

The fox stands among you.

Do you see him?

He is a master of disguise,
with the cunning of the thief,
the barking laugh of the trickster,
the ego of the monarch.

The fox has no mind for second chances,
for he knows he will not fail.

He stands watch,
the self-made king
of his forest home,
looking down upon all others.

He sees you, pitiable human, and scoffs,
for he knows that in the end,
the wit of the fox
is more powerful a weapon
than the guns
and the arrows
of the hunter.

He is fire
embodied,
a flash burning red
in the darkness
and the shadows
of the mind

and of the soul,
burning through the trees
and the villages
and the great centers of civilization,
silently mocking our efforts
to keep him away,
silently demonstrating his grip
on nature and on our minds.
We try to dismiss the fox,
call him a pest,
undo his grasp upon the throne
as the ruler of the forest
and of the land,
but the fox remains,
standing proudly above us,
his regality brushing aside our efforts
to speak ill of him.
We speak of him in hushed tones
in our legends,
sing of him in measured melodies
in our songs,
write of him with tentative strokes
in our stories.
We turn the fox into a legend
because we refuse to admit

that we would fear him

if he became too real.

But despite our best efforts

he remains,

silently watching, judging, thinking, learning

how next to outsmart the foolish humans.

The fox will always win,

and he will always be.

The fox stands among you.

Do you see him?