

God as the mother fox and her three kits, Apostle Islands, Wisconsin

by [Susan O'Dell Underwood](#) in the [September 25, 2019](#) issue

Time for them is only light through their eyelids.

Before they fully awake

they are chasing across the lawn of the inn.

It's 5:30 a.m.

We hear their fur

against our grass-level window glass.

They brush against our lives.

The mother has placed dead moles like Easter eggs

around the grass, and they practice hunting,

flinging gray bodies like toys, nosing

them into the air. Death is play.

Extravagant, the mother's tail is like the collars of coats

she has no knowledge of.

They are burnished in the burnishing sunrise,

faces sharp and keen. The water beyond

we name, *Superior*, as we name everything.

They don't know end or beginning.

They have invented romp and joy.

They believe

they are one being,

these four, and when one disappears,

the others search for wholeness.

We press our faces against the windows

as they rush past, cresting with their

exhilaration. We bark with excitement

so wildness might find us.

The foxes stop to look toward our noise, quizzical,

but behind their reflection, we're invisible.