

Beasts

by John Riley

It isn't for you to know
that as you sit in peripheral comfort
perhaps before a fire
trying to decide if this is the place
you dreamed of
because you know your thoughts
have no eyes
something wild moves through
your evening
perhaps a coyote
driven down from dry hills
has heard it is the night
you may embrace his embrace
or a fox fattened on dreams
of a farm house about to end
will settle on your lawn
with no regard of stars
or wind or even the tilt
of the chimney smoke
remnants of your fire
or it could be just a crow
tired of the wire
fresh from a funeral
and an hour of cawing
at the you beasts
walking by.

