

[poetry]

(Re) Incarnate: a Rondeau

Proud Fenris howls behind the shed —
I'd though his lupine kind long dead,
For hunters slaughtered all *en masse*,
With torches, scorched the lofty grass
Within whose spires those wolves once fled

Man's witless dread of those he'd bred.
The huntsman's bloodlust rises red—
The shots blast forth; I shrink, aghast.
Proud Fenris howls.

As Fenris falls, Man's thirst is fed.
Recalling lines my mother'd read,
I grasp her tome; I must surpass
Humanity. I chant and pass
From lass to white-fanged wolf,
undead.
Proud Fenris howls.

—mindy watson

