



Fox cubs

**A flash of red and brown, dipping out,
sniffing the air, to see who's about,
as one then another roll into the world,
initial nervousness evaporates like spring dew,
they are the new, the next generation,
on four unsure paws, topples and tumbles
through freshly raised grass,
a game of hide and seek,
or life skills in the urban park,
learning the ways to stay ahead
of man, of cars, of dogs, of danger,
and heading home before the dark
is replaced by a chilly spring morn,
they hunker down in the burrow below,
a family heirloom, descendants, now passed,
a warm home, a place in which they grow
to adulthood; Renard, the cunning Fox.**