

DAVID SOUTHWARD

Coyote to the Moon

I heard you speak—what words you used
floating beside my shadow in the creek.
Lapping up the waters you infused
I heard you speak.

With breath still wavering and weak
from the night's combat, I lay scratched and bruised
listening for the owl's shriek

when, from the creek-bed mud, there oozed
an ivory glow. Bathed in your mystique
where fury, grief, and gratitude are fused,
I heard you speak.