

FOX LOVE

Fever-flush at the tips
of high-frequency
ears, you disappear
into landscape.
Fox, I'm yours.
See how my long nose
twitches.
I pretend to be
civil, see
how I'm forced to sit
on my tail.
Fox!
I'll fit into your
camouflage, unshoe my feet
so they make no sound
as I sneak from the Sunday hen-
house gossip,
from biscuits at high-tea.
Fox,
I'll fly with you
for the bushes.
I'll make no more
shadow than a thief.
I'll steal
myself free.
Fox
you outfox me.
I'd be your vanishing
point
in gray. Why
will you forever
slip away?

-- Taylor Graham