HUNGER

By LEONARD FOHN

MENACING growl and coyotes howl,
Rush on the wind of night.
That crooning tune that very soon
Will change to cries of fright.

A moon of gold in killing cold Looks ghastly down below, Where silent shack, in dirty black, Lies cow'ring in the snow. And on the walls a shadow falls
And slowly swings around.
The Song of Death, with bated breath,
The wailing wind dost sound!

The body sways in grotesque ways
And makes the shadows dance,
While on the floor and crowding door,
The wolves watch in a trance.

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