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Love Poem

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ALASKA

We are wolves,
 my children and I,
 who run through the forest
 and across the tundra.
 We race the wind
 over the boulders
 and down the valleys,
 too close to humans
 who kill us
 for being.
 We hunt to survive,
 my children and I,
 the sick and the lame
 leaving only the strong
 to elude us in our hunger
 and endanger our existence
 by their very health.
 We are hunted
 my children and I
 by those who slaughter for pleasure
 the best and the strong.
 They threaten our survival
 by their greed and defiance
 of the natural laws
 observed by
 my children and I.

— *Ellen Richter*

LOVE POEM

Last night at two a.m.,
 Seated on porcelain,
 I wondered if
 Bowel misdemeanors or
 Dry heaves would
 Come first.
 Instead of turning over,
 Luxurious under quilts on this
 Coolest of June nights,
 He padded barefoot
 Across the wooden floor
 To stand at the threshold,
 Sleepy witness
 To my digestive miseries.
 While a thousand trolls
 Danced double-time in my belly,
 He waited
 In the blue of the night light,
 Rescuing the word
 "Love"
 From the merely pretty.

—*Donna Pucciani*