

TAKE HEART

A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,
Maine Poet Laureate*

In this week's poem Leslie Moore, a poet and artist from Brooksville, considers the Maine coyotes who live, barely detectable, among us.

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.

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