

SHADOW OF THE COYOTE

We live a hundred yards from the wild.
There's a hungry phantom out in the clover.
He lives for gaping wounds,
And the kind of scars from which nobody recovers.
He glides on a flaming lake which he pours into my sleep.
Each waking night I reap the harvest of the Shadow of the Coyote.

He attacks like fog through the door.
I tell him he's not real and he just keeps coming.
He is one too many mirrors and not enough light,
The bounds of imagination notwithstanding.
My fears are his domain, my rent, my food, my constant flaws.
He's sharpening his claws. It's living hell in the Shadow of the Coyote.

I'd rather face the real thing. If so the fight could be fair.
Instead he steals the air. The moonlight freezes in the Shadow of the Coyote.

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