

## Field Guide

### Coyote

from *A Field Guide to North American Haiku*<sup>1</sup>

by Charles Trumbull

Among the mammals that commonly feature in North American haiku, one of the most popular is the coyote, both because of its fascinating lifestyle and because of the imaginative place it occupies in Native American mythology. *Encyclopædia Britannica* introduces the coyote as follows:

**coyote**, (*Canis latrans*), also called prairie wolf or brush wolf, New World member of the dog family (*Canidae*) that is smaller and more lightly built than the wolf . . . . The coyote, whose name is derived from the Aztec *coyotl*, is found from Alaska southward into Central America but especially on the Great Plains . . . .

Coyotes mate between January and March, and females usually bear four to seven pups after a gestation of 58–65 days. Births occur in an underground burrow, usually a hole dug by badgers or by the parent coyotes. Most dens are on hillsides with good drainage (to avoid flooding during rainstorms) and where visibility allows parents to watch the surroundings for danger . . . [Both] parents feed and care for the pups until they are fully grown and independent, usually at six to nine months of age. Young typically disperse in the fall, but some older siblings will help raise younger offspring, and family groups may remain together and form packs during winter.

Coyotes are territorial, and both members of a breeding pair defend the territory against other coyotes. Territories are marked with urine and feces, and it is believed that howling may serve to indicate occupancy of a territory. The size of coyote territories varies among habitats and also depends on its abundance of prey. Most territories, however, range from 10 to 40 square km (4 to 15 square miles).<sup>2</sup>

What poets usually notice first about the coyote is that distinctive long, wailing howl—as captured in what is perhaps the most famous coyote haiku of all:

o  
o  
c o y o t e

*Marlene Morelock Wills*<sup>3</sup>

And again:

a coyote's howl:  
the canyon filling up  
with it

*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*<sup>4</sup>

howl of a coyote—  
red cactus flowers open  
to the morning sun

*Roberta Stewart*<sup>5</sup>

knowing his red isn't my red coyote howls *Gregory Longenecker*<sup>6</sup>

Coyotes also make short barking sounds:

distant thunder  
bred by lightning . . .  
a coyote's yip

*Debbie Strange*<sup>7</sup>

the moonlit meadow  
coyotes yip, yipping  
at one another—and us

*Winifred Morgan*<sup>8</sup>

As Sr. Winifred's haiku suggests, coyotes yip and howl in order to establish their territory, protect their young, or announce or defend a kill. Irish poet Gabriel Rosenstock, however, contextualizes the coyote's call a bit differently:

ears cocked  
coyote listening  
to his ancestors

*Gabriel Rosenstock*<sup>9</sup>

Of course, the absence of coyote howling can be striking as well:

a coyote call  
goes unanswered  
evening star

*paul m.*<sup>10</sup>

the shrill silence after a coyote's howl: August moon  
*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*<sup>11</sup>

emptiness  
fills the frozen night  
silent coyotes *Ross Figgins*<sup>12</sup>

In the popular mind, coyotes—like wolves and dogs—are closely identified with the night and the Moon. There is no evidence, however, to suggest that coyotes howl longer or more often at night or in moonlight than in daylight or darkness. Light, either in daytime or nighttime, does allow the coyotes to perceive potential dangers and better defend their territory.

giving voice to my night coyotes *Margaret Dornaus*<sup>13</sup>

a coyote howl  
in this dark night  
the sleep of spiders *Tricia Knoll*<sup>14</sup>

The identification of coyote with the Moon is so vivid that the phrase “coyote moon” has become relatively commonplace. The phrase graces the haiku of several poets, for example:

wakened from a deep sleep coyote moon  
*Jim Kacian*<sup>15</sup>

coyote moon—  
coming out to frolic  
as the last guest leaves *Dyana Basist*<sup>16</sup>

the way my thoughts cry into the night coyote moon  
*Mary Hohlman*<sup>17</sup>

wolf moon  
the coyotes  
join in *Dian Duchin Reed*<sup>18</sup>

“Coyote moon” looks for all this world like a *kigo*, or at a minimum, a Native American name for a full moon in the manner of Corn Moon, Beaver Moon, Thunder Moon, or Wolf Moon. This is not the case, however. As Jim Kacian replied to my inquiry about his haiku:

I recall there being a coyote moon episode of *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, though I doubt I remember it from its original airing in 1959 . . . . In this poem I’m simply tapping into what several other poets and business entities are tapping into: an image of a coyote silhouetted against a full moon, in full bay. The fact that it has never been codified by any *saijiki* . . . doesn’t change the fact that it is a clear and remarkable image, and one readily brought to mind by many who have never even seen a coyote, probably an artifact of films from the glory days of westerns. So my poem offers the possibility that a coyote woke me, or the moon, or the image of the coyote with the moon, maybe in a dream, maybe in reality but I am now awake who was once fast asleep.

The name Coyote Moon is indeed now fairly widespread. It is the title of a children’s book by Maria Gianferrari and of the third novel by John Vornholt in the Buffy the Vampire Slayer series. There is a Coyote Moon Golf Course at Lake Tahoe, California, and a boutique by that name in Belfast, Maine. Then there is the clear and remarkable logo used by the Coyote Moon Vineyards located north of Watertown, New York; a vineyard spokesperson explained that the name was chosen in memory of an incident that happened years ago on the property that became the vineyard, when a coyote startled a deer that was in the sights of a hunter; the deer was chased off but the coyote stayed, silhouetted by the full moon.<sup>20</sup>

In her haiku above, Dyana Basist had in mind another role of Coyote: “What I was referring to specifically in [my] haiku is an aspect of coyote being a trickster. There are two essays in [my book *Coyote Wind*] that deal with this concept. On that night we waited and waited for the fog to lift so we could write full moon haiku. And as everyone was leaving . . .”<sup>21</sup>

Coyotes are identified with other celestial bodies as well:

Sirius  
the howling of a coyote  
echoes in me *Victor Ortiz*<sup>22</sup>

Venus rising  
a coyote trap  
snaps shut *Lynne Steel*<sup>23</sup>

Poets find it pleasant to romanticize the coyote's call and often describe it in the language of music:

a spill of stars . . .  
coyote's song *Emily Romano*<sup>24</sup>

desert stars  
the hymn in the voice  
of coyote *Ellen Compton*<sup>25</sup>

coyote choir  
we wake beneath  
next season's stars *Allan D. Burns*<sup>26</sup>

Canyon wind solo  
then  
coyote chorus. *Foster Jewell*<sup>27</sup>

a chorus of coyotes  
I collect false memories  
of my childhood *Nicholas Klacsanzky*<sup>28</sup>

barbed wire  
the descant of coyotes *Debbie Strange*<sup>29</sup>

Coyotes and killdeer—  
all night bouncing their tenors  
off the Hunter's Moon *Carol A. Purington*<sup>30</sup>

coyote call  
that same note of longing  
from the harmonica      *Chad Lee Robinson*<sup>31</sup>

daybreak  
coyote's Charlie Parker  
impromptu      *John Brandi*<sup>32</sup>

The music of coyote conversation can lead a poet into synesthesia:

On the far horizon,  
the coyote is a sound  
coming from the moon.      *Foster Jewell*<sup>33</sup>

a coyote's yipping  
echoes in the canyon . . .  
sage fills the night air      *Al Gallia*<sup>34</sup>

Basically, though, the coyote's howling and yipping are heard as sad and lonely, both for the animal and for the listener:

Coyote,  
carry my loneliness  
through the dark pines.      *Gerald A. Anderson*<sup>35</sup>

forest fire season  
a lone coyote follows  
a buffalo herd      *Richard Stevenson*<sup>36</sup>

at daybreak  
one last coyote  
walking home      *Linda Robeck*<sup>37</sup>

coyote tracks  
I follow them to  
the end of time      *Robert Epstein*<sup>38</sup>

There can be an aura of mystery around the coyote's movements and habits:

Wild game ranch  
the coyote paces his cage—  
his strange, amber eyes      *Joan Couzens Sauer*<sup>39</sup>

coyotes  
the strange shape  
of moonlit mist      *Lynne Steel*<sup>40</sup>

crimson sunset  
coyotes melt into  
the desert wash      *Edith Bartholomeusz*<sup>41</sup>

COUSIN COYOTE:

I see your shadow goes  
where it wants  
without you.      *J. D. Whitney*<sup>42</sup>

the coyote  
at the gate  
summons  
tomorrow      *Jason Sanford Brown*<sup>43</sup>

This instant  
when the coyote silhouette  
is . . . was . . .      *Foster Jewell*<sup>44</sup>

Hearing a coyote some distance away or seeing the creature silhouetted against the Moon is one thing, but the prospect of a close encounter can be frightening. In fact coyotes rarely attack humans and will usually be the first to avoid human contact. Small pets may be different—I know of a case in which a friend was walking her five small dogs and had a close call with a coyote.

On the other hand, farmers and ranchers are happy to shoot coyotes who come too close and threaten their livestock. It is not uncommon for a rancher to hang a dead coyote on a corral fence in the belief that it will disincline other varmints from nosing around.

Moreover, in all states but California it is legal to hold public coyote killing competitions. A 2018 article by an environmental group described the hunt:

Contestants fan out into the countryside, and, with rifles often equipped with telescopic sights, methodically pick off any coyote that is flushed out by dogs or comes to investigate calls that mimic wounded prey. The most prolific killers win cash or prizes such as outdoor paraphernalia and AR-15 rifles. Sometimes these coyote shoots even have a children's division.<sup>45</sup>

On yet another hand, the coyote population is more than stable and is listed in the category “Least Concern”—i.e., not a threatened or endangered species. In fact, the range of the coyote has been expanding across all of the North American continent, and, beginning about ten years ago, they have been sighted on the South American side of the Panama Canal as well.

Still, the idea of a confrontation with a wild animal is frightening:

first day alone  
coyote tracks  
in the sand

*Sandi Pray*<sup>46</sup>

a coyote skull  
reconsidering  
the way

*Brent Partridge*<sup>47</sup>

a lone coyote—  
all that's keeping me  
in check

*Renée Owen*<sup>48</sup>

Coyote  
in the sapling pines—  
the sound of my breath

*Gerald A. Anderson*<sup>49</sup>

heading home—  
a pair of coyotes  
circles closer

*Susan Antolin*<sup>50</sup>



desert path  
a coyote watches me  
watch a coyote *James Tipton*<sup>51</sup>

yapping dog  
yet the coyote  
looks at me *Gloria Procsal*<sup>52</sup>

knowing you  
knowing me  
eye to eye  
with the coyote *David McKee*<sup>53</sup>

As a literary topic, perhaps as important as coyote the wild animal and its romantic aura is the Coyote mythos, popular among western Native American cultures, especially among Indigenous peoples of California and the Great Basin. Coyote is central to the mythology of the Diné (Navajo) people. “In Native American lore . . . Coyote is the chief trickster figure and culture hero. In the latter role he is revered as the bringer of fire and teacher of crafts, but as a trickster he is a lustful, bullying, sharp-witted and often brutal figure—in several Coyote tales children are instructed that they must take care never to act like Coyote in this situation, despite his entertaining escapades.”<sup>54</sup>

sunrise  
coyote collects  
his shadow *Barbara Sabol*<sup>55</sup>

through the tips  
of a dead coyote’s fur  
the dawn light *Carole MacRury*<sup>56</sup>

some things  
are not allowed to be said  
that coyote says *Don Eulert*<sup>57</sup>

cutout coyote  
in someone’s back yard  
trickster to the end *Donna Fleischer*<sup>58</sup>

false spring  
 Coyote leaves his footprints  
 down the arroyo *Charles Trumbull*<sup>59</sup>

trickster-coyote  
 graffiti'd on an adobe wall  
 sudden thunder clap *Elizabeth Searle Lamb*<sup>60</sup>

light  
 in the coyote's eye  
 playing tricks *Jane Reichhold*<sup>61</sup>

not  
 trusting  
 your  
 motives  
 or my judgment  
 coyote  
 pups *Lee Gurga*<sup>62</sup>

probably I've done nothing wrong coyotes  
*Michelle Tennison*<sup>63</sup>

seared yucca seeds ladder/chutes coyote  
*Susan Diridoni*<sup>64</sup>

Earlier, we made the point that the coyote is native only to North America, but there is an interesting parallel to the coyote as trickster in Japanese folk traditions. As with coyotes in North America, the Japanese fox, *kitsune* 狐, is often associated with the Moon. For example:

水仙に狐遊ぶや宵月夜  
*suisen ni kitsune asobu ya sora tsuki yo*

Among narcissi foxes play under the evening moon.  
*Buson, trans. Hiroaki Sato*<sup>65</sup>

Glossing this haiku, early haiku scholar William Porter explains the significance of *kitsune*:

Foxes in Japan are supernatural and often very mischievous animals. They have a dangerous power of turning themselves into beautiful young women; but the way to detect them is to get them near to a pool of water, for the water will only reflect them as foxes. There is a queer story told in *Things Japanese* of a fox, which turned itself into a phantom railway-train as recently as 1889. The fox is the servant of Inari, the God of the Rice-fields, and stone images of foxes are often seen about the country, sometimes wearing coloured cloth bibs as votive offerings.<sup>66</sup>

American poet Patricia Neubauer called Sato's translation of this Buson haiku as one of her favorites. She wrote:<sup>67</sup>

Foxes are secretive creatures, seldom seen by man—cunning, roguish, thieving. In folklore, the fox is often a sorcerer who may work evil or good, who may steal away man's soul, or preserve his life and bring good fortune.

The narcissus too is wrapped in mystery. White elegant flowers emerge out of the secret heart of a squat, brown bulb. After blooming, the plant's vitality returns to the dark source of its origin to rest,—to bloom again the following spring.

The narcissi, as most of us know them, have been developed and cultivated by man, but the fox remains a wild creature, untamed by man, oblivious to man's particular sense of order. While the gardener sleeps, the furtive fox slips through the breach in the garden wall.

Our feelings concerning foxes at play among cultivated flowers are ambivalent: first, there is something exhilarating about the wild taking back its own, but, at the same, time, there seems to be something vaguely illicit about its doing so.

They say that when we sleep, the censor—guardian of propriety and restraint—also sleeps. Thus, foxes in the garden are like those disturbing and wanton dreams that break into our little world of cultivated conventions as we lie defenseless in sleep.<sup>67</sup>

Porter mentions that one principal in the Japanese Shinto tradition is the *kami* (minor god) Inari Ōkami 稲荷大神, a figure that can be male, female, or androgynous and is associated with the fox, as well as several staples vital to Japanese life: rice, tea, and sake.<sup>68</sup>

While highly regarded for their benevolence, foxes also have a reputation for being tricksters. In many stories from Japanese folklore, foxes are seen causing mischief to punish those who have been greedy or boastful. A common theme found throughout these tales is that of the fox shapeshifting into the form of a beautiful woman, lost and in need of help. After inviting this mysterious woman in to spend the night, the homeowner awakes the following morning to find the woman missing along with their food and valuables. Particularly mischievous foxes have also been said to shave the homeowner bald while they are sleeping.<sup>69</sup>

In *Bashō and His Interpreters*, Makoto Ueda offers a translation of a Bashō verse made “at a verse-writing party where poets were asked to write a *hokku* on various topics related to love, in this instance specifically on ‘Accompanying a lovely boy in the moonlight.’”

月澄むや狐こはがる児の供  
*tsuki sumu ya kitsune kowagaru chigo no tomo*

the moon is clear—  
 I escort a lovely boy  
 frightened by a fox

Ueda explains, “In the *haikai* tradition the theme of love covered a wide range of subtopics and included homosexual love, which was prevalent in Bashō’s day. Bashō himself, recalling his youth, once wrote: “There was a time when I was fascinated with the ways of homosexual love.” In Japanese folklore, a fox has supernatural powers and often works mischief on unsuspecting men.”<sup>70</sup>

Some other examples of *kitsune*-as-trickster haiku:

公達に狐化たり宵の春  
*kindachi ni kitsune baketari yoi no haru*

Into a nobleman  
a fox has changed himself—  
early evening of spring.

*Buson*, trans. Yuki Sawa and Edith Marcombe  
Shiffert<sup>71</sup>

盗人に出逢う狐や風畠  
*nasubito ni desu kitsune ya uri-bakake*

The thief  
Met a fox  
In the melon-field.  
*Tan Taigi*, trans. R. H. Blyth<sup>72</sup>

父祖の世の狐が化かす春の雨  
*fuso no yo no kitsune ga bakasu haru no ame*

bewitched by a fox  
ancestors' world  
spring rain  
*Nakazawa Yasuhito*, trans. Fay Aoyagi<sup>73</sup>

影引いて狐現わる秋の墓  
*kage hiite kitsune arawaru aki no haka*

autumn dusk—  
the shadow of a fox  
among the gravestones  
*Kristen Deming*<sup>74</sup>

We might also point out the magical, guileful nature of the atmospheric phenomenon of foxfire or will-o'-the-wisp (Japanese 狐火, *kitsunebi* or, literally, “fox-fire”).<sup>75</sup>

The trickster shapeshifter achieves new heights in the haiku of two women poets who anthropomorphize Coyote and view him/her

as a participant in interpersonal relationships. The following is a selection from the twenty-haiku sequence, “Coyote Love,” written in 1986 by An Painter:<sup>76</sup>

Coyote leaping  
grabs my heart between his teeth  
and breaks it, for fun.

When the coyote  
Howls at the moon he creates  
Love from sagebrush dust.

Coyote picks his  
sharp teeth with the slender bones  
of his beloved.

Coyote dreams and  
salt cedar, stars, love, moths and  
moonlight live and die.

Coyote tells me  
that I am beautiful.  
I think he’s lying.

Desert winds change and  
coyote discovers dust-  
devils. So he howls.

Contemplating stars  
one by one, coyote dreaming  
a desert to life.

Desert prayer flag:  
coyote milagro hangs  
on a cactus thorn.

The preface to Dyana Basist’s 2018 collection of haiku, poems, and short prose, *Coyote Wind*, is titled “coyote vs Coyote” and reads in part:

In this collection, there is a distinction between coyote (the biological animal) and “Coyote the God Dog.” I flirt with both. Biological coyotes travel in small packs, mate for life, are good parents, often keeping their young with them up to a year if land allows. A coyote’s hearing and smell are so well developed that a sudden noise can change her direction midstep. They are hard runners, twenty five miles an hour, easy, and up to forty. That’s damn fast.

Coyote (capital C) the mythic trickster belongs to no one, although all claim him from the Native Peoples to poets, earth lovers and dreamers. We impose our moral values, from our benevolence to our deplorable actions, on this animal like no other. Coyote becomes a Zen master whopping you with a stick. A cheerleader, a perpetrator, a clown bungling with us through our folly. A suspect and a scapegoat. A crucible of searing light juxtaposed to our darkest shadow. Coyote is hostile to fidelity and domesticity. Hit and run. Coyote was there at the beginning, shaping the world, bringing death and fire, and he will be there at the end. A shamanic shapeshifter, he’s a total asshole and the ultimate survivor. He’s also a she.

So what do coyotes and Coyote have in common? Both are wanderers; they are smart, bold, predatory and elegantly adaptable; running fertile in forty nine states. Hawaii, watch out.

In the middle of the night it’s easy to forget who we think we are. Our imagination unfettered, tangled with the splitting howls of the song dogs, we become more like them . . . free. We’ve made Coyote the mediator between humans, nature and the divine. Coyote; unpredictable and powerful as flash floods ripping through the desert. The joke’s on us.<sup>77</sup>

A handful of haiku from *Coyote Wind*:

as if one  
lover isn’t enough  
coyote wind

first spring rain  
the young coyote  
facing skyward

red tide  
coyote looks me up, down  
and winks

disappearing  
into the long night  
shadows

Coyote has put his name to uses other than the canine, mythological, or symbolic as well. Perhaps most widely recognized would be this: according to *Wikipedia*, “Colloquially, a coyote is a person who smuggles immigrants across the Mexico–United States border.” Curiously, however, we have found no haiku that deal with this particular breed of coyote.

Coyote bush is a chaparral-like plant, *Baccharis pilularis*, native to California, Oregon, and Baja California. In its *San Francisco Bay Area Saijiki*, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society considers “coyote bush” a winter season word.

coyote bush  
turning into the moon  
two deer *Jane Reichhold*<sup>79</sup>

the coyote bush  
burst open on this side first  
—why not? *Alison Woolpert*<sup>80</sup>

The YTHS *saijiki* also lists coyote mint, the perennial herb *Monardella villosa*, which grows along the California coast and attracts butterflies with its lavender or pink flowers and sweet scent.

Very common in the American Southwest, the coyote fence consists of sticks or straight branches wired to railings to make a ragged-top fence (cf. the Japanese 柴垣 *shibagaki* “brushwood fence”) believed to disincline coyotes from climbing it.<sup>81</sup>

White sticks  
Of the coyote fence  
Before moonrise. *Miriam Sagan*<sup>82</sup>

on the coyote fence  
the first morning glory blossom  
blue as sky *Elizabeth Searle Lamb*<sup>83</sup>



**Notes:**

1. A Field Guide to North American Haiku is a long-term project along the lines of a haiku encyclopedia-cum-*saijiki*, a selection of the best haiku in English arranged by topic and illustrating what it is about a given topic that attracts poets to write. When complete, the Field Guide project will comprise multiple thick volumes keyed to the several topics in traditional Japanese *saijiki* (haiku almanacs) and Western counterparts, notably William J. Higginson's *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac* (1996). These topics are: Season, Sky & Elements, Landscape, Plants, Animals, Human Affairs, and Observances. The haiku in this essay are taken from my Haiku Database, currently containing more than 514,000 entries and selected from about 1,400 haiku in the Animals category. Critique and suggestions of this article or the Field Guide project are warmly invited; please comment by email to [cptrumbull@comcast.net](mailto:cptrumbull@comcast.net).
2. "coyote," *Encyclopaedia Britannica* online: <https://www.britannica.com/animal/coyote-mammal>.
3. Marlene Morelock Wills (Marlene Mountain), in *Cicada* 2:1 (1978), 47.
4. Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Deep South Writers Conference haiku contest, 1975, 1st Place.
5. Roberta Stewart, in *Kō* (Summer 1990).
6. Gregory Longenecker, in *is/let*, November 12, 2019.
7. Debbie Strange, in *Kokako* 33 (September 2020).
8. Winifred Morgan, OP, *Fifty Plus: Haiku* (Sinsinawa, WI: Sinsinawa Dominicans, Inc., 2016), 22.
9. Gabriel Rosenstock, in Anatoly Kudryavitsky, ed., *Bamboo Dreams: An Anthology of Haiku Poetry from Ireland* (Tralee, Ireland: Doghouse Books, 2012), 71. This uncanny verse is also remarkable in that it is the only example of a coyote haiku we have found by a non-North American poet.
10. paul m. (Paul Miller), in *Acorn* 6 (Spring 2001).
11. Elizabeth Searle Lamb, in *Modern Haiku* 9:3 (Autumn 1978), 51.
12. Ross Figgins, in *Haiku Headlines* 153 (December 2000) #27.
13. Margaret Dornaus, in *Modern Haiku* 43:1 (Winter–Spring 2012), 46.
14. Tricia Knoll, in *A Hundred Gourds* 2:4 (September 2013), Haiku page 8.
15. Jim Kacian, *waar ik ophoud / where i leave off, monoku en/and haibun* (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2020).
16. Dyana Basist, in *Geppo* 41:4 (August–October 2016), 16.
17. Mary Hohlman, in *Brass Bell*, September 2014.
18. Dian Duchin Reed, in *Modern Haiku* 49:2 (Summer 2018), 87.
19. Email communication, July 28, 2022.
20. Registered trademark of the Coyote Moon Vineyards: <https://coyotemoonvineyards.com>.
21. Email communication, July 19, 2022.
22. Victor Ortiz, *Into Borrego Valley* (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2012).
23. Lynne Steel, in *The Heron's Nest* 10:1 (March 2008).
24. Emily Romano, in *Modern Haiku* 39:2 (Summer 2008), 75.
25. Ellen Compton, in *Modern Haiku* 49:3 (Autumn 2018), 15.
26. Allan D. Burns, in *Roadrunner* VII:3 (August 2007), Scorpion Prize winner.

27. Foster Jewell, from the sequence “Nine Days on the Desert, of which This Is the Seventh Day,” *Modern Haiku* 8:1 (February 1977), 25.
28. Nicholas Klacsanzky, in George Klacsanzky and Nicholas Klacsanzky, *Zen and Son: Haiku from Two Generations* (Kyiv, Ukraine: self-published (Creative Commons), 2017).
29. Debbie Strange, verse 5 from “In the Key of Grey” (rengay with Jennifer Hambrick), 2019 San Francisco International Rengay Competition, 3rd Place (tie).
30. Carol A. Purington, in *Modern Haiku* 16:3 (Autumn 1985), 48.
31. Chad Lee Robinson, in *Mariposa* 29 (Autumn/Winter 2013), 16.
32. John Brandi, *One Cup and Another* (No place: Tangram, 2004).
33. Foster Jewell, in *SCTH* 5:2 (Autumn 1968).
34. Al Gallia, in *Under the Bashō*, 2018.
35. Gerald A. Anderson, from the sequence “Field Notes,” *Modern Haiku* 13:3 (Autumn 1982), 53.
36. Richard Stevenson, in *Paper Wasp* (2000).
37. Linda Robeck, in *Shiki Internet Kukai*, March 3, 1999.
38. Robert Epstein, *Checkout Time is Noon: Death Awareness Haiku* (Shelbyville, KY: Wasteland Press, 2012), 65.
39. Joan Couzens Sauer, in *Modern Haiku* 10:1 (Winter–Spring 1979), 36.
40. Lynne Steel, in *The Heron’s Nest* 5:9 (September 2003).
41. Edith Bartholomeusz, in *Frogpond* 28:2 (Spring–Summer 2005), 12.
42. J. D. Whitney, *All My Relations* (Kalispell, MT: Many Voices Press, 2010).
43. Jason Sanford Brown, *No. 33* (2008).
44. Foster Jewell, in *Modern Haiku* 3:2 (1972), 25.
45. Ted Williams, “Coyote Carnage: The Gruesome Truth about Wildlife Killing Contests,” *YaleEnvironment360* website: <https://e360.yale.edu/features/coyote-carnage-the-gruesome-truth-about-wildlife-killing-contests>; May 22, 2018.
46. Sandi Pray, in *DailyHaiku*, August 7, 2012.
47. Brent Partridge, in *Modern Haiku* 40:2 (Summer 2009), 96.
48. Renée Owen, in *Mariposa* 34 (Spring–Summer 2016).
49. Gerald A. Anderson, from the sequence “Field Notes,” *Modern Haiku* 13:3 (Autumn 1982), 53.
50. Susan Antolin, in *Valley Voices* 7:2 (2007).
51. James Tipton, *Proposing to the Woman in the Rear View Mirror* (Baltimore, MD: Modern English Tanka Press, 2008), 13.
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