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Coyotes Sang

last night
from this hilltop
after midnight.
They left tracks in dust
and memories of strange,
beautiful songs.
They sang memories
when all this land was theirs
unbounded expanses
desert and forest,
before industrial man brought
lawns, flower gardens
rifles, machines and oil

The top of this hill,
denuded by sewer-system workers
and road builders,
who used it to store pipe,
crushed rock, and machines,
still stinks of oil.
Oil shows in dirt.

Coyotes in moonlight
didn't sing of loss
last night
but of joy
for everything that was
and joy
for everything that is,
Life
Moon
just past full
in cold night sky.

Sun shines today,

warms up the day.
Marmot, fat, runs
across this dusty hilltop
to wild grasses
where it digs into soil
as generations of marmots have.

Raccoon leaves soft tracks
in dust
across the top of this hill.

Life
overflows from coyotes
in joy of song
in joy of all Life
joy of moon, nearly full
Sun, still there,
shines eternally
into Life
joy of song itself,
Joy of singing,
singing together
in eternal harmony,
Coyotes celebrate moon
life, sun, this day.