

## The Interpreter of Foxes

Why have they gathered among graves?  
The cherry blossoms seem taller    louder  
as the wind winds about everything.  
Fox after fox    their feet crush clover    ajuga making

the cherry blossoms seem taller    louder.  
Mathieu da Costa knew foxes not cherry blossoms.  
Fox after fox    their feet crush clover    ajuga making  
their tails    he admired    so fluffy with grace.

Mathieu da Costa knew foxes not cherry blossoms.  
He understood their music also  
their tails. He admired    so fluffy with grace.  
The way they communicate fear    joy.

He understood their music also  
the way they whimper as if loveless.  
The way they communicate fear    joy.  
He fears what he doesn't know.

The way they whimper as if loveless  
is the way to understand the innards of land.  
He fears what he doesn't know  
despite this unknowing everywhere.

Is the way to understand the innards of land  
our way to reconnect to it?  
Despite this unknowing everywhere  
Mathieu da Costa roamed as sun scorched his eyes.

Our way to reconnect to it  
is mysterious. "It" meaning this rattling land    life  
Mathieu da Costa roamed as sun scorched his eyes.  
Perhaps you were his premonition among the foxes?

This is mysterious. "It" meaning this rattling land    life  
in this cemetery as sun scorches foxes' eyes.  
Perhaps you were his premonition among foxes?  
Why have they gathered among graves?