

The Liar's Psalm · *Andrew Hudgins*

HOMAGE TO THE FOX

Let us make homage to the fox, for his tail is as lush
as Babylon. His eyes, all glitter and distrust,
are cruel as a Spanish crucifixion, and his paws so subtle
they can empty your refrigerator without the light
coming on. But these virtues
aren't why we praise the fox. Let us make homage
for he's a liar nonpareil and there is none as ruthless.
His gorgeous tongue is more lush than
his tail, sharper than his eyes, quicker than his paws.
Magnificent instrument! Equal parts oil and sugar, grease and candy,
and there is no truth in it—praise the fox. Everything
is intricately
untrue, byzantine, consistent unto its own rules, easier said
than done, because there are lies *ad infinitum* and one truth, and that
monk-drab to him who wears sport coats by Calder
and iridescent pants. His tongue is honed on glass. The rabbit
he shreds like confetti and the feathers of the duck
are pasted to his grin, which is tighter
than Torquemada's and would make opposing counsel weep.
The fox—praise him in parts and praise him whole—makes no
bones about it. The truth is lack of courage,
failure of imagination, low stakes, high dudgeon, middle passage,
and there is no profit in it. Praise him for deceit.
We have business to conduct with him and we don't stand a chance.
Praise him. His tongue will cleanse our bones of flesh. Praise the fox.