

Fox Rapture

She'll live only three years in the wild.
She is ordinarily nocturnal, so to see
her on my deck this afternoon's alarming—
— a chill, a wave on which
my body takes my mind—it's March, she's mated,
hungry, kits by May, she'll carry live
prey to her den, kits will play with rabbits,
mice, crow. It might be any end-
of-winter day, my mind on rain, the possibilities of planting,
but today, wind stirs an ashy strand
of fur inside her ear; a torrent
through orchard and gully: wings riding
air, cadence of paws, branches weighted
with landing, but all of these to me are silent.