

She was gone so long two pups died. The mountain  
groaned, small spasms radiated through its gizzard.  
The throb inside the apprentice legend wavered.  
He attached his will to the stone.

At last she came back with an offering for him only,  
his first meat, fuel for his fury.  
He had won. He had made her taste the dream.

The old storytellers smile at our attentiveness.  
A single wolf calls high beyond the fire fangs.  
We count the cold-bladed answers rising whitely.