

Of Lambs and Wolves

By Jasmine Ecer

She fled from the tremble of her flock,
sought solace in the sable grin of the big black wolf
who swore obedience through hunger-tipped canines,
bathing her in the musk of his masculinity
and the lullaby of his lies.

She, all wool and wonder,
mistaking strength for stability,
bared her throat to the falsehood
that he named compatibility,
filthy paws tarnishing the purity of her soul.

His eyes passed over her in feigned affection,
promised caresses parting the fleece of her trust,
silently revelling in the red feast she would give him
once she stilled at his touch,
tenderness raking lines in her soft, white wool.

He bit her gently, to feel her gasp,
and the softness he swore to worship
was shredded beneath him,
innocence emptied, not intended to last.