

# ARTY FOX

A poem by Jude Haslam.

A young fox appears running onto the road in broad daylight.  
It is ten thirty in the morning,  
What's it doing for goodness sake?

It runs up the driveway between the house next door and mine, pausing to leave its scent on my neighbour's lawn before running into my garden.  
I rush to the kitchen window in time to see the fox going up the steps into the shrubbery.

Just before it reaches the bushes, it stops and turns to look at 'Solstice Divided', a large, faux bronze, sculpture.  
It puts its front paws onto the disk and rises to peer through a hole in the center.  
Then dives off to its lair.

So, the question is; do animals appreciate art or was it philosophising?