

Rocket among the Rabbits

by Anthony Rintala

Rocket runs hard, the rabbit pup
flapping from her jaws, new teeth
mill new flesh as she stretches
from fence to fence across the yard.

Everything is different between meat
tabled, carved with intention,
and supple skin rent wild from thin
bones in the mouth of your child.

The radicchio bloom of flesh and fat,
the well and drop, the worried eyes
of two sweet things, one taking the other
in a gulp. The signature of viscera in air.

The obstruction is swept and scooped
from the airway like a wizard's hare,
Pinochio paddling sky. Rocket tugs hard
against her harness, absolved-~~so~~ alive.