

The fierce rush as I run with the pack.
The daylight glinting off my family's backs.
The wind in our fur. The thrill of the hunt.
My father growls from position in front.
We crouch down, alert and ready to attack.
A young deer would be the perfect snack.

My turn to bite. My turn to fight.
I had to keep out of sight.
Otherwise, they might take flight.
Right. Better to sit tight.

The wind blows towards my face
As I wait for the race and the chase.
The rest of the herd moves into place
At, to my mind, a very slow pace.

I see positions shift and I'm set free.
The fawn never had a chance with me.
A pattering of hooves as the rest flee
While I'm left basking in my glee.

I bring the deer back to my pack's delight.
This will settle the family's appetite.
We feast until the hunger has ceased,
Then take off toward the southeast.
We'll be home before moonlight.
The rush will stay all through the night.