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# The Werewolf's Daughters

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## The Werewolf's Daughters

I could not tell my daughters of the voice  
that fills my spirit like the Holy Ghost,  
that shakes my limbs on the nights the moon is ripe  
with wonderment and pulls me to the fields,  
naked and hairy, at the edge of town  
where lovers park and farm dogs come to die.

I could not tell them how the body dies  
and is reborn with claws and fangs, a voice  
so guttural it rumbles through the town,  
unloosing floorboards so they creak like ghosts,  
and thunders high above the awestruck fields  
to feed our deepest fears and leave them ripe

enough to eat. My daughters were as ripe  
as apples on God's tree before they died,  
before I spread their bones accross the fields  
in neat rows that they might wake with voices  
more wicked than the howling wind, three ghosts,  
three spirits rent from flesh, who own this town.

The strength we share would level any town--  
not just poor Hungerville--where red and ripe  
delicious women moan like wounded ghosts  
and beg their helpless God to let them die.  
We love this happiness. Each pretty voice  
becomes another daughter in a field,

another flawless bloom who fills her field  
with song. My daughters waltz about the town  
so carelessly they will not guess whose voice  
has bid them dance, whose tune will deem them ripe,  
whose undulating claws will gleam like death  
personified and carve then into ghosts

some lonesome night. My daughters yearn for ghosts,  
for mythic creatures rampant in the fields  
to burst forth from the dreams that flash and die  
inside of them, the dreams this pious town

should consecrate. But nothing's pure and ripe,  
daughter, save we who furnish dreams the voice

that will not flash and die, a holy voice  
that shakes this town and sanctifies the ghosts  
who blaze like ripened berries in the fields.