



The Red Fox - By A. D.

Standing on the edge of
A mountain, ears stood
High, howling like a wolf,
In the midnight sky.

Patches of ivory, coal,
Tan and flint, my brush,
Is dancing in the raucous,
Wind.

When it turns day time,
My job is complete, I will
Dash desperately to my den,
And devour some meat.

Afraid of cars, trains
And trucks.

Soon after, I nodded off,
On trees, branches and ...
Ouch, a hard rock.

Again comes midnight
Today is the night I sneak
Out of my home,
And hunt for my prey:
Rabbits, mice, frogs and
Rats, berries and fruits,
All the free snacks.

Dawn soon comes around,
The humans are awake,
Glaring at the crime scene,
I have left.

Their plants gone,
Pets...gone, only leaving,
My paw prints in the mud...