

Coyote looks In*

**The coyote in the yellow suit looks in.
He wants to know what's going on
Inside the big building where humans crouch
In that strange manner they have.
“Why DO they need those strange crouchtraptions?
And why do these humans come here
To my home along the river?”**

**Coyote scents anger, fear, determination.
“No fun in there,” he snorts.
He discerns long-standing grievance
Matched by stubborn resistance.
“Foolish humans!
What ever comes from such meetings
Where no one is fed and all leave thirsty?”**

**Coyote puts his hand on his hip and frowns.
He shows his teeth,
“Too bad,” he thinks, “that I must stand here
Enduring this foolishness.
When will these humans learn to dance;
That alone can save them from themselves?”**

**Coyote laughs and rolls his eyes.
He has seen too much of this already.
“No fun,” he shakes his head,
“When no one plays and nothing's shared.”**

**Sacramento Convention Center
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*** In the courtyard of the Convention Center in Sacramento California
There stands a sculpture of a coyote dressed in a yellow suit.
He is the inspiration for this poem.**