

## **Grandfather Wolf Grandmother Fox**

Tom Brinck

8/25/01

In a moon vision  
I go back  
7 generations or more  
and I'm running with the wind  
beside my animal ancestors.

Uncle Rabbit tells me to take more time.  
Aunt Marigold says to feed on golden light.

Cousin Ferret says that whimsy is the secret wisdom.  
Don't let the curiosity stay hidden deep inside.

Everyone knows that Grandma Fox is the cunning one.  
She nuzzles in the thick gray fur of Grandpa Wolf.

She says Tom, now, don't be dismayed.  
We animal angels are always at your side.  
Though the spirit world has, thus far, seemed to have done you  
    more harm than good,  
    it's not our true intention.  
Hold on for love one minute more.

Grandpa Wolf gazes in my eyes.  
His empathy is all I need.  
He says Tom, son of my son,  
we've planned visions distraught and visions bright to share with you.  
This is not your first. This won't be your last.  
You are both the medium and the audience.

Brother Elk reminds me to be responsible.

I say, of course, but what's in it all for me?

And Sister Porpoise only laughs:  
We are the Animal Angels and You have the Mischief Gene.

And the Sparrow Children thread aerobatic knots around my head.  
They sing:

    You have the love, the drive, the vision, and the holy true delight.  
    You have the madness and the peaceful calm.

    Now wake up gently and just be Tom.