

Anima

I am a wolf who eats fish
and scratches stories into the forest floor
My mother is a monkey
who sews silk curtains out of nails
My sisters are magicians,
making stews and cakes from steam
My father--he's the one--he's a trick to describe
He is always there but never with us,
A colossus of fog in the corner
that keeps the worst and best of the world at bay
but suddenly floods all the cups