

Red fox

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [January 13, 2021](#) issue

If, at the breakfast table,
I had not looked up just
as the red fox, burnished
coat glinting, trotted past,
white-tipped tail carried
like a flag, I would have
missed him. I would have
missed him if I'd slept late,
sneezed, or even blinked
which makes me think how
much I've missed because
of chance—if chance is what
it is—the life I might have
lived if I'd turned left instead
of right, responded no instead
of yes, walked through one
door, not the other. I'm not
complaining: I wouldn't have
it otherwise given all I would
have missed; this life, this love,
this fox outside the window,
trotting.