Katherine Soniat

Swan Song

Sleet. Sled with a broken runner.

Who's out to leash the wolves at night?

Cloud-thin the moon scopes a patch of the earth.

Pale flesh
in the ivory incisors:
  Wolf trots off with a hand in its mouth.

The air's molecular tonight. Vials of mandrake foam on the apothecary shelf.
  Torches on the outskirts of a village.

    Shouts split the atmosphere like atoms.
Where's that old elixir—essence of *dove* and *olive*?

    Wrist torn off; this wolf's run off by no one.

The sky's a striated red and booming (hearts used to be like that)
  Our moon just another celestial rock above the slaughter.

Stray hand's such a playful toy to toss, lifeline exposed in the snow.
  Morsel map of the cold world.