

Running for Dawn

Clouds racing by the moon, night air pulsing, your flesh is a quiver
Hounds closing now, weary fox panting, will you greet the dawn hither?

Dodging canine fangs, frantic pulse, a few grasps of life yet to hold
Noble fox, dart & dash, use your wits, be so ever bold!

Lead dog, leap you sod, for the hunt is the gift of your race
Bounding log, jaws closing on flesh, fox in desperate haste

Devil's cunning, clever red, your next rouse must not fail
Diving a hit, through hedge of thorns, from the hunter a bitter wail

Sweet escape, breathing space, trotting fox glances back
Jaws agape, a scent they can not trace, for this night fox evades the pack

- To: The cunning of the fox
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