

Wendigo

by Caroline Nelson

A skulking beast of six or seven feet,
skin stretched over too many bones and knuckles and horns,
it passes by in the deepest darkness in the woods.

Its antlers graze slowly and methodically over
the lower branches. Its feet scrape across the
decaying leaves and drag them ever behind it.
In places, its bones stick out of its dead skin--
at times, its gaze and spiritless eyes are piercing.

The wendigo will never cease its gait--
it will never stop its march.
It will always be rattleboned and ravenous.
Famine everlasting is the only story
the beast can continue to tell.
Its sprouting and swelling body will
always ache for another meal, another feeding.

Beware in the cold north winds--
its howls and calls may elude you
and trick you and lure you until
you're more lost than you have ever known.