Love Poem

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Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol18/iss1/14

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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