

Fox Power!



The she-fox

*Walking in the nearly full moonlight
This evening
A shooting star falls
Into my mouth*

*A vixen screams
across the navy blue of the
night*

*Venus slow dances with Orion
And in an instant
the world is put to right*

Recently when Theresa May informed us that she would look again at the Fox Hunting Ban in England with a view to lifting it, I found this indicative of the entire Tory project: the cruelty involved in tearing apart a beautiful innocent defenceless wild animal, a beautiful wild creature which speaks of wildness and wilderness – is symbolic of the cold-heartedness and callousness at the core of Toryism, and Theresa Mayism. This painting I hope conveys some of that wildness and wilderness and fighting spirit too which is so essential for us to maintain our wholeness and sanity in this increasingly mad Alt-Right world. This fox will not give in easily. He and or She will be a force to be reckoned with!

The accompanying poem says it all for me.

Kathy May