Recently, I've been obsessed with foxes. Last morning, I even found a pencil and drew two. Lucky no one saw, so no one could ask why I'd pull these creatures from the place where I keep the things I can't fix.

The first fox was particularly mutilated. He had a barely believable long body stitched to a cold, rat-like face. Always on the move, one jittering paw held in the air—pressure sewn into a body that should only have known grace.

The second was the beautiful one. Born with a handsome face now distorted by the cruelty of uncertainty. He kept glancing back, not trusting the whiteness of the page to fully hold him.

I opened the window anyway, and the foxes leaped straight into the fields.

Later that day, I found them again. The frantic one sprawled in the sun, his overworked body catching the warmth but refusing the calm. The pretty one hid in the darkness of the corn's maze, following me with his small black-button eyes—a quiet masterpiece refusing the light.

I knelt and lured him out. Told him it was alright to live imperfectly in the full sun. That even if it burns, it only strips down to the heart.

▼

[redacted] obsessed with [redacted] creatures [redacted] I can't fix.

[redacted] mutilated [redacted] to a cold [redacted] face. Always on the move, [redacted] jittering [redacted] in the air— [redacted] a body that should [redacted] have known grace.

[redacted] the beautiful one [redacted] distorted by [redacted] uncertainty. [redacted] glancing back, not trusting [redacted] whiteness [redacted] to [redacted] hold [redacted]

[redacted] open [redacted]

[redacted] The frantic one [redacted] in the sun, [redacted] catching [redacted] warmth, [redacted] refusing [redacted] calm. The beautiful one [redacted] in the dark [redacted] eyes [redacted] refusing the light.

I [redacted] lured him out. [redacted] to live imperfectly in the full sun. [redacted]

▼

mutilated grace
the beautiful trusting dark
eyes refusing light