

Red fox

by [Sarah Rossiter](#) in the [January 13, 2021](#) issue

If, at the breakfast table,  
I had not looked up just  
as the red fox, burnished  
coat glinting, trotted past,  
white-tipped tail carried  
like a flag, I would have  
missed him. I would have  
missed him if I'd slept late,  
sneezed, or even blinked  
which makes me think how  
much I've missed because  
of chance—if chance is what  
it is—the life I might have  
lived if I'd turned left instead  
of right, responded no instead  
of yes, walked through one  
door, not the other. I'm not  
complaining: I wouldn't have  
it otherwise given all I would  
have missed; this life, this love,  
this fox outside the window,  
trotting.