

The Wolf Returned Me To The Interior. I Know The Well

I know its rotted rope—the meadow beyond the fence
that keeps nothing in or out. Somewhere I sense
is a stone and thatch home. A bit of resined pine
for wind holes. Fear returns me to the crone.
I find her inside the inside, as hidden as a stone
is hidden under coals—she is already smiling
at my eager face. It took me years to find her.
The wolf delivers me the motivation to find her.
It is the same—the weather—the feeling forever
never leaves here—with her— in the interior.
Once she too was a bride— but there was no word.
Once she too was a mother— it was her first death.
Once she too was a lover—it was her second death.
A spoon and a spot by the pot— A spot by the fire.
Logs stacked true—on the edge of transformation.
Fear or love. The wolf returns one— a chorus hum the other.
I know the well. I have no questions arriving hasn't answered.