

Wilderness House Literary Review 18/1

Tim Gavin

DIVINE PROPERTY XCVIII: FOX

I pity you, poor fox, left alone in your misery.
Here you are in a puddle of your own blood.
The look of terror glazing your eyes and fangs
Snarling, ready to bite, and you probably don't
Even know what hit you at 55 miles an hour
On this busy road that connects Delaware
To Philly. I, in my remorse, dip my thumb
In your blood and mark your head, setting you
Aside forever. I can see the small birds and
Rodents within you and they call out from
The ground now, indicting you on all counts
Of butchery, savage acts not of revenge but
Of survival to eat the body and take the warm
Blood as your own and now the meaning of your
Howling is rising over you, dead,
Ready to lift your soul.

DIVINE PROPERTY CIII: EXCHANGE

The fox stood still allowing me to contemplate
Her for a certain time and the wind blew
Through her fur. She was regal, majestic,
A biblical queen daydreaming by the gate
Of righteousness, the gate where few
Or less may enter, entering at their peril;
Risking soul and silver, she took the bread
And balanced it in her jaw.

She looked long and hard at me as if
The weight of precedence weighed down
Her bony shoulders. To take this discarded
Bread or not? Was she a philosopher?
Was she a maverick? A prophet? She turned
And glanced over her shoulder with the look
Of discernment, leaving me behind.

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DIVINE PROPERTY LVI: TREASURE

I'm at the age now I wear a hat and gloves
Even for gardening, especially in all this mud
And ice. There was a time
I could count on the predictability of March.

I scrape the freeze
From the flower bed
And load my wheelbarrow
And thank God
For the trowel and
Of course
My gloves –
My gloves protect my hands

Turning over
Soil with this trowel,
I cradle a walnut which ended up here:
Gratitude to the squirrel who strayed
Far from her tree line, sleek,
Running with it in her mouth
Over the corn stalk stubs,
Burying her world in mine.