

# 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.

