

Dear Wolfmother,

Three days have lapsed into three weeks . . .

Three weeks into three months . . .

The wolves may be growing but all of them, except Ives, who snaps healthily at me from a distance with brooding eyes, remain soft still.

Their sinewy muscles and broad jaws betray them.

I have heard only silence from you.

It is time.

Forgive me.

-C