

# THE WOLF

The Wolf is beginning to nod off. In this state, perhaps her cells are all the while thickening, contracting, binding, coupling, uncoupling. She stirs and decides to get up from her seat and then stretches into a yawn. She reaches back to knead a ham with the pad of a paw. Claws drawn. The Wolf now begins a circumspect circuit of the room. Thinking the wolf is, must be, hard and awful thoughts, cut sharp, willing herself into an edge. She stops in front of the first image, honing, eyes dab and dart, the holy crossing: benedicite: in nomine Spiritūs Sancti...always like this: a pause and what returns, sometimes nothing, sometimes something. She waits and watches. There it lies, a figure of sorts at this odd angle facing a white streak of indeterminate origins and attached to or settled upon the grey formed edge of that from which the rest emerges. The Wolf eyes it closer. Perhaps/possibly a trunk of tree, perhaps or possibly a trunk or torso, white sinew, intestine, muscle exposed benignly, painlessly to the air. The figure now appears more of a growth, a sprouting or if you like a comic tumour. Closer still. Is that a nose? Seeing it's expression placid, imperturbable, forever absent though something of its battle with gravity suggests it might be there for a little longer yet, emerging indefinitely, as long as the tree or torso remains. Or, in some ways, a benevolent parasite?

The Wolf considers it, this, and listens for the answering signs inside herself. The click of recognition. And sometimes she really does hear it, deep inside the deepest aspect of her brain, an audible click, a single rap, a deathwatch tap inside the joinery, behind the wainscotting.

The Wolf looks around the room at the other images waiting silently for nothing, petitioning nothing. For now, she turns slowly, stretches and yawns and returns to her place against the foot of the wall.