

Julia Ecklar

"Cutter"

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Brothers in heart, Soul-Brother, are we,
Though in blood we be no more than friends.
I value your life with all that is in me,
More than my life or it's too brief end.

Earth-humbled, Skywise,
How it must hurt your heart when you look to the skies.
Together we stand in a world not our own;
Skywise from the sky, and me from my home.

For too many seasons we've lived in this sand,
With no deer and no trees to behold.
I can hear the Holt call like a maid in my dreams,
And a cry of pain howls from my soul.

Wolfbrother, let's ride
To the land of sweet greenness where our fathers
died!
No Sun People we, our hearts must run free!
If I run to the sun will you still follow me?

When I finally have peace and my own family,
How can discontent stir in my mind?
Why do I want to run back to sad memories
With the wolf and my friend by my side?

My wolf-blood runs high
Every night that the moon shows her face in the sky.
This life was not meant for those made such as we.
Run away with me, Skywise, our homeland to see.

I'll not stay still too long, for this is not my home;
To a place far from here I must flee.
I know you, friend, will come to that land of our own,
To the Holt we were both loath to leave.

Soul-Brother Skywise,
Let no one tie you down in your search for the sky.
They can't tame a wolf's soul, or set soft chains on me.
Let us run from this safety and once more be free.

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