

The Storm is a Wolf

Crash!

With a slash of its burning paws, its prey set alight!

Its rough, spiky tongue rubbed along the dirt.

Covering the ground with deep, wet slobber.

Boiling breath blew on the trees.

Not a sound in the forest,

But yet the trees shudder at the foul smell

Of the white wolfs' breath.

Crash!

Another victim burned in the darkness of the night...

Its wet furiously wagging tails,

Slapping against the ground,

Creating gigantic puddles.

Soon the wolf moves a bit

Leaving behind the trail

Of that foul, slobber smell.

Pounce!

A loud growl filled the sky.

The river flowed and killed at an instant touch.

But the wolf had no care

And strolled off to its home

In the clouds

Leaving its smell

Puddles and its wounded victims behind.

By Jay