



The Red Fox - By G. A.

The sun is setting,
Illuminating the sky
scarlet red,
For some old folks,
It's time to go to bed.
But there is one smart
scavenger,
Waiting for night-fall.
Why, you may ask,
Because the moon is its
wake-up call.

He emerges from the
shadows,
Haunts all the valleys.
Raids all the bins end,
Sneaks through the alleys.

The midnight menace,
Howls at the raven-black sky,
Regurgitates a pile of rodents,
Just to eat again.
He is still not satisfied,
Because he is dying on the
inside.

The pain spread to his heart,
Spread like wild fire.
Coldness settled in him,
His soul is as dark as the night
that surrounds him.

He is thirsty for love,
Just somebody to care.
But he is hopeless,
And in despair.
Refusing to give up,
What a surprise!
He is in luck...

A whole field of chickens,
All plumped and rested.
His mouth is drawling,
With fragments of bones,
He sneaks up, (with nothing to lose).
He hits the jackpot, (catching three!)
What does he do?
He eats and eats and eats.
And soon comes to realise,
He doesn't need love.
As he howls at the break of dawn.