

# Trapped

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In a forest dark and dismal  
lies a grizzled wolf so old:  
Melancholy and abysmal,  
too tired to shiver in the cold.

Recollection fades to twilight,  
memory failing, eyes so dim...  
Panting softly in the cold night  
wond'ring how this happened to him.

Savage were the bleak night's black depths  
when the cold steel jaws did snap.  
Was it age, or careless footstep  
that landed him in this cold trap?

Once hot the blood that oozes coldly  
across the fallen autumn leaves--  
Once swift the wolf who ran so boldly  
who fights now for his breath in heavens.

Quietly now the wolf lies waiting  
Too weak to struggle, too old to fight  
Wond'ring if his vision fading  
will last to witness dawn's first light.