THE FOREST GHOST

Bruce Boston

There he passed, the forest ghost, dead half-breed of a man and wolf.

With lank brown fur on shadow bone, he paces through the woods alone.

With twisted neck and burning eyes he moves beneath the shrouded skies.

And neither man nor beast of prey, nor scaly hide reptilians gray,

can cross the track of forest ghost, can cross the track of forest wolf,

can cross his track and not fear death. Oh curse his grave and fetid breath.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 2 2007