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Through the Eyes of a Rabbit

By Elliott Hammer

I duck and weave
through the thicket-
a tangled web of sticks and brush.

Fear drives me down that rabbit hole
to silent seclusion
at the slightest sound.
In that deep, dark well, I am safe.
My kin lie in its warmth.

Dangerous things move fast.
Come at me slow
and we'll see.

but for now I run

Duck and Weave
Duck and Weave

I am a fatuous follower of that foreign voice in my head;
“run, duck, weave, and breed”, is its insistent request.

I am a creature of great copulations.
I think I want more,
but the voice is confusing.

The sleek red fox in the distance sees me.
I know it, but for now
I remain wide-eyed, on perpetual guard.
The fox flicks his tail.

Does he know that I breed
with no concept of lust?
that I die with no concept of death?