

No More Wolves

The wolves were all gone.
Replaced by iPhones and fancy leather bags and the roar of traffic.
Over the course of one single night they had all disappeared.
Not one tooth or claw or piece of fur was left.
They were just gone.
And we had forgotten them.
But one girl remembered.
She could recall their cold, misty howls bounding through the
alleyways.
She could taste their bloody trails of mercy.
She could still see their glowing yellow eyes beaming at her.
She wanted us to remember them.
So she put up posters and fliers, the words REMEMBER written in
bold.
But the faceless men tore them down and shook their heads.
So she tugged at the skirts of pinned up proper ladies and begged
them to believe her.
The wolves were here.
You once knew it too.
Until society stole your eyes and ears and mouth and nose away
from you.
Leaving you just like this.
It's a shame.
I'll be the only one who remembers the wolves.

- by Ruby McHarg

Frosh

Telluride Mountain School

Mary Harding's English Class

Honorable Mention #2 2020 Rella Award

High School category