

## Fox-woman

Kathy Mar

Mother falls on the mountain stair  
Wild marauders footsteps fill the air  
Fox appears drawn by moans and sighs  
Reaching in despair the mother cries

Fox-woman, sister, we are one  
Give me vengeance though my life is done  
Fox-Woman, sister, name your fee  
Grant that I may strike my enemy

Rebels stare silent at the fox  
As the wild beast chained in them unlocks  
Killers flee fighting hard and wild  
As fox-woman guards the one with child

Temple priest takes the mother in  
Tells her that the vengeance will begin  
Though she knows she must pay with death  
Mother whispers with each passing breath

Fox-woman, sister, we are one  
Give me vengeance though my life is done  
Fox-Woman, sister, name your fee  
Grant that I may strike my enemy

Soft she comes to the temple door  
Russet pelt a shadow near the floor  
Deep the drums in her gentle heart  
Keep the rhythm as the birth pains start

Russet gown, hem of snowy white  
Now a woman steps into the light  
Makes her way to the bed of pain  
Reaches down with touch as soft as rain

As her touch melts into the flesh  
Pain departs as fox and mother mesh  
Screaming ends with one quiet breath  
As the mother gives herself to death

And the priest raises up the knife  
Carves a door to bring the child to life  
Infant born still without a sound  
Fox and human spirits have been bound

Fox-woman, sister, we are one  
Give me vengeance though my life is done  
Fox-Woman, sister, name your fee  
Grant that I may strike my enemy

Killers come seeking for the child  
Turned away by visions strong and wild  
As they flee down the mountain stair  
Vengeance, on fox footsteps, leaves her lair