

## FOX SAYS

nothing. Knows better. Watches the dog and me,  
licking her paws.

Keeps her own counsel. Lives inside snow, inside forest,  
inside darkening sky.

Pities us, tied together like captives. That lighted cage  
from which we emerged

blinds the stars. What do we navigate by? Baffled,  
we must stumble and grope.

Listen, fox says with her taut body. Smell. Notice  
silence and not-silence. Quiver and leaf.

Somewhere inside you a warm furred body  
is waiting to get out.

## WINNING ENTRY



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Born in Lancashire, Patricia Robertson grew up in northern Canada and received her MA in Creative Writing from Boston University. Her poems have been published in the UK, Ireland, Canada, and the US. She is the author of two collections of short fiction (*City of Orphans* and *The Fire Reapers*) and currently teaches at the University of Winnipeg in Manitoba.