

Fox-Meeting

She crosses my back lot-line, evenings
at twilight. What brings her so close,
into town?

This late spring snowstorm, surely:
the need to feed
a den of pups.

One evening I open my door and step out:
look, no gun, no stone, no stick, no camera.
She understands, she checks her rippling pace.

What had I expected? Link to a wood-god,
affirmation of humanity? a tired mother,
pup-sucked thin, anxious to get home?

When our eyes met (as hers never would
with one of her own kind),
we locked for a moment, staring each other down,
vixen to vixen.

—*Constance Scheerer*