now  
it is my turn to be favored, my turn to be feared.

I feel the cool breeze hit my face  
it carries to me a message

it carries the scent of a young doe  
just become an adult.

Taking advantage of the lingering mist  
I howl one last time  
I howl the end of the hunt  
I howl to startle her into false awareness.

The mist carries my voice  
carries it to the heart of the forest  
and echoes it outwards  
the doe turns her back to me.

I gain appropriate foothold  
and I feel the mist move again  
but I do not move with the mist  
this time I would make myself known.

Sensing the mist rise  
the doe turns back to face me  
her lucid brown eyes  
threaten to pull me in.

The last thing that little doe sees  
is the mist fading into the sky  
leaving behind a lone warrior  
silhouetted against the darkening sunset.

Then, for that little doe, dusk, turns into night.