2nd June Poem

the fox comes out
before dark

thin red flame
at the edge
of the unmowed field

not tame

not afraid enough

pausing where two paths
divide in the grass

one toward houses
one toward the creek

he looks back once

as if the world
had called his name

but the world calls
everything

hunger
home
danger
God

with the same mouth

then he takes

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2nd June Poem

the lower path

where shadows gather first

and I remember
how many times

I mistook
being chosen

for being seen

how many traps
begin

with a door
left open

and meat
placed kindly
in the dark

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