with

time.

2/15/1997
I can taste the memory of the blood
from her last kill,
when she worried deer trails
but kept them strong.
Before cattle grasses grew
and taxes weakened competition
with poison bait
laid along the
ground.
I can hear her midnight
howl fill the sky,
echoing across the quiet land,
behind the moonscape
a longing song,
teaching,
warning,
almost gone.
And I see her standing proud,
a mother, a hunter, a queen;
eyes piercing my being,
reaching inside,
whispering in my mind
that we too
will pass
Wolf Gone Shadow (May 1997)

by Larry Karsteadt

She is lingering there still
among the hillside and shadow,
just beyond the edges
of my dream,
restless,
anxious,
alone.
Always searching
for the way back home,
to when she could
smell the wind,
track the wild quail,
raise her cubs
and freely roam.
I can feel her now
deep in my bones,
hear her in my heartbeat,
sense her in my song.
I can smell the residue left behind
when grandmother-grizzly and father-elk
were her elders,
all gone with time.