

Could we be coyotes

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who howl all night behind the house,
whose ancestors mated with wolves?
What if we run with our pack,
hunt voles, rabbits, and neighbors' chickens?
What if we romp through the backyard,
yowl at the moon, run right under
that ladder leaning against the garage,
circle the Subaru and grin in its cracked side mirror,
moon high over our snouts?
What if we leap across the yard,
share voles, munch bones,
smile with fresh blood and hair on our teeth?
What if we kill the family cat,
howl high on the hill before dawn,
then sleep all day in our burrow,
waking only to lick each other's ears?