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Crazy Circle

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Crazy Circle

The fox seemed to stare
at me, hungry in the bottom
of a smashed-up box.
Its silvermoon fur
stood out among all
the hastily stacked books,
crates of plate, and racks
of faded clothing.
I needed
to have it for my own.
So my grandmother made
the secret auction-motions
and the fur wrap
belonged to me.
As she went on bidding
I sat quietly
admiring the fur's
ancient perfume, the false
glitter of its eyes,
the feel of bones still
inside delicate paws, and most
of all the clever
clip of a mouth
that let the fox bite
its own tail and run
a crazy circle
around a new set of shoulders.

Melissa Wellington