

The Little Red Fox

By Marilyn Reeves

One time it snowed
All through the long night
But the next morning
Dawned so blue and bright
That I had to step out
To take in the sight
Of the world softly covered
In a blanket of white.

A sudden movement
Then caught my eye
And I looked up to see
A little red fox was passing by.
He seemed to be moving
At a deliberate pace
With what looked like a smile
Upon his sweet face.

I viewed him in awe
As he walked on by,
With his pretty red fur
And his long tail held high.
Where are you headed?
I wanted to know.
But he gave me no answer.
Instead left his signature
With the footprints
He'd made in the snow.