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## Song for the Coyote

Virgil Suarez

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# Song for the Coyote

by Virgil Suarez

Where do you go when the hillsides  
bloom with brush fires? Where  
do you come from in heat  
of day or night, when stars  
flint in the sky, themselves dying  
out? Loner, trickster, gypsy  
in this terrain of isolation, faint  
is the breeze of surrender as it  
rustles the new coat of hair.  
Hunger gives you a bad name,  
scavenger of house pets, a poodle  
or Yorkie, cats on the prowl,  
the hunter becomes the hunted.  
The settlers of this land, yours  
at one time, call it encroachment  
on their rights, you call it daily  
survival, even the small field mice  
give up their lives for you.  
No grub or worm is safe under  
layers of leaves or underbrush.  
At night you roam, outcast  
against so much abandon. Your  
name has lent those who cross  
the needy, the desperate from one  
landscape to another, a bad name.  
No matter, when they come for you  
again, you will be ready, this time  
you will not be fooled by baited  
traps or any other incantation,  
you will survive, alone, triumphant.

