

# Snow Fox

by Liz Brownlee

In the Arctic summer  
the cloud-grey fox  
listens for prey  
in the low shrubs and rocks

grizzled and still  
as the permafrost ground  
his senses vivid  
with scent and sound

when lemmings are hidden  
under the snow  
the wild geese are flown  
and biting winds blow

a horizon-less white  
shrouds the Arctic fox  
in clouds of snow fur  
from tail-tip to socks

he haunts frozen sea  
as thin as the air  
hoping for scraps  
missed by polar bear

or curls in his tail  
from the star-cold white  
chewing on hunger  
through long Arctic night

and waits for spring sun  
and pale Arctic day  
to melt tundra snow  
and his white coat away

