

WAR IN MY LIFE
Poetry Study: The Fox

[The Fox by Ken Patchen](#)

Because the snow is deep
Without spot that white falling through white air

Because she limps a little – bleeds
Where they shot her

Because hunters have guns
And dogs have hangman's legs

Because I'd like to take her in my arms
And tent her wound

Because she can't afford to die
Killing the young in her belly

I don't know what to say of a soldier's dying
Because there are no proportions in death.

Questions

1. What is the speaker's feeling about the wounded fox?
2. Why is the speaker confused when thinking about a soldier's death?