

## A Howl

by Alisha Kuehner

On every full moon,  
    At twelve in the night  
A pack of wolves howls  
    In light that is bright.

When everyone's there,  
    One wolf starts it all.  
And everyone joins,  
    No matter how small.

In a sorrowful tone,  
    Each one starts its song.  
It's a spine-chilling sound |  
    As they howl, loud and long.

The stars, like bright lamps,  
    Fade from the dark sky.  
And the wolves curl up tight,  
    As night whispers goodbye.