

DAWN LONSINGER

Fox News

there is no deception

just the calmness of soil
beneath their soft paws, the wide duet
of their ears never floating from their heads
into a stadium of whoops & boos

their fur is no butter, but the mood of butter

the trees around them are rough & dark
& without contouring or
cup holders. this place of trees
is so beautifully & painfully specific
they would like to stay here forever
without broadcasts
or guns or flowers made of icing

they would like to keep their pointy teeth & functional skin

where they live nothing has a name
but everything has a texture & a taste:
velvet night, green lake
fennel darkness, sopped wood

let us allege that sometimes the foxes wander—not in search
of bacon, or experts, or the elevated floor
of the therapist's office, and sometimes
we see them—red flames cutting
through suburbia or bounding away
from an exit ramp, the whole world flashing fox—
for, perhaps, a bit too long . . . and let us love—
in this year of reckless counterfeit presidents
& more mass shootings—how perfect this news,
how joyous that, in this instance, nothing needs

to be scrubbed or shredded