

wild

an image of his mossy antlers lured me from my sleep. he was laced with roses and briars, and with the scent of the earth, he stooped before me—inviting me. moving in a way that suggested he existed in an alternate plane of living, only his spirit being projected into this one, an aura of pure life emanated from him—and i was mesmerized. i climbed atop his lowered back, and he stood.

as we entered the forest, every creature perked at his presence. with bashful flowers blooming for him, small animals fresh from slumber poking their noses out to him, and fireflies pirouetting around him with every stride further into the thicket.

we approached a glowing, almost spectral, ring of mushrooms. upon reaching the center, he lowered once more, signaling my descent from his shoulders. slowly we both stood, and i faced him—realizing our eyes were level—and he looked seemingly *into* me. i felt a surreality around us, but i wasn't nervous. serenity flowed through me, and i was beginning to feel the life force he propagated from everything circulate through me as well. his eyes gazed away from mine and upwards. tilting my head to the moon, i could feel its light surpassing my eyes and shining into my soul, just as his eyes had done.

the moon was accepting me as her child, and i could feel her light shimmering down, bestowed upon me. then, cautiously moving my eyes down to look upon the stag again, i realized what made him so ethereal was that he had been accepted as a child of the moon as well. we bowed to each other, both understanding of our new brotherhood.