

OLD COYOTE (1)

An old coyote alone in the fog,
somehow lost where he lives,
looking over his shoulder
in a way we all recognize,

seems made of thin fog himself,
almost transparent, simultaneously
assuming his familiar form
as he vanishes.

This is just a moment, I know,
in a long, uncertain life
—nowhere near long enough—
that also comes as it goes.

But it holds. It holds.
Coyote and I stand here,
two ghosts who cling to our bones,
trying hard not to fade.