

The Trial of the Fox

GUILTY, as charged.

You have proof I show cruelty?

My accusers give testimony to the pain I inflict
on those helpless creatures who fall prey to me.

No mercy shown?

I rampage through the chicken shed
Bloodshed and panic left in my wake - sometimes many I kill
but not for the fun of it – much is at stake.

For my appeal

I know nothing of cruelty
Nothing of mercy, nor wrong, nor right – just of survival as
each wildlife creature, knowing not ‘black’ or ‘white.’

No! it is you

It is you who show cruelty
Enjoy your red coated, fresh-aired breath – there’s no comparison
Your survival does not depend on my death.

Men judge at times

That there is no alternative
Times when a shot may bring to an end my rampaging for food,
in cruel nature’s way, ‘mongst the flocks that you tend.

But, to kill me

With an air of festivity
Of jollity, on a merry spree, throws shame on your species
You have a choice – yet show no humanity.

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Now at last, on my side I have advocacy
So when you commit wildlife crime in secrecy
It’s to the public you’ll answer ultimately
For thank God that we are still a democracy.

