

May the word run swiftly

by [Tania Runyan](#) in the [November 13, 2013](#) issue

Like the invisible coyotes that streak through the woods
to the fringes of our town, a bawling wind of voices.
They've come too close, the village complains.
Perhaps. I've heard the squeals of chipmunks
caught in the fur-fire. People plug their ears,
follow their dogs out at night. But still, I open
my window to their shrill, persistent haunting,
fall asleep to the blessed assurance
of a pulsing, moon-ticked pack
loping over the fallen leaves in the darkness,
working together for some kind of good.