

## RABBITS

the urge to stroke the dead  
one back, handfeed life  
to the animal  
body even as its soft  
vision dilates,  
your calluses pulling  
fur like lint from the unmendable

flesh. shake your head  
& coming back, hose the hutch  
before your wife  
six months pregnant sees

the rabbit. later  
she can launder your sweaty  
overalls & empty the few  
black rabbit  
pellets your pockets  
caught. in the closet you

change & relishing the bachelor  
scents of your underwear  
drop it to your father-in-law's  
bathroom floor. now your voice

weighs nothing though  
you sing.