

## Coyote's Anthem

Out there, those hobo dogs squeal well before midnight;  
whatever sets one off—his scream gets the rest  
keening their nameless moans,  
solo hymns strung  
slope

to slope,  
an orphans' chorus, mutts  
touching the dark, vagrant notes  
preaching or mourning above the musky desert,  
songs like a migrant wind: roaming, flighty, blind.