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On the First Full Moon Since I Was Attacked by a Werewolf

I relish in my new found fur,
the way my teeth have needled, compact
muscles making my pajamas so tight
I changed into my husband's, and yes I am
worried the children, waking to nightmares,
will come down to find me like this, and won't
recognize my soft howl at the dish moon,
or these hands, now paws, or claws,
that cannot type poems into a keyboard
or soothe them back to sleep, or even pour
a glass of milk. I have eaten a steak
from the freezer in three large bites,
but the cat has crept under the bed
anyway, so I sit awkwardly
on the leather couch, which I've probably ruined,
grinning, my new werewolf heart pounding
in the forest of my chest.

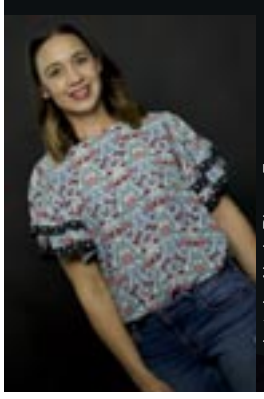

photo by Alexis Rhone Fancer

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