



Big bad wolf

I'd like to think the wolf came out of nowhere,
but the truth is
he had shown his face, shown his teeth,
left his intruder footsteps in the hallway of our lives.

We were unfamiliar with wolves
so we missed the signs –
a murky memory, names that erased themselves,
threads that frayed a little more each day.

The day the wolf swallowed my grandmother whole,
she disappeared forever.

Now we gather pieces of her story from one another,
like crumbs left in the woods to lead us home.

by Seetha Dodd

