

3 Poems by Chris Giovacchini

Running with the Wolves

The wolves kept me up last night and I was so tired.

They howled and scratched, yelped and carried on,

Until I gave them some attention.

They wanted me to run with them in the night, although I

Protested, they wouldn't take no for an answer.

They were really on a tear, they showed me their secret places,

We drank from deep sacred pools. They insisted

We show our wounds and bare our teeth, until first light.

At dawn they brought me home, cavorting and

Laughing, then, they all fell asleep.

I had to get up then and I was so tired,

I was so angry at them for doing this to me.

I barely make it through my days, I'm so exhausted,

All I want to do is run with the wolves.

Inhuman

I am not a good Homo sapiens

I completely missed my calling

I feel like I have returned from a long trip

Fearful of returning to the mundane

I wake up with this feeling, wishing the dream

Limbo of sleep could only last

Not another ordinary day

Not another sortie into the soulless world of sleepwalkers

Who move from weekend to weekend, sale to sale

I pray for the wings of a bird, the liberty of the cat

The camaraderie of the wolf

The meanderings of the whale, the night life of the coyote

I have not succeeded in numbing out and dummifying up

I retreat to the isolation of my own mind, and company

Pulling back from sedimentary social layers of existence

If I were a simple predator or prey

It would be so much easier

To make it, through the day to day

Song of the Coyotes

Echoing across cactus desert plains, hardwood forests, frosted autumn sierras,

And river delta bottomland, what stirs them to cry out?

Perhaps there is some solace in the act, of calling, howling, a sought fraternity,

An aloneness diminished, longing assuaged, voice given to instinctual sentiment,

Lone inquisitive yelps, gleeful yowls seeking camaraderie, it must get lonely, in

The wide open expanse, wild spaces, it keeps them up, in wee hours,

Wakeful nights camping, I hear the coyotes sing, once when young it seemed menacing,

Now, I wait for it, long for their song, after midnight, before dawn, to drift on , dream on,

That plaintive cry, a relief , a plea, a resonance, a call into the showering meteors,

Buoyant chorus, in the middle of everywhere, smiling inwardly, we're not so alone,

Shooting stars startle, evoke wonder, our eyes widen, during showers an inner child wishes,

For just one more, so too, with these coyote solos, panting, we yearn, for just one more song