

## We Run by Henry Gill

We are the wind that runs through the trees. We are the storm that must come before a calm. We are the grass that bends before our will. We are one and our own.

The pack knows the smell. The smell is ours, but not yet the pack's. We run with a harmony like the great lights of men. We fear their lights, and we fear their metal sticks, but we know that they fear us in turn.

Stop. Listen.

The men are near, but we are blinded by the smell. We run onwards.

Stop. Smell.

It is clearer now. The rich scent of the she-wolves is nearer.

Stop. Watch.

The dark shapes that dominate the hill look down on us. Their pack is like ours. They are one and their own. We are two hooks that do not yet know we were made to be connected.

We gallop up the hill in perfect harmony. The great disc of white now covers the sky, and the rest of the world is black. This is the time of the wolves.

Together we sing to the sky. Our song is deep, and theirs is high. I can feel them intertwine, and I know that the two hooks have connected.

Stop. Fear.

We cannot smell the great lights of men, but we see them coming up the hill. Our singing has given us away. Just as the pack hunts, we too must flee.

Run.

The two hooks break apart, and each one shatters into a thousand tiny pieces. We were one and our own. Now we are our own.

Hide.

I press myself low into the grassland. I can smell the blood of wolves. The men have metal sticks. I can hear them.

Watch.

My Orange eyes watch the hooks break even further. I watch a beta wolf enter the world of the silence.

Crack.

The female Luna is broken. She is gone.

Crack.

My alpha is silent. He has become a nameless one.

Freeze.

It is my eyes that give me away. They are the orange of the disc that dominates the sky when men are awake.

Run.

Not even the legs of a wolf can escape the speed of the metal sticks. I feel the pellet splinter the bone of my hind leg.

Buckle.

I can run no further. The pack is broken. We are alone.

Break.

My orange eyes are losing focus.

I wail my pain to the night.