

PAUL LINDHOLT

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### The Fox

Because the canneries weep  
a fishy liquor  
the fox is skulking near.  
Its den lay  
where the new mall neons.  
Summer's heat  
has blasted its fur,  
heat and mange  
and a rampage of fleas.

Crab claws dropped  
from the freight cars molder,  
fish heads hosed  
off the long piers fume.  
If the fox accepts  
such largess  
a bond is born,  
the wilderness bridged,  
or so the human givers fiction.