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THE COYOTE

Baxter Black

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THE COYOTE

by Baxter Black¹

Take him for what he's worth, nothing more, nothing less.

I think I can speak for the coyote
With more understanding than most.
Especially those who defend him
And live on the New Jersey coast

They raise up a pitiful cry
And claim he's a mistreated critter.
Who'll soon be extinct if the ranchers out west
Don't put down their rifles and quit'er.

But like all of God's creatures around us
There's always two sides to the tale.
I think if the coyote were human
That most of 'em would be in jail.

Cause there's no doubt he preys on the weaklings
Or the youngsters too little to run
He slits the throats of cute little lambs
And drags little calves from their mom.

So if you must describe him in terms
Such as wily, and clever and keen
You must also include homicidal,
Sadistic, demented and mean

But I will choose to do neither
And somehow I wish you would too.
For the coyote he has no conscience
He's just doin' the best he can do.

You can like and dislike the coyote,
Many ranchers I know do both
When he trespasses he'll get shot at
But his song in the night brings a toast

A toast to our neighbor the coyote
Who'll outlive the earth and the sky.
And be here long after we've parted
Like the cockroach, the rat and the fly.

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