

Spirit
by Micael Kleiza

– For Taylor Mitchell: an old soul in a young body

The two coyotes had picked up her scent and knew her –
knew her for what she was –
knew her as one of their own –
sensed their spirit – sensed their spirit in her
and that it needed to be returned –
put back into the pack.
And so they followed her –
tracked her movements
hidden in the thickets –
hidden in the bushes at the side of the road where she walked.
And when it was time, she knew them ---
knew them for what they were –
and she knew herself for what she was.
She removed her scarf – undid it and offered her throat. The blood
released and her spirit – her spirit
came forth and she became them again.