

## THE COYOTES

In the January winter  
on a night as black as tar  
we can hear their voices wailing,  
sounding closer than they are.

As we stand here by the fire  
and our breathing clouds and steams,  
we can hear them——not too distant,  
making howls, yips and screams.

We can hear the pack is hunting  
down along the frozen creek,  
crooning failures and successes  
when their mellow voices speak.

And at first we only listen  
to the cries of coyote kin.  
Oh but then their spirits take us  
and my dog and I join in.

by Lee Netzler