

The Red Fox - By E. C.

I opened my eyes,  
To blood all around  
me,  
And the body of my  
mother,  
Never to move again.  
All alone.  
I am,  
A survivor.

My mind tells me:  
"Escape!"  
But my heart speaks  
too:  
"Stay with her."  
"Run. Run away,"  
My mother's ghost  
whispers.  
I am,  
A survivor.

Black ebony paws, run.  
Run, escape.  
Run, scamper.  
Run, scamper.  
Run, make haste.  
Run, hurry along.  
Run, and be free.  
I am,  
A survivor.

Ears, stand out.  
Stand out and warn me,  
Warn me of danger,  
Of dangerous humans,  
Such as the hunt.  
I have to be a flake of  
snow,  
So quiet, I am silent.  
I am,  
A survivor.

Go.  
Go past houses and  
trees,  
And cobbled streets,  
Until dusk comes,  
With her shawl of  
darkness.  
I am,  
A survivor.

Suddenly,  
My sanity loses  
control,  
In his place comes  
revenge,  
Who wants to avenge  
my mother.  
I become a monster.  
I am,  
A survivor.

With a sinister grin,  
Bile-covered teeth,  
Dripping saliva,  
Down the bloodied muscle,  
And a dangerous glint,  
In the steely-green eyes,  
My reflection in the  
puddle.  
I am,  
A survivor.

The hounds smell me,  
The hunt follow.  
My paws go pitter-patter,  
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,  
Like rain on the ground.  
They will catch me before  
I even start.  
I am,  
A survivor.

Hope. I need hope,  
I will survive,  
Lead them to a place,  
Where there are traps.  
The hunters themselves  
set them,  
But they forget,  
How ironic.  
I am,  
A survivor.

They were caught,  
And hopefully died.  
I only know one thing...  
I will survive.  
My mother would be  
proud.  
I am,  
A survivor.  
The one and only survivor  
A fox.