

About Rabbits · *David Keller*

*Rabbits do not appear in dreams,
at least not anyone's I know.*

Flopsy, Mopsy, someone, and Peter.
Most people these days have never seen a rabbit.
Often their sensitive eyes are used to test drugs.

Rabbits have babies every six weeks:
there is an expression, to multiply like rabbits.
They scream awfully, I hear, when threatened or hurt.

My sister's family had one, and I was surprised
how much personality he had, if not trainable.
His eyes were red, but that didn't seem frightening.

I read that someone long ago injected
dyes into veins in rabbits's ears, seeking
medical cures. I hope it did not kill the rabbits.

Rabbits were introduced to Australia to get rid
of something and instead became a plague themselves
though my mother, who lived there, never mentions them.

The term "introduce" sounds funny,
as if rabbits were brought to meet someone;
also "multiply," which seems too much for rabbits.

Rabbits suffer from myxomatosis, I think
it's called: what a lovely name for a disease.
Or is that what stopped their introduction?

My father never said much about his life.
One of his colleagues didn't realize, he told me,
the enormity of what they'd done until the evening

after the first atomic bomb test. He'd had to drive into the desert. Coming back, in the headlights he counted eighty-four rabbits run over on the trip in.

We had rabbit for dinner once. I don't know why my mother, who was a great cook, served it. I couldn't eat any. I have not tried rabbit since.

My father taught me a lot of things though I know more about rabbits than about him.