



The Red Fox - By W.R.

I am Red Fox - how do you see me?

Two emerald eyes, shining past your headlight rush,

A sly, fiery shadow which slips through a hole in
the hedge.

A sinister smile at your vision's edge,

And two white whiskers reflecting from the moon,

Making its way through the deep, dark gloom.

I am Red Fox - how do you hear me?

A scream in the night,

Which stops you dead!

My sorrowful love-song,

With a howling-human cry,

My trash-clan clatter, followed by a terrible scream

In the vast golf ball's beautiful beam

I am Red Fox - where do you find me?

Scampering countrysides, across the midnight moor,

Coming through the chicken's coop's heavy door,

Climbing the fell-side,

Crossing the pass,

For I am the fox,

As bold as brass.

I am Red Fox - why do you need me?

I am the spirit of wild,

The spirit of animals,

Your double, following you, like your only child.

You go to sleep, I come out,

And sense for food, with my vast long snout.

Red is my fur, and red is my animal heart.