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Three Foxes

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and I was walking on the sidewalk,
the weight on my knees.
They hurt, I tell you.

THREE FOXES

Outside,
three foxes
and a cleverness you've
never known
in a secret wood with leaf mold
and desire in a long, horizontal nose,

yet a special intellectuality
lifts the breakfast egg from the pan,
and you trust this.

You shower your body,
kicking the baby,
in the head, by the lamp,
brush your teeth,
stepping on your office mate's throat,
comb the hair,
aiming the car bingo
over a cliff.

Look into the mirror with a mouth full of pearls,
shaking the hand of this man you meet each day,
ask how he's doing,
and ignore him the rest of the long day.