

Wolfing Hour

I've been unmade.
My humanity pulled from beneath my feet
like a party trick played by the full moon.
At first you think it's a panic attack,
you can't catch your breath, and your eyes,
the bright shining blues roll back into your head.
The wolf takes over, cracking your neck
and your eyes glow yellow
fangs protruding from your gums.

Yes, I've been there.
The claws have painfully torn my skin on the way out.
I've howled out in pain
as every bone in my body has broken
and remended itself in a matter of minutes,
thrashing through the woods, trying to find respite.
In that moment the bloodlust takes over
searching for prey, for the next kill.
All I've thought was
"Yes." Once again, I was free.

I've woken up naked in the brush
covered in dirt, skin torn,
remembering the night in a haze.
My fingers still tingled like the claws
slashing through and severing necks,
my lips sticky with congealed blood
from tearing through muscle and skin.
I've looked to the daylight moon,
a faint shadow of my cyclic master
thinking, "you. You made me
Unmade."