

Kyle Keller

Intact

I envy the coyote in the cold blue
night, rife with burs and ticks.
Another new trot across the meadow
as my moon waltzes coyly with clouds,
to the music of wind.
Past each passing huff of breath,
the whiff of the rabbit beckons.
Imagine the blood
matting the fur about my scruff,
beneath the panting smile
of a fed soul.