

THE HARE

Robert Grunst

Even for the most zealous
hunter it is too cold.
The fox is an incurable
aficionado of meadow mice
and the game of that hunt,
the clean-broken
neck. Lucky the hare!
the snowshoe hare at rest
with the beat of its heart.

The hare rests with the beat
of its heart and the sweet
taste of sap on its teeth,
and the hare understands
it's a hare in its tight
ring of heat that turns
snow into ice.
With brown-trimmed ears
and brown eyes

the hare finds itself
in the deep-drifts
of evening, in the perfect
warmth of its form,
and the hare's brain is
not much bigger
than one of the berries,
one red hawthorn berry
in the sharp-frozen wind.

Lucky the hare whose track
is inscrutable, who steeps
in the buoyant bowl
of digestion, who hears
the white owl
and disappears, whose business
is to eat to survive
to repeat the rhythm
which echoes and circles its brain.

Lucky the hare whose bones
burn nearer and nearer
the hare-shaped ossuary
in the snow, the hare
that passes only for itself
while the earth
whirling in the ears of the hare,
pipes and whistle and groans,
Lucky the hare!

