

Prey

in the hills behind the cabin
wolves chase something down tonight
and
despite the comfort of the .303
the thick bolted doors
the soothing F.M. station
their howls are icy fingers
long enough to reach
and flick the dusty switch
raising hairs on the back of my neck
keeping me crouched before the fire
for the rest of the evening
ears strained
eyes constantly darting
to the unlit corners of this room
from which
the accumulated drooling enemies
of 50 million years
prepare to pounce

— *Greg Simison*