

Something Wild

By Marilyn Reeves

Hush. Be silent. Don't make a sound.
Something wild is coming round.
Passing through shadows,
Hunkered down,
Yellow eyes look all around.
Something wild is coming round.

Hush. Be silent. Don't breathe or sigh.
A wolfish hunger draws him nigh.
Something stirs the brush nearby.
A rush. A scream! A plaintive cry.
Hush. Be silent. Don't make a sound.
Something wild is coming round.