

by Ben Mirov  
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## DEDICATION

I can see your wolf  
in a parallel dimension  
called the mirror  
in the bathroom of my apartment.  
Your wolf is built of purplish light.  
I use my eagles to touch your wolf.  
Try harder to carry your wolf, I say.  
Carry it over the fields of snow  
past the army of ghosts asleep in the vale.  
Circumnavigate the Necropolis.  
If your wolf gets too heavy  
don't pop your flares.  
No one will rescue you.  
You are the rescue team.  
When you arrive at the secret bakery  
the bakery is closed. The stars appear  
one at a time, completely naked.  
Your wolf will probably die amongst  
the cedars behind your face.  
Let's name him Robert Frost.