



The fox didn't know it was tame.  
I fed the fox; I provided the environment.  
*Just don't hurt the cats, I warned.*

The fox was unaware it was tame.  
It sat on the deck when it snacked on what I gave him.  
Beneath the deck small birds pecked at the grasses.

The fox has pretty black legs and a red, curt body.  
Sweet ambivalence! And with such sharp teeth!  
The fox behaved like a fox, ignored

my one request, so I don't feed him anymore.  
What are the signs of the world falling?

1) I don't open the door

2) A dry mouth, a parched tongue 3) The hunger  
4) I disappear. It is colder as the season changes.  
Whatever provided the daily bread no longer provides;

the hungry birds are bound for a thinning,  
the scattered moles. Even my beautiful fox has bones,  
severe and sour in the lamentable, angry,

exacting eye of autumn. At the root of the tale,  
regret shifts her legs in bitter steps; she pretends not to notice  
the languishing everywhere. Take care. Be well!

Bon voyage! Something or someone has turned the head  
on the neck of giving. The fox had no idea  
what it was to be wild, to be abandoned to wilderness.