



It is with great sorrow that we share the passing of one of our most venerable wolves—Rogue. Rogue always had great spirit and was a fighter—yet neither this spirit and pride, nor the strong medicines prescribed for him could hold back the inevitable troubles that came with age and illness.

We will all miss Rogue, and there will always be a big place in our hearts. We rejoice in having been allowed to know him. Rogue's presence and proud bearing did much to inspire respect for him and all wolves.

ROGUE
(in memoriam)

I have kept my lady waiting
It is time to let me go
I know this life is waning
And I must walk the path she chose

I've had my fill of summer's heat
And enough of winter's snow
I am old and weak despite myself
My legs are worn, my body slow

I hear my lady calling me
On the winter winds that blow
She is standing very close to me
Though she left me long ago

It just may be I'll miss this life
And those of you I've come to know
But my lady's eyes are beckoning
I will follow where she goes

So I say my last goodbye to you
Who've cared and loved me so
For I have kept my lady waiting
and it's time to let me go

Kris Mann

January 31, 1994—I am compelled to compose this poem expressing heart and soulfelt emotions at the departure of a dear friend deeply loved by many.

Rogue, you are a rare individual, gifted with a fiery and indomitable spirit. You will be truly missed.

Farewell, My Friend, Farewell

I falter...
reluctant to let you go.
But heed me not.
My heart
struggles with goodbyes
and you have, perhaps, overstayed
as it is

I will honor you—
and thank you
for the gift of your friendship
so generously bestowed.
And so I wish you well
on your journey....

May you know peace
and freedom
evermore.
May your path be straight,
your footsteps sure.
May your future be blessed
with fresh running water,
vast plains of wild grass,
sunshine, wind, plentiful game,
and virgin forests unblemished by
human hands.
And may your vision of the world
never again be marred
by metal and mesh.

Go now—
the singing breeze
calls to your spirit....
Embrace
the dance of freedom.

Farewell,
My Friend,
Farewell.
E.