

Coyote

My left hind-
foot

steps
in the track of my right
fore-

foot
and my hind-right
foot

steps
in the track of my
fore-left
foot
and so on, for miles—

Me paying no attention, while
my nose rides along letting
the full report, the
whole blast of the countryside
come along toward me
on rollers of scent, and—
I come home with a chicken or
a rabbit and sit up
singing all night with my friends.
It's baroque, my life, and
I tell it on the mountain.

I wouldn't trade it for yours.

—William Stafford