

## Julia Ecklar

### "Strongbow"

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Fourteen days kept in a cell; captor's face I learned to well.

Skin of pearl, eyes of black, length of sloe hair down your back.

Alien filth within my mind -- You thought you'd win if you'd had time.

Wild wolf spirit you would break, my rebellious freedom take.

Hatred burns me, dark and strong;  
Even wolves know right from wrong.  
She snake, pry, black wasp, lie.  
Now's my chance to watch you die!

My Chief's cub within your arms -- Tempt me! Do the wolfling harm!  
Prove you're a fool as well as liar, setting the whole tribe on fire.  
We'd hunt you 'til your lair was found; then, like an elk, we'd run you down.  
But you're still here within my sights, and I want you with all my might!

I've a friend to keep my bowstring free,  
Hatred draws and aims for me.  
You scoff me, but soon you'll see  
That you never should have set me free!

Turn around! Turn around!  
I want you to see who can best you!  
Eyes a-gazing, spirit blazing.  
Dare you, witch -- turn around!  
Turn around!  
Turn around!  
Turn around!

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