

COYOTE ON A CLOUD OF NITROGEN

Like Lucy in the Sky,
Coyote floats, her ragged fur
fluffed out to wing span.

Below, in a brown haze,
cars, trucks, airplanes full of people
who have left their spirits at the curb,

zigzag the planet as if perpetual motion
were the only law of Nature, and time
a commodity to be spent or banked.

“Why am I laughing?” asks the Angel Coyote.
“I should weep for these humans.”
But her tears, falling, turn to mud.