

The Red Fox - By A. A.

The swiftest stalker,
Under midnight's cloak,
The city's guardian,
A flame igniting,
Like a spark of scarlet,
Trailing off,
It's torn, tangled fur,
Weeping and weeping,
To be finally saved.

A clatter of bins,
The rage of howls,
That stops you dead!
Raucous gekkering and
growling,
Over their salivating prey,
They were bitter tigers,
A fog of fury,
Hunting all day.

Prowling riskily in gardens,
Smelling a scent,
And banging on the
Thin-paned, fragile window,
Relentlessly, relentlessly,
Without any stop.
When he hasn't brought
attention,
He scampers into alleys.

A spitting bundle of rage,
Slyly, yet cautiously
It lethally crawls,
Into fast-food bins,
Rummaging thoroughly,
And as dawn breaks
through,
He slips like a shadow,
Into the hedge.

Piercing stares into blazing
headlights,
Cautiously pausing,
As tyres, like boulders,
Rapidly pass by,
And as fast a as a cheater,
He leaves the horror scene.

As silent as the town,
In the still, abandoned
night,
The darkest shadow,
But the brightest of all.
While it forages for food,
Prey is hiding,
Until two sinister eyes,
Glow in the sharp, silver
moonlight.
Steady and unblinking,

Lurking and lurking,
Waiting to pounce...

At the end of dusk,
Their steely slits of fury,
Finally shut,
No longer ravenous,
Or tenaciously hunting,
They are vicious lions,
But now dreaming of prey...

Sometimes they dream of
being hunters,
Searching for foxes
Seeing it leap.
But the stillness unbearable,
Until the hunters are greeted,
With the tip
Of a brush.