

*A hybrid between a dog, wolf, and human.*

*The dog follows. The dog obeys. The dog must walk with a leash. Attachment is the core of its being. Following their owner, their mother, their caretaker. Bounded to a love that is both painful and beautiful in its complexity. The owner will not allow the dog to disobey. The dog that destroys, chews, and barks is unloved. The owner trains the dog to be quiet, please, and listen. Eager to be desired. Wagging its tail in an interdependent need to be cared for. Care is at the core of its essence. Loyal till death. Trust, love, and freedom can only be given by command. The dog questions its purpose in life beyond serving the other.*

*The wolf is feral. Untamed. Uninhibited. A wolf of a lonesome kind. Wandering nomadically in crowded city streets. Lost. The wolf is aware of its ability to devour. It shines its teeth politely as a warning sign. The wolf does not belong to any known noun. It's a precaution taken in order to refrain from harm. The pack rejects the loner. The truth of its rage only bears witness to those who attack once close. On the run. Hungry for meaning beyond the mundane stability of everyday life. The wolf is wild. The wolf is angry. The wolf is punctured.*

*The human is afraid. Anxious and needy. Only wishes for security and connection. Shifting from dog to wolf, back to dog again. Seeking repeated patterns of rejection subconsciously and consciously. The human is tired and their heart is heavy. They spend days silently observing as their body slowly begins to break down. In their breakdown the human screams. Wordless vibrations stringing on to one another. A call for help to an unknown entity that some call safety.*

*In this calling, you hear generations of howls and barks echoing a similar cry.*

*Till silence is gifted to the soul.*

*The dog died.*

*The wolf died.*

*Others gather around the body.*

*Realizing that all along it was just a child.*

*Who knew of beauty only as a full moon.*

— — Maya Perry