

## My Lost Words Poem

**W**olves. The guardian of the night, they hold the key. Dreams and nightmares alike the wind whispered follow me



**O**range ghost eyes searching the soul; ebony black, tips of fur, the colour of coal.

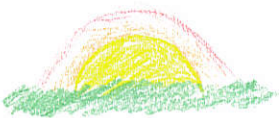
**L**ook up to the mystical moon, and hear an enchanting howl; mixed in with eerie hoots from a nearby owl.



**V**ehemently loyal with powerful instincts fuelled by trust. Willing to sacrifice themselves for their pack, if they must.



**E**ager mouth at the sight of prey. Hunt in the night and sleep in the day.



**S**ome misunderstand them but not me, I think they're majestic, fierce, wild and free.

