

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.