

Moon Dogs

I hear it.

The familiar anthem that calls us to the woods every frosty night.

"Mush!"

We're off!

Past the towering trees that shine like pearls in the moonlight.

My paws meet the icy pond,
Studying its grooves and dents.

Then back onto powder,
Faster and faster we race.

My nose twitches to get a whiff of the cool sharp air,
Greenish light shines down on me and the pack.

The Aurora Borealis.

Then a different light,
One that warms my soul from the cold.

The race is over.

But do you...

Do you want it to be over?

A final song.

A chorus of howls,
Long into the night.

But our heads finally fall.

Goodnight moon dogs.

By Magnolia Rakow

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