

# The Fox and The Nymph

Of the maze and the hedges,  
there are hedgehogs and foxes.

The hedgehogs each know a big thing;  
know it well and complete.

But the foxes

—dart about  
running the maze like a game.  
They know many things,  
though none big, and none complete.

Once,  
a bold, young fox pushed through  
a muse in the hedges; bored with the maze,  
he'd run so many times.  
And went to explore the woods:  
the sunbeams and the dark shadows,  
all new and fascinating to him.

Where the maze was predictable  
The woods were not &  
could grow cold and dark.  
And though the fox was clever,  
with his white and orange coat

it became knotted, soiled, damp.  
The woods scratched and hurt  
More than a few times he bled.

Still,  
The fox pushed on,  
further in to the woods  
never fearful—for the woods  
still had more to show him:  
Miracles like snowfalls in which  
He danced  
Moutaintops of granite on which  
He pranced  
Waterfalls that towered  
He studied  
Calming crick whirlpools that  
He embodied

Still,  
the fox grew weary, wary, and tired  
on his very long journey &  
finally came to  
A far away and high place  
named "Angel's Rest"

There, the fox could be alone  
And slumber in the Sun  
Clouds and sunbeams, his ceiling  
He slept hard &  
free from nightmares  
Of the woods and the dark.

And of the dark woods,  
there are nymphs.  
And they care deeply for the world  
Among pixies who trick and prank,  
The wood nymph  
loves her forest and  
And all the creatures in it.

There was one...  
A creature of laughter  
With bright blue eyes she could  
change the weather.  
And she knew the paths through the roots  
Even when she let it rain  
Because the trees needed it  
She'd laugh, wet, muddied

Dancing on air  
She tripped and loved the colors  
All the little flowers  
It was her design, the manifest  
To make sure the glory of creation  
Should be looked after, even  
pushed a bit

Shimmying, she  
came upon that slumbering fox &  
she set to cleaning and combing  
his coat,  
salving his wounds.  
And the fox smiled in his sleep.  
Right there on Angel's Rest.

As she gently groomed him, his orange  
returned and she began to idly  
speak to him

She spoke of making  
And doing amazing things.  
She spoke of dance.

And the conversation in  
the woods that no one else  
seems to hear anymore

Just her.

She spoke of healing,  
and how worried she was about  
the world and her woods

The fox, one-eye open  
lay listening to the nymph  
smiled 'till his white fangs  
shown—amused at this nymph  
talking at a clip and all to herself.  
He wagged his tail a little.

For the fox was fascinated.  
The maze was so boring.  
The woods so dark and cold.  
But this wood nymph knew new things;  
This wood nymph gave the fox  
Butterflies  
And the fox, having forgotten  
That butterflies were possible  
Awoke, renewed.

Upon his awakening,  
the pair played a new game

that the wood nymph had invented  
Called "hide and seek"  
They played for days and miles  
And every time they found each other,  
each would tackle the other.

They'd laugh and howl and hoot  
And roll around atop the roots  
Of the woods  
And the woods would smile.

One day, the nymph bade the fox to sit a spell  
And she told him of a dire mission  
She had to leave, and with good reason  
but could he wait?  
For her?  
The fox gave a solemn nod &  
Lay down in a mossy spot in the Spring Sun  
And waited

He awoke from his nap  
Rolled a bit in the moss  
Panted, waited  
And waited and he waited some more  
Until his sunlit grove grew boring  
And he so hated boredom

It began to get cold again  
And the fox thought many things  
He thought of the maze  
Perhaps returning

He thought of finding waterfalls  
He thought of jumping off them.  
He thought too much.  
And knew he must move, not think  
So off he trot  
in to the woods  
And away from Angel's Rest

It was many moons he wandered  
Content to be alone  
And many things he discovered  
His many things known  
None big, none complete

Until that one morning  
He sensed that the woods were smiling  
And he knew why  
For not knowing big things  
and none complete  
He knew  
That she was near  
And when he ran to find her  
She jumped out of the brush  
And tackled him

And they laughed and howled and hooted  
And rolled around atop the roots  
Of the woods  
And the woods smiled.

These days,

The wood nymph and the fox wander  
The woods together  
They each have missions:  
The fox to discover,  
The nymph to protect.  
They wander sometimes apart  
But the paths of the woods are funny,  
strange, unpredictable &  
even have their own desires  
Because they twist, bend and grow such that  
The fox and nymph keep finding  
each other.

And the woods sigh  
when the footsteps of the two  
are together.