

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/4

Moriah Erickson
The Reward

You tempted fate, that hungry wolf.
And you, now wounded

bleeding in the bent, dry grass of winter
you crouch, waiting for what is certain
in times like these.

Shadows stretch across your hide
and leave blanched wakes.
The sour scents
of regret and repent are thick
in the air about you, like flies.

You knew it was a gamble;
take on me, take me on.

You knew
and sought me still.

And now you know reward
for you
put your head
in the mouth
of the wolf
and you are still
alive.