

## Coyote Mythos

by Evan Burkin

Coyote,  
sing to me of the wet clay.

Its breadth a mirage  
Carried by your song.

The heavy water of air  
sells a line of dust.

Waiting for your breath  
It guides the sun.

Heavenly bodies grafted to our backs.

We rinse without light  
In the face of a half moon.

Is the lantern still lit?

The maple caught in your jaw  
Turns to autumn once more.

We are wary to tread.

The curve of this land  
Mimics your grin.