Howl

A wolf himself cried lust, the broken boy
saw toys in us, each moon, he weeps and coos it
(something like a love song). “It goes something like

_a love song,_” swift and sweaty – heavy,
stiff and long, too long! had damsels lived...
without this boney love song.

Hot tune played – the boy, again, had strayed.
“Dear damsel, have a word with me?”

He’d purr the words he knew the words
he’d have to say, I love you, love you,

*love* you stays the night and, “We will
marry soon” but no they won’t.

Then broken boy one day would fall
to shatter himself whole – smashing into
bits and bites – this one he couldn’t swallow.
She was no *damsel* – though he, distressed,
would sing a different tune. But problem with
a broken boy: she could not hear his truth.