

Wolfsong

I watch the moon rise from my looking point,
The moon's light dances over the treetops and over me,
I feel the joy of her smile
And answer her song with my own.

My brother answers, though unseen and distant,
I know his voice,
His spirit echoes with mine through the hills,
This night is ours as are the countless nights in our memories.

With the sun I rise,
For I am son of the day and the night.
I join the jostling and the running of my brothers and sisters,
In the sun's shadows cast by the trees' overarching branches.

The world is awash in sounds and scents:
The chatter of the woodpecker above,
The trace of the rabbit's path,
The lingering damp earth, the gurgling crystal stream.

My fur waves in the wind,
My eyes watching,
My nose searching,
My family around me...

I move with the ebb and flow of our Mother's wishes
And my trail winds through the endless realm of human dreams.

The City in Winter

My heel falls heavily onto cement, without echo from the soil underneath
I strain to hear
above the jackhammers' bite into trolley rails at construction worker hands,

The ground has no life left beneath artificial rock and butchered stone.
The once mud and marsh grass, blue herons and golden eagles
living, dying, living again,
are gone now to elsewhere, to the paths that boots do not tread so harshly or often.

The city pushes at its edges into the waters and seepage of eyes
where tears once streamed that people were unafraid to see
and acknowledge need without feeling shame.

The city denies dignity to those who think themselves above reproach,
and hurtles the hurting under window sills and back alleys.
The cold of the winter day does not chill enough to make one feel brave

Nor does the summer sun warm deeper than the skin.
I press my hand down into the sidewalk, trying to push through like a sponge,
into the mammoth's footprint and the silt where the dinosaur hatched its egg.

The city sells not progress but the empty promise of community.
Walk an open meadow, over a fallen tree, meet generations who walked and breathed and
faltered,
And there find a greater sense of belonging
than in the gilded halls of kings and the steel towers of stockbrokers.

Home page:

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Brief Bio:

Brian Rogosky began writing before he thought of doing anything else besides perhaps programming computers. As a researcher in Cognitive Psychology at Indiana University, he published scientific works in various journals including *Cognition* and in several books including, *Handbook of Categorization in Cognitive Science* (2017). He is a software engineering manager at Apple.

Links

Brian Rogosky [<https://www.brianrogosky.com>]

Handbook of Categorization in Cognitive Science (2017) [<https://www.amazon.com/Handbook-Categorization-Cognitive-Science-Henri-dp-0081011075/dp/0081011075/>]