

There is a boy who breathes the wild,
who knows every rustle in the circling pines,
who hears the sweep of every wing,
and the quietest heartbeat on the wind.

There is a boy who has mended tails
and patched up wings,
who has tended, nursed
and fed small things.
Inside a house, safe and warm,
a welcome shelter from any storm.






There is a boy who knows
when a tiny bundle of dappled leaves
is not what it seems,
but a trembling creature in the breaking dawn.
Its mother gone. All alone.
He whispers into soft velvet,
“I’ll carry you home.”







And he does.
Back to a warm room,
where his mother smiles but gently warns,
“She can stay till she is strong,
but the wild is where fawns belong.
A house is not a home for wild things;
wild things need to run, and soar, and swim.”

The boy nods,
and on his lips a name comes:
“Alba.”