

## THE HARE

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*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!

