

## **Crying**

A lone wolf crying in the wilderness  
Will die. Where are the others?  
He is not crying for himself.  
He's crying for his brothers.

A wolf thrives only in a pack.  
It's not the same with men:  
The lone man lives for an eternity  
And only cries within.

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## **Private Meeting**

Five deer were gathered for a private meeting  
This evening at the bottom of the lawn.  
I opened the back door and yelled a greeting:  
The buck let out a snort, and all were gone.

A hunter, then, for trophy or for table,  
Might have unleashed his rifle's dormant power.  
A nodding grandmother, if she were able,  
Might have stayed up to watch them for an hour.

An artist might have taken brush or pencil  
And drawn them in the beauty of the season.  
But I'm the fiend, the aberrant, the rebel.  
I violated Nature for no reason.