1984

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Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3100

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The Liar’s Psalm · Andrew Hudgins

HOMAGE TO THE FOX

Let us make homage to the fox, for his tail is as lush as Babylon. His eyes, all glitter and distrust, are cruel as a Spanish crucifixion, and his paws so subtle they can empty your refrigerator without the light coming on. But these virtues aren’t why we praise the fox. Let us make homage for he’s a liar nonpareil and there is none as ruthless. His gorgeous tongue is more lush than his tail, sharper than his eyes, quicker than his paws. Magnificent instrument! Equal parts oil and sugar, grease and candy, and there is no truth in it—praise the fox. Everything is intricately untrue, byzantine, consistent unto its own rules, easier said than done, because there are lies ad infinitum and one truth, and that monk-drab to him who wears sport coats by Calder and iridescent pants. His tongue is honed on glass. The rabbit he shreds like confetti and the feathers of the duck are pasted to his grin, which is tighter than Torquemada’s and would make opposing counsel weep. The fox—praise him in parts and praise him whole—makes no bones about it. The truth is lack of courage, failure of imagination, low stakes, high dudgeon, middle passage, and there is no profit in it. Praise him for deceit. We have business to conduct with him and we don’t stand a chance. Praise him. His tongue will cleanse our bones of flesh. Praise the fox.