Coyotes

by Leslie Moore

They hug the margins of fields,
slip into creases between trees,
glide across gravel roads at dawn or dusk,
bellies close to the ground, tails trailing. We hardly know they are here, think all of this is ours—the property, the shorefront, the view—until moonless nights when a choir of coyotes sings to the stars and one paces the length of our driveway leaving tracks in the snow and scat where the dog and I are sure to find it.