Run with the Wolves

It is 6am, winter. Daybreak washes the roads with lilac.

A wolf crouches on the doorstep; the cold patience of his blue eyes.

Inside, rose shadows flicker onto marmalade walls.

Amber sees stories in the flames, licks wood smoke from her fingers.

She leans back. Apricot hair pours into the gourd

of her mother's honeyed hands, to be brushed into submission.

Soft shock of static sends skeins onto the spit of logs

as her mother weaves and welds her tight held hair.

‘Don’t worry Amber,’ she says. ‘We’re safe in here’.

But Amber is thinking of the keen-eyed creature

waiting at her door while she is spoiled.

Christ, if she could just tear her locks of hair to shreds and lock

her mother to the chair with the threads. Take flight outside

and dive into the ice lap of his eyes instead.

Away with the swelter of safety. She wants to run with the wolves.