

## One Coy K-9

My truck's been out here overnight  
It's caked in iridescent white  
I'm bleary eyed and half awake  
Shiver, as I chip and scrape  
The leavings of an April storm  
As an ice choked engine slowly warms  
It's not yet dawn and barely light  
Not another soul in sight  
A flash of movement down the block  
Prompts me to lift my head and look  
A dog's been raiding garbage cans  
I've startled it and now it stands  
Poised to flee, prepared to fight  
Shallow breathing, muscles tight  
I'm just about to call to it  
To let it see that I'm no threat  
When something further down the street  
Must cause its heart to skip a beat  
Instinctively, it runs toward me  
Now I'm the one about to flee  
But it's not looking for a quarrel  
There's no bared teeth or angry snarl  
It's past me in a burst of speed  
Turns the corner and is free  
It's only then I recognize  
The spotted fur, the yellow eyes  
This dog's got coyote in its genes  
Not purely one but in between  
It's coy and cunning, quick and smart  
Garbage cans, its shopping cart  
We've robbed them of their habitat  
Now, to survive, they must adapt

*Written by Frank J. Kelly*

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