

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/4

Andrew Hubbard
Rogue Coyote

The old coyote at the back of our woodlot,
I have to shoot him.

He killed our cat,
He terrorizes our chickens.

It won't be hard:
I know his territory,
I know his habits.

I pull on the scuffed leather work boots
And load the rifle.

My dog sees the preparations
And begs to come along.
He twirls in circles
Rears, and paws the air.

Suddenly it's complicated.

Do you take along a dog
To shoot a coyote?

Where is the affinity?

Who, in the very end,
Is on the side of whom?

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I contemplate this for some time
Then unload the gun
And stand it in the corner.

I'll just take the dog for a walk

I didn't like the cat that much anyway.