

One night, when we were living in Girling House in Hoxton, I was walking home from work along Pitfield Street. The time was gone ten, in February. I felt warm under my coat and cold on my face. It was quiet because there were not many cars driving past. A fox ran across the road to the pavement on my side, the side that the Sports Centre is on. It moved nice, and quick. I stopped and it ran in front of me then up the road in the direction that I was walking. It turned left into a grassy area outside one of the blocks of flats and I could still see it. I walked up to the railings that fence off the grass, where it had slipped in-between the bars. It ran into the flower beds and for a while it stopped and let me watch it, pretending that it did not know I was there. It had patchy fur, a sandy yellow sometimes but that could have been the streetlights reflecting off white skin. It was very thin and its nose was good and long, you could sort of see its teeth I watched it for a long time and I was very aware of my own breath and heartbeat because I was trying to be quiet. Then it ran off but my breathing stayed the same and I had this overwhelming sense of relief, for a few minutes. I think maybe it was to do with knowing that there are here wild animals around, out of our control. We might run them over occasionally but otherwise they get on fine, ignoring humans and the human ways of doing things.

One morning we arrived at the warehouse, very early, to start cleaning the rafters. Stuff was everywhere. We had made a path through the stuff, from the entrance of Unit 6 and round to the hole in the wall, through to Unit 5. In the middle of the path there was a small pooh, like a cat pooh but unformed, as though someone had dropped a fresh, wet, cat pooh from a height. It was a fox pooh. They had been in the warehouse during the night. The place had been empty for months so I assume foxes had been living there before us. This was their last attempt, perhaps, to hold on to the territory. Sorry Fox.

In spring, when leaving the warehouse, very late, we saw fox cubs playing on the grass in the Beechome Estate opposite. And crying out. That was amazing. We could see them.

One night I had a walk on the canal. On the way home along Casimere Road, next to the North Mill fields, I saw, through the railings, a fox looking for food in the leaves under the trees. It pretended to not notice me and let me watch it for a long time. I tried to do the breathing thing again but I was in a different mood. It had thick fur. After a while it looked up at me and ran off. I think my keys tinkled in my pocket.

As with mice, we assume that if we wipe the surfaces down before bed, steam clean the streets, put your bread in a box, put your bin bag in a big black Biffa, the foxes will go away. They get chicken carcass everywhere and they eat our childrens' faces. They bring the house prices down and wipe their little bum holes all around the rims of the mugs. But you cannot clear them out. They are hungry and there is always a baked bean or dead pigeon to eat. "A little crumb is the size of a biscuit to them," said Anna.

These animals that we live with do not know of words: 'gentrification', 'regeneration', 'atomisation', or, other words: 'dichotomy', 'pancake', 'coagulate'. They cannot even speak. They are rubbish.

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